





3

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.





*W. Bowmans
Clifford St*

MACMILLAN'S

MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

MAY TO OCTOBER, 1872.



London :

MACMILLAN AND CO.

29 & 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

Cambridge.

1872.

W. J. LINTON. S^c



The Right of Translation and Reproduction is reserved.



AP
4
M2
v. 26

PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
LONDON.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Advance of Science in Military Organization, The. By Lieut.-Col. C. C. CHESNEY, R.E.	18
Agricultural Labourer, The. By the Rev. EDWARD GIRDLESTONE, Canon of Bristol	256
Alfonso the Wise, King of Castile. By MARY WARD	126
A Month at Seaford in 1825, with George Canning and Hookham Frere. By A. G. STAPLETON	25
An Hour with some Old People :—	
Part I. Spring in a Workhouse	461
,, II. What we talked about	465
Art and Morality. By G. A. SIMCOX	487
A Swiss Sanctuary	450
Asylums for Drunkards. By D. DALRYMPLE, M.P.	110
Audi aliam Partem. By I. TODHUNTER	60
Ballot, The	417
Belgian Questions. By J. H. FYFE	70
Betwixt Two Stools	312
Charles James Lever. By W.	337
Christina North. By E. M. ARCHER :—	
Chapters XVIII.—XXI.	1
,, XXII.—XXVI.	137
,, XXVII.—XXXI.	223
Church of England in the Rural Districts, The. By the Rev. EDWARD GIRDLESTONE, Canon of Bristol	470
Development in Dress. By GEORGE H. DARWIN	410
Dilke Debate and its Lessons, The. By E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, M.P.	76
East Europe. By WILLIAM BEATTY KINGSTON	368
Former Days (from the French of Philippe Théolier). By MARWOOD TUCKER	424
Frederick Denison Maurice, In Memoriam. By C. KINGSLEY	84
Hippolyte Flandrin. By FREDERICK WEDMORE	304
Japan	493
L'Année Terrible. By SIDNEY COLVIN	326
Loreley, The—after Heine	24
Middle Ages and the Revival of Learning, The. By W. G. CLARK :—	
Part I.	169
,, II.	265
Music in England. By HENRY LESLIE	245
Novels and their Times. By LADY POLLOCK	297, 358
On the Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought. By Professor W. K. CLIFFORD	499
Our Coal Supply. By ALFRED S. HARVEY	375
Public Stores, The: their Purchase and Administration. By FRANCIS W. ROWSELL, Superintendent of Admiralty Contracts	478
Social New York. By J. W. C.	117

		PAGE
Strange Adventures of a Phaeton, The.	By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Daughter of Heth," &c. :—	
Chapter	XIII. Saved !	40
"	XIV. A Shrewsbury Play	47
"	XV. "La Patrie en Danger"	54
"	XVI. Our Uhlán out-manceuvred	89
"	XVII. In the Fairy Glen	98
"	XXIII. The Collapse	103
"	XIX. The White Owls of Garstang	183
"	XX. Chloe's Garland	193
"	XXI. All about Windermere	200
"	XXII. On Caviare and other Matters	280
"	XXIII. A Night on Grasmere	286
"	XXIV. Arthur's Love	291
"	XXV. Armageddon	345
"	XXVI. The Last of Grasmere	351
"	XXVII. Along the Greta	425
"	XXVIII. "Ade !"	430
"	XXIX. Over the Border	434
Ta'abbet-Shurran and his Companions; or, Præ-Islamitic Brigands.	By W. GIFFORD	
PALGRAVE :—		
Part I.		157
" II.		208
Thoughts upon Government :—		
Chapter	I. On the Personal in Government	33
"	II. On Compromise	37
"	III. On Recreation	219
"	IV. Sanitary Affairs	457
Tired.	By MARY BROTHERTON	486
To Genista.	By F. N. B.	254
Two Marys, The.	By MRS. OLIPHANT.	
I. My Own Story		385
Walter Scott and Burns.	By SIR BARTLE FRERE	168
Work of Volunteers in the Organization of Charity, The.	By OCTAVIA HILL	441

Contributors to this Volume.

ARCHER, E. M.
BLACK, WILLIAM.
BROTHERTON, MARY.
CHESNEY, LIEUT.-COL. C. C., R. ENGRS.
CLARK, W. G.
CLIFFORD, PROF. W. K.
• COLVIN, SIDNEY.
DALRYMPLE, D., M.P.
DARWIN, GEORGE H.
F. N. B.
FRERE, SIR BARTLE.
FYFE, J. H.
GIRDLESTONE, REV. EDWARD.
HARVEY, ALFRED S.
HELPS, SIR ARTHUR.
HILL, OCTAVIA.
J. W. C.
KINGSLEY, CANON.
KINGSTON, WM. BEATTY.
KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, E. H., M.P.
LESLIE, HENRY.
OLIPHANT, MRS.
PALGRAVE, W. GIFFORD.
POLLOCK, LADY.
ROWSSELL, FRANCIS W.
SIMCOX, G. A.
STAPLETON, A. G.
TODHUNTER, J.
TUCKER, MARWOOD.
WARD, MARY.
WEDMORE, FREDERICK.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO XXVI., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—156,

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, PRICE 7s. 6d. EACH.

Reading Cases for Monthly Numbers, One Shilling.

Cases for Binding Volumes, One Shilling.

Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1872.

CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was a buzz of talk going on in the Cleasbys' drawing-room; the gentlemen were standing about on the hearth-rug, and the ladies were grouped together discussing their doings of the past day without much help from their hostess, when Mrs. Oswestry and Christina were announced. There was an effort made on the part of the other guests not to show any especial interest, nor betray their consciousness that Christina's presence was to be accounted for by the event which had entirely revolutionized her prospects; but, in spite of their appearance of well-bred indifference, Christina could not help feeling that they were sitting in judgment upon her, and that their verdict would be delivered that night. This was not an occasion upon which she was likely to lose her self-possession. Walter had met her at the door; and although he did not remain near her, the consciousness of his presence had overpowered all else. She was ready to talk when Miss Cleasby made her known to some of the older and more aristocratic ladies, and she was not in the least embarrassed by their kind but somewhat patronizing manner, nor by the inspection to which their daughters subjected her, looking at her from under their eyelids, measuring her height, and

No. 151.—VOL. XXVI.

wondering how she did her hair. She was not shy, because she was too proud to be very anxious to please.

Mr. Warde arrived last, looking rather out of place, some people thought, among the well-dressed guests and the gilded furniture; but he, like Christina, was conscious of no social deficiencies, and to no one had the hostess' manner been more warm and unconstrained. Dinner was announced, and Walter, inwardly pitying himself, walked off with Lady Bassett, whilst Christina was allotted to young Mr. Creed. It was a large dinner-party, like most country dinner-parties, to which people come five or six miles, chiefly because they are asked and have nothing better to do; not for the sake of much pleasure to themselves or others. Though there was no lack of talk and both the host and hostess were young and clever and could be agreeable when they chose, it was in fact a sufficiently dull entertainment. Not that it appeared so to Christina; it was all new to her, and she was young and happy and ready to be amused.

There was music in the evening. The young people clustered round the piano-forte and sang together. Christina sat in the background on a low chair, leaning against the crimson curtains. She had laughed and talked. Her eyes had brightened and her cheeks had flushed

with excitement; but now she was still and silent, listening to the music as in a dream.

"That is a pretty girl," said Admiral Creed to old Miss Westburne, the rich maiden lady of the neighbourhood, a rather censorious person of whom everybody was more or less afraid. "She has beauty enough for ten; upon my word, I don't wonder at Cleasby."

"Do you ever wonder at anyone?" asked Miss Westburne, with a little sourness in her voice. "For my part I have left off wondering long ago. People used now and then to do something sensible and take one by surprise; but it is not the way of the present generation. As to Captain Cleasby, I am sure I don't wish to blame him; I suppose he has a right to judge for himself, and if he is foolish, so are other young men."

They were sitting upon an ottoman in a recess of the room, and both music and talk were going on round them, yet Admiral Creed felt apprehensive of being overheard and hastened to change the subject.

"What has become of young Oswestry?" his son was saying to Mr. Sim, the architect; "I thought he worked with you; but I see that his mother is here and he is not."

"No, no, he left Overton some time ago," Mr. Sim answered; "he took a fancy for a change. I used to think that he would have turned out a first-rate man; but he grew restless, and now I imagine that he is an anxiety to his mother."

"Mrs. Oswestry," said Augusta, in a low voice, bending down to her as she spoke, "look at Christina; what can she be thinking of?—what has come over her?"

Christina was sitting exactly where she had been when Admiral Creed called attention to her; but the excitement and happiness had died out of her eyes. They were fixed upon the distance with a look of dreamy regret, and her hands lay listlessly in her lap.

She had caught a part of Mr. Sim's speech; but it was not that which had

wrought the change. No, it was only that some one was singing an old song which Bernard had sung long ago. There was nothing in the words, but they came to her laden with the memory of the past:—

"Is it to try me
That you thus fly me?
Can you deny me
Day after day?"

Again she saw him, standing under the apple-tree at the Homestead, and singing it to her, half in jest, one day when she had been capricious and uncertain. How near they had been to each other, and what an impassable gulf lay between them now! He had said that he forgave her, but never again could they be as they had been; never could the old days of childish fondness and youthful friendship return. She thought of him now, saddened and restless, and her heart failed her, with a sense of what she had done and of the irrevocableness of the past. She knew that to-night she had been courted and admired; she knew that it was but the beginning of what her life would be; that, for her, love and wealth would do all which they could do to make her happy; that in a few weeks or months she would be transplanted into this new region, and she would leave behind the old days of weariness and struggling poverty; and with this leave also all that belonged to Bernard—all that belonged to that time,—the charm of their familiar intercourse and the bond of affectionate friendship.

"Are you tired?" It was Walter's voice which roused her from her dream. She started, and coloured with a sense of ingratitude at having for a moment forgotten him. His voice at once recalled her to the present. They were singing a war march, and her regrets were drowned in its noisy triumph. When Miss Cleasby looked at her the next moment she was smiling and playing with a rose which Walter had given her. So it is with our thoughts which we flash for a moment before each other's eyes: in a passing impulse or a pang of regret we let the truth shine

forth ; but perhaps it dies within ourselves,—at least it dies to other eyes before they can fathom its meaning.

For the time she thrust memory aside ; but in the darkness and silence of the night, again it put the past before her. It was not that she could have been content to part with what she had gained ; it was not that she could have renounced the present, to which Walter Cleasby belonged. She knew that she was happier than she had ever hoped to be ; yet at this moment of the accomplishment of her own desire, regret for what she had lost would still find a place. It was only the natural longing which rises in our human hearts for that which time or circumstance, or even our choice, has put beyond our reach. It was only because we treasure the remembrance of the places which we may never see again ; of the hands which may clasp ours no longer ; of the words which may never be repeated ; of the love which may never be expressed : it is all dear to us still ; it is laid up in our hearts with the tender memories of childhood. True, we are richer, happier, and content with what we have ; more has been added year by year of knowledge and friendship and love. What we have may be a compensation—it may be more than a compensation ; but what is lost is gone, and to replace is not to restore. The print of the Saviour which hangs over the nursery chimney-piece is no longer our ideal of divine beauty ; but which of Raphael's most wonderful conceptions can ever, in the same way, represent the material part of our faith ? The tones of the old parish organ are neither so rich nor so powerful that they cannot easily be surpassed ; yet with what other instrument shall we ever again hear the angelic voices blending ? Thus it is that, look onward as we may to a future illuminated by Hope, we must still have yearnings towards the past and lost.

Christina could not at times refuse to remember ; but yet each day was beautiful, and she was living in a wonderful dream of mysterious happiness. Only

if Walter need not go away ! It was a month since his engagement, nearly the end of October ; Mr. Waltham had returned to town, and he had no longer any excuse for lingering at Overton.

"You see, Christina," he said, "we shall never be married, unless I go away to get these things settled. It would never do for us to be married, and then have the worry of settlements afterwards. Besides, I am not sure that your grandfather yet reposes in me all the confidence I deserve, and I don't believe that he would allow it."

"I don't care so very much about being married," said Christina perversely. Captain Cleasby laughed ; but he went away, though complaining of the fate which made a man inherit landed property whether he liked it or not.

When he was gone, Christina went back to her old way of life, and everything, except herself, seemed to be unchanged. There were the hours of attendance upon her grandfather ; there were the busy mornings, the silent evenings and solitude as of old ; but these things could not affect her now. A wonderful feeling of repose had come over her. It seemed that her future lay plain before her, and that happiness was waiting for her there. She was too young and too sanguine to be anxious ; she was too trusting to be disturbed by fears. Walter had taken her fate into his hands, and she was ready to confide it to him. It was not that even now she imagined that he loved her as she loved him ; but she could not upon that account keep back anything of what she had to give. Happiness had not made her impatient ; she was content to wait ; and in the meantime she rested in her faith.

Miss Cleasby came often to the White House ; she had made friends with Mr. North, and she told Mr. Warde that she had chosen him for the object of her Christian charity, in preference to going among the poor people whom she could not understand. Nevertheless, she did one day visit the school, turned Don in among the children, and succeeded in creating a general disturb-

ance, of which she was, however, apparently so innocent a cause, and for which she apologized so meekly, that even Mr. Warde, who could not suspect it of being intentional, saw no ground for just reproof, and could only concur in her declaration that she was really unfitted for parochial duties. He thought it was a pity; for when she did undertake any office of kindness he was struck by the tact and good-will with which she carried it out. In spite of her lazy indifferent manner, her servants and the few of her inferiors with whom she came in contact were all devoted to her, and with Mr. North she had gained, in spite of his prejudices, an influence which excited everyone's astonishment. He delighted in her conversation, made her invariably welcome, and seemed to forget his dislike to her family when she was spoken of.

Ten days had passed since Captain Cleasby left Overton. He had written frequently both to his sister and to Christina, but with little mention of his plans or doings: only he said he was longing to get out of London; there was hardly anyone in town and he was intensely bored; but the lawyers were so dilatory that he could not get away. Then at last there came a letter to his sister, saying that he intended to come home by the last train on the following day; but he did not wish Christina to be told. "It will be so late that I shall not be able to see her until the morning," he wrote, "and she would only worry herself if she knew that I was in the place."

Augusta was surprised. It was true that he would not reach home until between nine and ten in the evening; and, in Mr. North's present state of health, it would no doubt be better that he should not at that hour disturb the household at the White House; but yet it seemed to her that the secrecy he enjoined was unnatural and the caution unnecessary. She went down to the White House in the afternoon with her letter in her pocket; but finding that though Christina had heard from him that morning, yet she was in complete

ignorance of his return being fixed for the same evening, she followed his instructions and did not enlighten her.

Mr. North was less well that day. Mrs. Oswestry had been with him, and now she was waiting in the study until the doctor should have paid his visit. Augusta went in and sat down to talk to her. She liked her thoughtful conversation, and took pleasure in her society.

After a time Christina joined them. She threw on some wood, and stirred the fire into a blaze, for it was growing dusk. Augusta took up her hat and talked of going home, but Christina would not let her.

"Wait a little longer," she said; "it will not be much darker than it is now in half an hour's time, and Mr. Warde is with grandpapa now: if you wait until he comes out from his room, he will walk home with you."

"No, thanks," said Augusta, blushing and rising as she spoke. "No, I need not take him out of his way. After all, it is but a step to our own gates."

"I am sure he is in no hurry," began Christina; and just then Mr. Warde entered the room, and she added, "I was asking Miss Cleasby to wait a little that you might walk home with her as it has grown so dark."

"I shall be most happy; but will you mind waiting for a few minutes, Miss Cleasby? Dr. Evans has only just gone in to see Mr. North, and I should like to hear what he thinks of him. He seems to me to be very failing tonight."

Augusta acquiesced; and they sat down in a group before the fire. Perhaps it was the half-acknowledged consciousness that the old man upstairs was slowly approaching his end, perhaps it was the influence of the half-darkened room; but, as they sat together, a serious and speculative spirit came over their talk.

"And after all we know so little about anything," Augusta was saying; "we are always groping in the dark, and the worst of it is that we think we have cat's eyes. Of course we go wrong,

but then it is our ignorance ; if anyone would give me a candle, I would promise not to stumble half as often as I do now."

"But do not people often blow out their candles, and then complain of the darkness?" asked Mrs. Oswestry.

"Sometimes one would rather be in the dark," said Christina.

There was a pause, and then Mr. Warde joined in the talk.

"What kind of knowledge is it that you desire, Miss Cleasby?" he said.

"Not what people call useful knowledge. It doesn't matter to me whether the sun goes round the earth or the earth goes round the sun ; I never wanted to know the number of the stars, and it would not occur to me to pull a flower to pieces to see how it is made. I like the mystery in which such things are hidden from our profane eyes. But I should like to know just a little about myself and other people. I understand Don ; he growls when he is angry and wags his tail when he is pleased ; but if he had a reasoning faculty he would very likely growl when he is pleased and wag his tail when he is angry, just for the purpose of taking me in. And who is to make a fresh beginning? we can't go back all at once into Paradise, and know each other as Adam and Eve knew each other."

"Not all at once, certainly, Miss Cleasby," said the clergyman, "not all at once, if ever in this world. Can we suppose that perfect sympathy existed after the fall? It is only the old question of the origin of evil."

"But you will allow it is perplexing. Why do we so easily get out of tune with ourselves and with everything else?"

"There is harmony nevertheless," said Mr. Warde. He was not accustomed to speak in metaphors, but he was strong in his own belief, and Augusta could not altogether bewilder him. "The notes may seem to jar, but there is harmony in the universe ; we are part of the great plan, and even now we can foretell the effect of our actions."

Christina gave a rapid retrospective glance upon her life, and exclaimed against his doctrine.

"No," she said, "it is all unexpected ; it is all a surprise. I like not to know what is coming ; it is better not to know."

"Well, it is a strange world!" said Augusta. "I wish I could understand it."

"Then where would be the need for faith?" said Mr. Warde ; and at that moment Mrs. North interrupted the current of their talk, coming in to tell them the doctor's opinion. He did not apprehend any immediate danger, she said, nor did he see any material change in his patient ; but Mr. North was an old man, and no doubt he was failing. There remained nothing to be done, and Miss Cleasby walked up the hill to her house under Mr. Warde's escort in quite as serious a frame of mind as her companion could have desired.

"One cannot help being glad that Christina is not to spend the rest of her life in that dismal house," she said ; and then stopped suddenly, remembering that Mr. Warde had no doubt thought of this before, when he had hoped that she would leave it, but not in the way in which she was leaving it now.

"No doubt one must be glad," he said ; and then, as if to relieve her from the awkwardness of having touched, however lightly, upon his private affairs, he pursued the subject : "I am not so selfish as not to rejoice in her happiness," he said ; and Augusta perceived with surprise and pleasure that there was nothing of the disappointed lover in his tone ; "no doubt it is better as it is, and, in this world, one must lose where another gains."

"Yes, I lose something," said Augusta, skilfully turning the conversation away from him. "It is pleasant to come first with somebody, and until the last month I had held the first place in my brother's thoughts. I don't want to complain, and I know that it is all as it should be ; but it feels a little strange and forlorn sometimes."

She turned to him as she spoke ; and in the dusky light he could just see her clear grey eyes turned upon him for the first time with a look of appeal ; but he strode on in silence and could make no answer. He was accustomed to hear his poor people's griefs and perplexities and to give them his ready sympathy, joined, as the case might be, with counsel or reproof ; but when Miss Cleasby, whom he had always regarded as unapproachably prosperous, unbent so far as to tell him that she too had troubles and privations,—when she turned, to him of all people, to say that it “felt a little strange and forlorn sometimes,” he was for once puzzled, and was not ready, as a clergyman should have been, to improve the occasion.

“What does one do, I wonder, when, as one goes on in life, one's friends drop away, and one's own particular worshipper walks off to kneel at another shrine ?” said Augusta, thoughtfully ; “I am one of your flock, you know, Mr. Warde, and you ought to be able to tell me. Has one to light one's own lamp and put on the fresh flowers for oneself ?”

“I suppose that it would not be difficult for most people to find a more worthy object of worship,” said Mr. Warde ; and then he feared that he had been unkind and severe, and went on, suddenly embarrassed, and hesitating under the difficulty of expressing his meaning. “I understand,” he said ; “it must make a great difference to you ; you must of course feel the change. I am sure if I could ever—if I could be of any service to you—I should be very glad if I could do anything.”

“Oh yes, thanks,” said Augusta ; and she laughed a little softly at his offer, thinking of her own speech a moment before, and wondering if he could mean that he would be ready to kneel at “her shrine,” as she had called it ; “but I don't know that you could do anything, and you broad-church people ought to have nothing to do with shrines. Still I will remember, and if I am ever in a difficulty I will certainly look to you as

a friend. Good night, Mr. Warde. Thank you so much for bringing me home.”

She ran up the steps as the door was opened, and disappeared into the flood of lamp-light which streamed out at it ; and the door was shut upon Mr. Warde, and he strode down the hill, more rapidly than he had mounted it, telling himself, as Christina had told herself on that evening in the summer, that he had nothing to do with the Park, and that he would never have anything to do with it. But whilst Christina had cried out, in her girlish, impatient way, against the hardness of her fate, he set his face as a man to the work which lay before him, in the cottages on the heath, and in the little village church, and in the hearts of his parishioners. Though a momentary chill had fallen upon him as he turned from the closed door, he had warmed again to his duty before he came out upon the public road.

CHAPTER XIX.

NINE o'clock had struck a quarter of an hour ago, and Miss Cleasby sat in the drawing-room, waiting for her brother's arrival. She had made the fire burn brightly, and the little round table was laid for their *tête-à-tête* dinner, because she thought that it would look more comfortable than spread in the cold magnificence of the dining-room. She was thinking how nice it would be to have him at home again, and to have him, for one evening at least, all to herself.

“We will have some champagne, Lewis,” she had said to the butler, who had lived with them all their lives and had grown into a confidential servant ; “we will have some champagne, as Mr. Walter is coming home.” She was quite excited by the prospect of seeing him and of hearing all that he had to tell ; and when she heard the sound of wheels she ran out and met him in the hall.

“Walter, how pale you look !” she said, the moment after she had kissed him ; “what have you been doing to yourself ?”

"Nothing special," he said, rather shortly, and made no response to her affectionate greeting. He threw his hat down upon the table, and busied himself searching for something in his coat pocket.

"Is there anything the matter?" his sister went on, so much struck by his changed looks that she could not help commenting upon them.

"I am cold and hungry, as you would be after a three-mile drive in November. If there is any dinner to be had, suppose you go in to it, instead of staring at me as if I was the tenth wonder of the world." His jaded, irritated tone was so unlike himself that his sister turned away in silent astonishment; yet the next moment she heard him make some joking remark to Lewis, and he lingered in the hall playing with the dogs.

She had looked forward to their little social meal as the time when she would hear all his news: the gossip and talk about acquaintances whilst the servants were present, and afterwards the more serious and important part of it. But he was moody and uncommunicative, and her questions seemed to annoy him. He asked for home news, but he did not listen to what she told him. He drank more wine than usual, and she noticed that he hardly touched food; yet when she remonstrated he answered lightly.

"I was not prepared for feasting to such an extent," he said, "and I don't know that I think it is quite delicate of you to celebrate my return in this manner. You know, as an historical fact, it is not the praiseworthy characters who are greeted with turtle soup and champagne."

"Have you been dining out much in London?"

"Oh yes, occasionally. Would you oblige me by boxing Don's ears,—or is he allowed to take things off the table?"

"My dear Don," said Augusta, mildly, "you should wait until you are asked."

And so the conversation went on upon trivialities until dessert was upon the table and the servants had left the room.

"I have been a brute, Gusty," said Captain Cleasby, abruptly, leaning his arms upon the table and looking over at her; "I have been abominably cross; but when a man is tired and cold, you know——"

"It is not only that, Walter," said Miss Cleasby. She divined that there was something more, and yet she feared to hear her apprehensions confirmed. She felt that she must know, but she put the question falteringly.

"No, it is not only that," said Walter. He rose up as he spoke, and wheeled an arm-chair round in front of the fire and flung himself into it. "Look here, Gusty," he said; "it is a long story, and a confused one; but it must be told some time or another, and I suppose you may as well hear it now."

"Oh, Walter, you have not been getting into some scrape?"

"Why should I?" he said, and laughed a little unsteadily at the idea; "no, Gusty, it is something rather more serious than that. Do you remember before I went up to London, I think it was a month before, that there was a letter from old Waltham which you opened, and which we could neither of us understand. It was that same day that I heard that he was going out of town, and there was some rigmarole or other about accumulated interest, which was incomprehensible to us both?"

"Yes, I remember," said Augusta. As yet it was all vague and uncertain, and she did not know what to expect; but an undefined fear sent a slight shiver through her frame. Walter saw it, and, stretching out his hand, clasped one of hers; it was not a caress, but rather the act of a protector. She felt that he was holding her hand as he would have held it if there had been some threatening of danger, and he had expected her to feel a shock, and be, perhaps, unnerved.

"That interest which Waltham referred to," said Walter, slowly, "was interest which had accumulated upon a mortgage. This estate has been mortgaged for years, and the interest has never been paid."

"I—I don't understand," she said, in

her bewilderment. "Why was it mortgaged? Who mortgaged it?"

"My father mortgaged it to a banker in London, Waltham's brother; which accounts for the ambiguous manner in which he has chosen to put the claim before me; for of course the longer an explanation was deferred the more interest there was to be paid. It must have been running on now for twenty years or so. It must have been some years before we went abroad that my father made the arrangement."

"And put this incumbrance upon your inheritance!" said Augusta, indignantly; and she drew her hand out of his and trembled, not, as before, with apprehension, but with a passionate recoil from the injustice: "at least he might have told you, but he never said a word. How could——"

"Hush, Gusty," he said, gently; "you forget, I was a little boy, a sickly little boy; it was not natural that he should think much of my future then: and afterwards—— Well, it could not be undone, and it is not for us to say hard words about the dead. It cannot be helped, and we must meet it as best we can."

There was a silence, and they both sat gazing into the fire; Walter's mind travelling over a thousand different possibilities, seeking, as it had done so often and so wearily, to arrive at some means by which the blow should strike him alone, searching for comfort and finding none. Augusta was absorbed in a dull feeling of a present misfortune and a blank dread.

"How far is it involved?" she said at last; "what does it amount to?"

"Do you remember when we were little children," he said, "how we used to imagine ourselves poor and working for our daily bread? I was to be a carpenter, I believe, and you were to be my housekeeper. Well, our present situation stops a little short of that; but, when all is paid, there will be but a very few hundreds left. I must look out for something to do, of course; you see, I have not even my pay to fall back upon."

"Oh, Walter, it can't be so bad as that! Are you sure? How is the money to be paid?"

"By the sale of this place, of course. You know you wanted the truth, and I don't see how it can be glossed over. Oh, Gusty! I wish that you had been happily married to some prosperous banker—a worldly man, with a town house and a country house cushioned with comfort and luxury. You were meant to be rich, and if he had been a little mercantile and stupid it would not have mattered: you would have represented the taste and the intellect of the family." But Augusta could not respond in the same tone.

"Then we shall have to leave," she said, as if she could as yet hardly comprehend it.

"Yes," he answered; and standing with his back to the fire, leaning against the chimney-piece with his hands in his pockets, he looked at it all:—the row of narrow windows with the velvet curtains drawn over them, the wax lights reflected in the tall mirrors, the gilded furniture shining in the firelight, the family pictures in their frames, the choice old china on the shelves, and the table glittering with plate before him. "Yes, we shall leave our magnificence behind us; there will be no more turtle and champagne for us, Gusty. I don't know that we have played our parts particularly well as the squire and his sister, but at any rate no one will have to complain of the act as being tediously long."

"It does no good to talk in that way, Walter. What amusement can there be in it? One side of it at least is serious enough."

"And do you suppose I have not looked at it? No, my dear Augusta, I am not such a blind fool. But of what use are laments? Those who cannot defend themselves are not to be blamed," he said with gentle authority; "and as to the rest, why you and I have weathered many storms together, and now, I suppose, we must make a new beginning." The peculiar sweetness of his smile lighted up his face, but to his

sister it did but reveal the depth of his sadness. Had he not been without hope, she knew that she could not have seen the single sweetness of a despairing smile which was sadder than tears.

They sat on late into the night, talking over plans,—of his future and of hers. Their uncle Robert was rich and a widower, and he had asked that she might make her home with him. "It is not what I could have wished for you, Gusty," Walter said; "but it is what people call a suitable arrangement, and I don't know that at present you could do better." Augusta made no objections. She could not bear to be a burden upon him, and she knew well that he would never allow her to do anything towards her own maintenance; so she acquiesced; feeling indeed, after the blow she had received, as if it mattered little what happened to her next. Then she asked about himself; but his brow contracted; he said that he had not had time to form any distinct plan, and went back to speak of their uncle and of the arrangements that had been made for her. All this time, notwithstanding their nearness to each other,—notwithstanding her sisterly familiarity and acknowledged privileges,—she had not dared to put to him the question which had risen up in her mind: what would become of Christina? how would this affect her?

A great misfortune had fallen upon them; they had to meet it together; and he had no cause to dissemble with her; their eyes were alike open to the extent of the danger which threatened them: but yet she felt that she might drive him to desperation if she spoke of it openly; or even if she showed her consciousness of it. So they talked calmly enough of their money matters and of their change of life, and lingered as they separated for the night, each with a dread of the solitude and silence of the dark hours; but neither of them had spoken of the one renunciation, beside which, in his mind at least, every other was as nothing.

There must be another long night of weary struggle, fighting the same battle that he had been fighting for the last

week; but it could not go on for ever. Twelve hours more and he said to himself that a resolution must be taken, for or against. He was worn by conflicting convictions and desires, and also by something higher than his own convictions. The fight had raged fiercely, and he was faint from sustained effort; his better nature was urging him to his own destruction; something higher than his better nature was striving for his salvation: but he resisted the diviner impulse, not discerning its divinity; and when he threw himself at last upon his bed, as the faint pink light of morning spread itself over the eastern sky, he knew that he was victorious; but he did not know that worldly generosity and honour had triumphed over a nobler generosity and a heavenly honour which the world neither knows nor recognizes.

CHAPTER XX.

It was late the next morning when Walter Cleasby came down and found his sister waiting breakfast for him. His few hours of sleep had done something towards effacing the traces of fatigue and mental disturbance; but he was still paler than his wont, and there was a half-concealed effort in the attempts he made to maintain his ordinary manner. It hurt his sister a little: she would have been so glad if he had been unreserved and given way to his mood before her; it was hard that they should have to suffer under the same misfortune, and yet that she should be unable to offer sympathy or speak of that part of it which touched him most nearly. Still, as he chose to talk of other things, she did not as yet venture even to pronounce Christina's name. So the dreary half-hour passed whilst they sat, each at their end of the table, striving to look to each other as if everything were as usual; and when the breakfast things were carried away, Walter took up the newspaper and pretended to interest himself in it.

Augusta began to feel that she could not much longer exercise the same for-

bearance; they must speak of it some time, and if he would not make a beginning, it must be for her to do it.

"Walter," she said at last, in as indifferent a tone as she could command, when Lewis had carried off his tray and shut the door behind him, and the room was once more in silence, "Walter, are you going out this morning?"

"I don't know," he said, without looking up. "Yes, I suppose that I must go out presently. I have business in Overton."

"Then, shall you call at the White House on your way?" said Augusta: but she trembled as she spoke; and she knelt down on the rug and began to stir the fire and make a clatter with the fire-irons, as if to drown the sound of her own voice.

"No," he said; and his voice sounded hard; and after that one word there was another oppressive silence, until Augusta spoke again.

"Would you rather she came up here, Walter? Would you like me to go and see her? Can I do anything?" She was still kneeling on the rug, with her back turned to him, for she dared not ask the question face to face.

"Do anything! no, how could you do anything?" he said with the impatience of a wounded man whose hurt she was unnecessarily probing. Then at last she took courage; and when she raised her eyes to his face and saw that everything else had given way to the restless look of suffering, joined to the determination of despair, a compassionate yearning brought the unwonted tears in a rush to her eyes.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried, with a sob in her voice.—After all, though he held his fate in his own hands, though he was almost cold in his independence, he was still her younger brother whom she had loved since the time when he was a delicate little boy, and they had clung together, and he had looked to her, not having any mother to look to.—She went to him now, and clung to him and cried, "Oh, Walter, what shall you do?" without giving any more thought to the immediate consequence of her

words. Perhaps it was a relief to him to have the barrier of reserve between them thus suddenly broken down; at all events he made no attempt to re-establish it.

"Why, Gusty, you must keep up your heart," he said, with a faint smile; "you must keep up your courage. We must face things as they are. It is no use fighting against the inevitable. I don't pretend to be what people call resigned; I would undo it all if I could; but at least I am capable of recognizing the fact that it cannot be undone."

"Yes," she said; and held her breath and waited for what would follow.

"There is nothing but the one thing which I hold in my hands," he continued, now speaking with the quietness which belongs to a hardly-won resolution; "and, though I am sinking, I have not lost my senses so far as to wish to take it to the bottom with me."

This, then, was what she had dimly feared: and yet, though she had entertained the fear, its confirmation struck coldly upon her heart, and her woman's nature exclaimed against it. She understood the ways of the world, she had accepted its decrees, she recognized, in some sort, the necessity of conforming to its laws, and she was not altogether out of reach of its spirit. Yet it was not without being moved that she had watched Christina. She understood, in part, what the blow would be to her; and now she felt the sympathetic thrill of a generous nature, and recoiled from her brother's words, and cried out indignantly against him.

"You cannot do it, Walter," she said; "how can you tell her? You cannot take back what you have given. She would not understand you. It is everything to her; it would kill her to have it taken away."

"Would it be better that she should die slowly and by degrees?" he said. "Is it in my power to save her? She could not bear years of waiting, to end perhaps in disappointment. She is brave, but she is not patient; her pride will help her now, and her natural indignation. It is the only thing to be done."

It is new to you, but remember that for the last week it has been horribly near to me. I have seen that it is the only right and honourable course. I must fall, but why should I drag her down with me?"

"You may rise again," she said—and even now she could not conquer her first repulsion.

"But when? No, Augusta, there is no use in deceiving ourselves. A man who has left the only profession he ever entered upon, and who is, at my age, once more thrown upon his own resources, stands a poor chance of making anything like a competency for many years to come. Even if my uncle did offer me a junior clerkship in his bank, what would it amount to? A salary of a hundred or so to begin with, and the prospect of a small yearly increase. Besides, I never could do a sum in my life. No, Gusty, when it is a question of earning my bread, I am a useless drug in the market. I can do most things a little, and nothing well: then, whatever line you take up, you must have capital to make any beginning that it is worth while making. Think what it would be, even if I could manage to stay in England;—ten or twelve years of drudgery, to end perhaps in disappointment, when waiting had worn out even her spirits, and a long-deferred hope had died within her. Ask yourself if any man could have a right to bring it upon her."

"It has not been your fault; you could not know."

"No, it has not been my fault; but it would be my fault if I were to hold her to it, or let her hold herself bound. It has not been my fault that what we had looked to can never come to pass. That has been a misfortune which might have happened to any man, and it must be accepted. But whatever I might do for myself, I will not for her sake embark upon a long and almost hopeless engagement."

"She would not give you up because of all this," said Miss Cleasby.

"No," he said; and even at this moment the proud admiration which

was so strongly blended with his love for an instant lighted up his face. "No; but is not that an additional reason why I should take care of her? It is for me to save her from herself."

"Perhaps you are right, Walter."

"If I am wrong, it is past praying for. I cannot fight it over again." Then he got up and tramped across the stone hall into his own study opposite, shutting the door behind him.

Augusta, as she sat by herself and reflected upon the crisis with the comparative calmness natural to some one who was, after all, but an interested spectator, could not help mentally confirming the judgment she had finally delivered as to the rectitude of the course he was about to pursue. With her heart aching over his suffering, and Christina, as yet, so happy and confident, and unconscious of the blow hanging over her, she could not be an altogether impartial judge. But she told herself that, if she had not known them, she would have said that the only possible and right course under the circumstances was to break off the engagement. She would have said that the girl would get over it in time and probably marry some one else; and as to the young man, he had no right to maintain his claims, and anything was better than an engagement with no prospect of marriage. It sounded plausible, and her reason assented to it; but when she thought of Christina it was not so easy to leave out of sight the bewildering and individual complications of the case. Though she tried to resume her ordinary occupations, her mind reverted again and again to the question of how he would do it, and of when and how she would receive the tidings.

In the meantime Walter, alone in his study, was painfully and practically setting himself to the solution of these same questions. To the first he had already given a mental answer; it only remained to put his purpose into execution. He sat down before his writing-table, and leant his head upon his hands, and stared blankly at a sheet of paper. There was nothing to disturb

the current of his thoughts, there was nothing to prevent them from shaping themselves into words: no one would be likely that morning to break in upon his solitude. The tranquil sunshine lay upon the trim lawn outside, the sky overhead was blue and cloudless, the fire burnt clear and bright, the clock upon the chimney-piece was ticking with a peaceful regularity, his terrier lay asleep upon the rug, his paper was before him and his pen in his hand; and yet he was distracted and confused, and flung it down, feeling that something, not himself, must be in fault. Of course it was that clock; he had never heard it tick so loudly before; it rang in his ears so that he could think of nothing else, and almost felt himself constrained to count the beats. He got up hastily, feeling a personal rage against the innocent piece of mechanism, and stopped the pendulum, and put it back upon the mantelpiece with a slight bang. Then he went back to his table and put the date to his letter; but his mind was in a whirl; the canary in the passage outside was singing shrilly, and, with an angry exclamation, he flung himself into an arm-chair before the fire, feeling that it was useless to put pen to paper whilst all external agencies, both animate and inanimate, were combining against him to make thought and composition alike impossible.

It was not that he had not arrived at a resolution; he had done so, after a long struggle which could not be repeated. He had longed to help her, and he had determined that it was impossible; he had thought that he ought to look to her happiness rather than to his own; and he had made up his mind that, though she would not be able to see it now, it would be for her ultimate good to separate from him. It was a miserable thing for a girl to waste her youth in waiting for what might never come; he would think it dishonourable and selfish in any other man to ask it of her; it would be selfish and dishonourable in him. Thus his better nature, which called upon him to save her and protect her from her own im-

pulse, took part against him. As to marrying without a provision, and casting her fortune and his to chance, or as to making a descent in the social scale and facing poverty and life in another sphere, the thought had but passed through his mind and made no impression upon it. He was not deficient in moral courage or unwilling to face privations for himself; but the traditions of convention made such a proceeding so repugnant to him as to appear impossible. A man, he would have said, could always make his way and fall upon his feet; but a girl was a thing to be guarded and cherished—too precious a possession to be trusted to the rough chances of life. He would rather, far rather, renounce Christina, than claim her for his wife when he had not the power to shield her from everything from which he conceived that *his wife* ought to be shielded.

All these conflicting thoughts had maddened and bewildered him during the last ten days, and he had thrust aside the only thing which might have saved him. For there was a voice which sang to him of a love that cannot die; of a faith that no earthly honour can approach and no earthly chances shake. There was a voice which told of something higher than the right and wrong of his own standard; of a trust which cannot be broken, and of a promise which cannot be recalled. But human voices mingled so loudly with the heavenly strain, that he could not distinguish it from them; they were the voices which told him that he could not give up Christina because of the pain to himself; they were the voices which made him shrink from the effort, telling him of the blank life that lay before him, of the dreariness of the future and the sweetness of the past; they recalled to him her looks and words, and made him desperate at the thought that they would soon be to him nothing but a memory.

All this he thrust from him as unmanly weakness, and with this he thrust out an angel unawares.

He had arrived at a conclusion of

which his judgment approved, and to which his reason assented, and now it only remained to put it upon record. It would be better that she should know what awaited her before they met; nothing else remained to be done; he had only to write to her—but what?

Only to tell her that what had been her life must be cut short now before it had had time to blossom; only to say that the past must be forgotten; that it must be nothing to her; that she must learn to be happy in some other way. Only to say that they must part, and part for ever.

At first he felt that he could not do it, and then he put a force upon himself. His delicate, sensitive organization had yet sufficient nervous power to accomplish that to which he had set his at length undivided will, at whatever cost to himself. When once he had summoned resolution for the first word, the rest followed, and he wrote with the rapidity of a man who has formed a determination and dares not go back to examine the grounds upon which he has arrived at it.

“12th November.

“DEAREST CHRISTINA,”—he wrote the first words mechanically, and then he remembered that it was the last time that he might use them, and could not bring himself to make any other but the accustomed beginning.

“DEAREST CHRISTINA,—I came home last night, but I could not come to you, because it was so late and I had something to say which I could not say then; yet I could not meet you and remain silent. Now, I still do not know how to say it. I had meant to have written from London, but to the last I was hoping against hope. I had thought myself so secure; I had thought it was impossible that anything should come between us; and at first I could not believe it, or face the reality.

“It is useless to go back upon the causes, or tell you how it is that I am so poor a man as to have nothing to depend upon except myself. When this place is sold, there will be nothing left except a few hundred pounds in trust for

Augusta. She has had a home offered to her by our uncle, and for a man it does not so much matter; and yet, Christina, I can think of nothing but ourselves. My life must be a life which you cannot share with me: I could not ask it, and I will not accept the sacrifice. It must be a struggle; I must encounter things which I would put far from you; and I know that, at whatever cost, it is better that what has to be done should be done quickly. It would be a mockery for me to keep the hope of claiming you before my eyes, even if I could remain in England. You are too far above the world to understand its ways, but it will be impossible for our engagement to continue. Your grandfather would not allow it, and he would be right. Christina, you will believe me when I say that I would have given worlds to spare you; but I cannot suffer without making you suffer.

“It is best that we should face the truth at once. As to the rest, what can I say? People will tell you that I am false, and cruel, and worldly: it will be best for you to believe that they are right. I do not ask you to forgive me; only remember that I could not do it unless I loved you; remember that you have glorified my life by the past weeks of short unclouded happiness, and that, although they may never return to me, no other days will ever efface their memory or take their place.

“Yours ever,

“WALTER CLEASBY.”

It was a blank cold statement of the fact. Yet what could he say? What right had he to say more? He had put it plainly; partly understanding that she would not be able to comprehend the truth unless it came to her in all its nakedness; partly conscious that his words must strike her at first with incredulous wonder. He did not read again what he had written; he dared not look again upon the letter which sealed his fate; but he rang the bell and gave it at once to the servant. “I want this to be taken to the White House,” he said; “not immediately; it will be

time enough when the letters go to the evening post."

He could not keep the letter in his sight for fear that he might be tempted to recall it, and yet something impelled him to leave Christina a few hours more of unconscious happiness, and made him shrink from bringing nearer, by how-ever short a time, the possibility of a meeting.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. NORTH had passed a restless night ; he was no better, but rather worse, in the morning, and his daughter-in-law in alarm sent for Mrs. Oswestry and for the doctor. The latter could only re-iterate his opinion that there was nothing immediate to be apprehended, but the old man was growing weaker, and the coming winter would probably be his last. As for Mrs. Oswestry, she was calm and composed under all circumstances ; but she shared in Mrs. North's fears, and, after visiting her father, came to consult with her as to the best means of softening and brightening the last months of his life. Christina coming into the room an hour later found them still in close consultation, and wondered vaguely what they could find to talk about for so long together.

"But do you think that he would see her if she came?" Mrs. North was saying ; "it is a long journey, and it would be hard upon her to take it for nothing. He has never mentioned her name for years, to my knowledge."

"But I have spoken of her to him," said Mrs. Oswestry ; "I do not say that he has shown any interest, but at least he has borne it patiently, and I feel if she were here——"

"Of whom are you talking?" asked Christina. "Is it a secret? Shall I go away?"

"No, it is no secret—at least not now," said Mrs. Oswestry ; "we were talking of my sister, your aunt Charlotte."

"But I never knew I had another aunt," exclaimed Christina, looking from one to the other in her astonishment.

"Perhaps not ; as your mother says, her name was never mentioned here, and she must have married when you were quite a little girl, though she is the youngest of us all."

"And you always were so indiscreet, Christina," interposed her mother ; "I never knew what you might say, or what wild fancies you might take into your head. Your grandfather did not wish to speak of her, and you were never likely to see her, so there was no use in telling you about it."

"But why was she not to be spoken of?"

"She made a marriage your grandfather did not approve," said Mrs. Oswestry ; "she married an Italian, and your grandfather had always such an objection to foreigners. It happened whilst she was paying a visit away from home, and your grandfather would never be persuaded to see him or give his consent to the marriage. Lotty would have her own way ; there was no objection to the man except his nation ; he had good birth though he was not a noble, and in a pecuniary point of view it was a very good match. She waited until she was one-and-twenty, and then she went away and was married from a mutual friend's house. I was the only one of our family there, and your grandfather never forgave her."

"But does she write? Where does she live? When is she coming?" cried Christina, becoming interested.

"She has always kept up a correspondence with me. She lives at Florence, where her husband has some business, and there she has brought up her children. She had two children, and lost her only girl two years ago ; the boy is about twelve or thirteen, and is still at school. So she says that she could easily manage to be absent from home for a few months, and if my father would receive her she would like to see him again before he dies."

"How strange! that I should have an aunt that I have never heard of before!" said Christina : but after all it did not excite her very much, and when Mrs. Oswestry took her leave late in the

afternoon, her thoughts were no longer engrossed by the idea of her unknown aunt, but were busying themselves in speculations as to whether Miss Cleasby had heard from her brother that day, and whether she would know when he was coming home.

She had made up her mind that she would go to the Park to see Augusta; but as she turned out of her gate the servant met her with the letter. She took it (as we so often take our death-blows) carelessly, unconsciously, with a word of thanks to Lewis, thinking that it was some note from Miss Cleasby; but as she turned it over in her hands and caught sight of the address, suddenly the colour flushed into her face and a pang of undefined apprehension shot through her. It was unreasonable, it was absurd; there was in truth nothing to make her afraid—only that Walter must be at the Park; and if he were at the Park, why had he not come to her? Some accident must have happened; some disaster must have befallen him.

"Was that the man from the Park?" said Mrs. North, meeting her in the passage. "Has Miss Cleasby written to you?"

"Yes—no—nothing," said Christina, passing on hastily. It was not until she had reached her room and locked the door that she opened the letter. Her eager eyes glanced all over it, her face flushing and paling as she read, and when she had ended she thrust it from her with a kind of impatience. Once more she read the words, but without their making any distinct impression upon her. She was striving painfully to grasp their meaning, but she could not make it out. She dropped the letter from her hands and gave a low cry of pain and bewilderment.

"I—I don't understand. What does it mean?" she said aloud, although there was no one to hear or answer. The letter lay unheeded upon the floor; she lay crouched up upon the bed pressing her face upon the pillows, and cried again piteously, "I don't know what it means."

And yet in some sort she did understand; she understood with a shrinking dread that a horrible misfortune was hanging over her, although its form was shadowy and undefined. She was afraid again to look upon the words which told her of it; more than half an hour had passed before she took the letter again into her hands. Then at last she understood,—understood what he would do—what he had done already. His creed was not hers; she could not even grasp its articles, nor comprehend their influence upon his actions: his faith was not her faith; yet to his standard she must conform, and by his will she must abide. She sat motionless for a few moments, as if stunned by the blow; and then, as the first incredulous horror grew less, natural resentment and pride and passion surged up in her heart. She had trusted him, and how had he repaid her trust! It was cruel; it was impossible that all that had been should come to an end, and yet she felt that it had come to an end already. If he could speak the words which he had spoken—if he could feel what he had felt, there could be no escape and no recall. Such words cannot be forgotten. She could not even understand what it was that he feared; it was he himself who had shaped their fate. All the bitterness would have been taken from the blow if only she could have felt that it had not come from his hand. Oh, why had he done it?

But we cannot in the first shock of sorrow find for long refuge or relief in personal indignation. Walter was right; if she could have shut him out from her heart—if she could have refused to forgive him, it would have been easier for her; but she could not do it. She was still fiercely resisting her fate, but misery had overcome resentment, and love and pity had, towards him, taken the place of every other feeling.

After a time her mother knocked at her door and, on entering, found her still in her hat and cloak, but busying herself with something upon the dressing-table. She turned her face for a moment towards her mother, and then

Mrs. North gave a frightened exclamation, as if she had seen a ghost.

"Christina! What is it? What has happened?" she exclaimed.

"I—I am rather—cold," said Christina, shivering, and put out her hand to steady herself against the table.

"Your grandfather wanted to see you; but you cannot go to him now," said Mrs. North. "I wish, Christina, you would not go and make yourself ill. I am sure that it is bad enough as it is, with your grandfather at death's door, for anything that we know, and your Aunt Margaret so bent upon bringing Lotty over to make things worse, and all the worry about your marriage."

"I will not go to grandpapa," said Christina, quickly; "I am very tired, and my head aches. I think I will go to bed."

"Do you feel as if you had caught anything?" asked Mrs. North, anxiously. "There is scarlet fever in the village, Janet tells me, and if you think——"

"No, no," said Christina, hastily; "I am not ill,—only tired."

"I wish I knew what it is," said Mrs. North to herself, as she went downstairs again. "Christina is so unlike herself; she is ill, or something must have happened. I wish I knew what it is."

She was not long left in ignorance. Walter Cleasby, following out in his own mind with painful distinctness the course which events were taking at the White House, and seeking for any means by which he might lighten Christina's burden, had considered that she might be called upon for explanations, and would have to put into words what she had as yet hardly realized to herself. If he could save her from it, he would. He put little faith in the judgment or forbearance of Christina's mother; but he wrote to her, briefly announcing what had happened, and imploring her to leave Christina this night undisturbed by questions. He acknowledged that he had no longer any right to stand between them; but as a matter of course taking to himself all the blame of what had occurred,

begged that he alone might bear the weight of her reproaches.

"As if a mother could leave her child to bear her trouble alone!" Mrs. North said to herself, with some natural indignation; and yet she was not angry because Captain Cleasby, under the circumstances, had chosen to give Christina up. It was in her eyes the only thing which he could have done; but as to speaking to her child, she certainly might be allowed to judge for herself. And then she went upstairs and knocked at Christina's door, still holding his letter in her hand. Christina was unconscious of everything except her own misery, and it was not until her mother had knocked and called to her two or three times that she rose from her bed and went to open the door, pushing away her loosened hair from her face.

"He has written to me," said Mrs. North. "Oh, my poor child, what can I do for you? It has always been the way with us, but I had begun to hope that it might be better for you; and all seemed so certain; but of course we never know."

Christina was sitting on the edge of the bed, with her hand clasping the iron rail, and she hardly seemed to hear her mother, but looked at her vacantly with tearless eyes.

"It is a great misfortune," Mrs. North went on; "I feel it for you very much: but it is better to know the worst. Captain Cleasby is acting rightly, though, you know, I never liked him; and if you had been married, you know——"

Christina started, and the colour flamed into her face.

"Not now, mother," she said; "don't let us talk of it now."

"You never will talk of anything to your mother," said Mrs. North, plaintively. "Any other girl would want a little sympathy; any other girl would be sorry for me too, because I have thought a great deal of your future, Christina; and it is very hard upon me to have to break it to your grandfather. If you had any natural feeling, Christina, you would like to see what he says to me."

"I don't want to read it," said Christina, pushing away the offered letter; "what can he say?"

"Oh, Christina," said Mrs. North, reproachfully, but with some natural tears; "why are you so rebellious? We must not fight against the troubles which are sent to us; it is fighting against grace, it is fighting against God." She hardly knew why she said it, poor woman; she had need of help herself and she did not feel able to help Christina, but yet she felt instinctively that she was wrong, and the words, though the result of a weak and wavering conviction, were not without their effect.

When Christina was left alone, they re-echoed in her heart. Was she indeed fighting against grace—fighting against God? She knew little of any religion but the natural and spontaneous religion of youth. God was good, and the world was beautiful, and she rejoiced in it, and was thankful because she was happy. She had had to struggle, and she had struggled in her own strength; she had fallen, she had repented, and she had risen again. But now she had entered

upon another struggle, in which she felt that her own strength would not be sufficient to her: the waters had gone over her, and she knew that she was sinking; the inevitable was pressing upon her, and she saw no means of escape. And yet she was fighting—fighting, as she had thought, against her fate; thrusting away the cross which had been put upon her and the cup of suffering which she must drink: and as yet she had not thought that she was fighting against God. As the truth made itself manifest to her in the lonely hours of that night,—the most momentous night of her life, in which for the first time she sent up a cry for help, not that she might obtain what she desired, but that she might accept what was given, not that she might do her own will, but God's, not that the cross might be taken away, but that she might be able to bear it,—so the bitterness was taken from her sorrow by the nearness and the constraining influence of the Divine, and a Light shined in her darkness, though as yet she comprehended it not.

To be continued.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE IN MILITARY ORGANIZATION.

AN ALDERSHOT LECTURE,¹ BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. C. CHESNEY, R.E.

It is superfluous in these days, before a select and educated audience, to defend the necessity of scientific study of the profession in which so many of our countrymen are interested. But it will not be amiss to remind those who still question our discussions on military science, of the doubts we have formerly heard expressed by men of experience and judgment, whether officers could, as a class, be expected to go on seeking professional improvement, in face of that discouragement and abatement of public interest in matters military, which the tranquil state of Europe would inevitably produce. It is not three years since such misgivings were publicly uttered in the ears of our army. What an age have we since lived through of professional teaching! What an era in military science, aye, and in the world's history which that science so deeply affects! Are national passions becoming softened? Are princes less ambitious, and republics less greedy than they were of old? If such be the case—and I am not one of those who can discern in recent events any proof of this part of the boasted progress of our race—the amelioration is at the utmost not so great as to justify our trusting wholly to the forbearance of others, or to the memory of former glories. Let us therefore learn what we can from the experience of our neighbours. Woe to the State that puts off the study of military reform until

the shock of battle falls on its own borders!

If we review the late war carefully, comparing its events with those of any other fixed period in military history, it is hard to say whether the Germans display their advance more strikingly in organization, in strategy, or in tactics. The French may also afford us some useful lessons of improvement. In small arms they were plainly in advance of their adversaries. In the introduction of the Mitrailleuse they had taken a bold step on which no other nation had ventured. Yet on the whole it is natural and proper that we should look to the victors for our chief instruction in that great and terrible art of which they have shown such consummate mastery.

In seeking for the causes of their success, not one of the three great branches of military science can be safely neglected. Without a high organization the North Germans could not have put on foot the gigantic armies which they actually brought into the field. Without special adaptation of the old rules of strategy to new circumstances they could not have moved these forces so as to let their weight have its full effect. Without tactical skill they would inevitably have failed to reap fully the unexampled successes which their superior organization and better strategy had prepared. For it is an absolute mistake to suppose that they on every occasion displayed overwhelming numbers in action in their collision with the Imperial army (no one supposes they did in their later contests with the Republican levies), there having been at least one great battle of supreme importance where they fought against a preponderance of force,—that of Mars-la-Tour; while at another, that of Forbach,

¹ This Lecture was delivered under pressure of other duties, without manuscript or note, and with no design of printing what was meant chiefly for a special audience. But I have been urged to publish it by so many kind friends, known and unknown, professional and non-professional, that I gladly take the earliest opportunity of doing this, so far as my memory serves me.

they were certainly not much if at all superior in strength to the French corps they there defeated. We shall now, however, speak chiefly of their organization.

It is needless to say that, during several months of the last year spent in close observation of their armies, I saw many things that impressed upon me the readiness, the completeness, and the practical nature of that organization, on which is based the greatest Empire as to military strength which the world has ever seen. But the incident which struck my imagination the most was a visit, partly of ordinary ceremony and partly in search of information, made to a certain officer, Chief of Staff to a General in high command, whose name I do not repeat here, but merely say that it is one which is known throughout Europe as that of a veteran justly distinguished for being a thorough soldier. The Colonel of whom I speak particularly, I found to be a fine-looking military man, of pleasant aspect and open manner, skilled in the theory of his profession, and apparently not the less acquainted with every detail of each arm over which he had to watch, so far as my questions, which were answered with the most perfect frankness, could enable me to judge. He was responsible to his chief for all the daily working of that great machine, an Army Corps in its full strength; and this, too, quartered in a land politically hostile, and yet not governed by martial law—a position, perhaps, the most trying which a soldier of fine qualities can be placed in. His duties would oblige him to communicate officially, not only with the heads of departments in the corps itself, but with numerous civil functionaries, some of French origin, others imported from Germany. And yet he could find time to converse leisurely with a stranger desirous of picking up all possible information, to answer specific questions clearly and in detail, and to avoid the least show of hurrying his inquisitive guest away, who left him, therefore, only when pressed by his own natural desire not to trespass unduly on this genuine courtesy. The secret of this ease of manner and hos-

pitable bearing was revealed in that which struck his visitor so forcibly—the moderate nature of his ordinary day's work. Three letters on his table to answer, and but two registers to look over, formed, with the addition of a visitor's book in the passage outside, what may be called the whole morning's stock-in-trade of a functionary whose first duty it was to think for 25,000 men, instead of going over other people's work who could be trusted to do it for themselves, or taking their duty altogether out of the hands of his subordinates to perform it himself in the hurried manner, which so many here will recognize, of an able man overwhelmed with the multitude of self-imposed details. Let any one of this audience think of what he knows of our chief military offices, or of those of France (should he happen to be acquainted with the working of the military machine as it has been managed there for the last fifteen years of the twice revived and twice destroyed Empire), and he will realize for himself one main cause why the German staff-officer is more able to act with the full powers of his judgment at critical moments than his compeer in other services. Realizing this, he may naturally wish to hear more of the manner in which the decentralizing principle has been applied in the German system to strip high office of those terrors of toil which in other armies oppress it. Now, no one, I think, will assert that English officials are, man for man, inferior in integrity, diligence, and patriotism to those of any other nation. The key to such superiority as is asserted for the Germans, must lie in their organization, of which it will be well here to speak a little in detail.

All well-read Englishmen know something of the great change in Prussian military institutions which occurred after 1859, the stimulus, beyond any doubt, being those French victories in Italy which for a time forced Prussia and Austria to consult for each other's security—as at the famous Töplitz interview of 1860—against the menacing power of the Second Empire. But comparatively

few have heard that besides the military revolution accomplished in the strengthening of the Regular Army at the expense of the Landwehr, and thrusting the latter altogether out of the first line, a change hardly less important was carried out in the system of mobilization. True, this had already long since been conducted by corps—a corps to every province; but whereas until now the corps on its peace footing had been sent into the field to be made up thereafter to complete war fitness from the depôts far behind, it was resolved thenceforth that mobilization should in each case be a business completely and wholly carried out locally by local authority, so that the corps if required should go forth from its province a perfect machine, and its chief—handling over his charge thenceforward to a deputy, who would be responsible for all the further supplies which reinforce it—might give his undivided attention to his field duties. The change was great, and its effect has been greater even than the authors had hoped.

Being present with the German armies in 1859, and a close observer of their proceedings, I was struck with the confusion and irregularity with which the troops arrived at their various quarters on the Rhine. Of course this was more noticeable among the contingents of the minor states than in that of Prussia; yet it was everywhere visible, even to the eye of one who could look no more closely than an ordinary traveller was allowed to do. We Englishmen, even in an "alarmist" story, could hardly have been in a more portentous hurry and flutter to put 150,000 men into the field. And the reasons of this, which I did not then fully understand, were mainly in the crossing of orders between the different mobilized corps and the various provinces from which they were severally hastening to get their troops equipped and reinforced to war strength. Solferino came, before the German army was ready, or its masters fully determined to throw its weight into the field against the victorious French. So

the Peace of Villafranca was signed by Napoleon with Austria alone, and the inevitable contest which Baron Stoffel was not alone in foretelling, was postponed for ten years more.

But the lessons of 1859 were not lost on the King of Prussia and his counsellors, and the great truth was fairly grasped and became part of their military creed, that a peace army scattered through a dozen provinces can only be effectively mobilized without difficulty, and used without delay, by insisting on its being sent fully equipped into the field, and by giving its provincial or corps commanders, in order to attain this object at once, the largest discretion in the matter of organization consistent with their subordination to the central authority. This principle once fairly grasped, each chief of a corps is expected to be ready within a certain time known to be sufficient; and once thus ready, his command becomes a compact, complete unit for military purposes, moved by a single word, and hardly more interfered with in its interior economy than a battalion would be with us had we an army in the field. In no other way could the masses of men be brought to the enemy's frontier which were collected in 1866 and 1870 to attack Austria and France, with the machine-like order which conceals if it do not altogether prevent mistakes, and gives to the astonished world the appearance of an organization that has attained—the unattainable in human affairs—perfection itself.

I have spoken of my official visit to a high Prussian staff officer, and the astonishment produced on my mind by the absence of nearly all detail work from the cabinet where I was received, and of all hurry from the manner of the colonel who entertained me. This struck me as a sort of revelation, and never left my mind; and when I came back to England, before the winter, the first thing I read was a description in *Macmillan's Magazine* of the hurry and worry within and without our War Office, which precluded the autumn manœuvres, contrasted by a clever writer with the

calm confidence of the Prussian staff under the sudden excitement of the battle of Forbach. This article, which I met with by chance, seemed to be a sermon on the text read by the absence of petty work from the office of the chief of the staff visited some months before upon the Continent. For how the Prussians have reached this quiet confidence of working, lies not in the individual superiority of their officials, but in the system of their employment, under what it is the fashion to call decentralization, but which really consists in throwing the proper responsibility on the proper men. We are obliged to resort to this more practical form of government in India, though neglecting it at home; but in fact our Indian Empire would infallibly break down instantly of its own weight if we applied to it the lumbering and antiquated practices under which departments in London are carried on.

The War Office clerks, whom the *Macmillan* critic laughed at for sitting up all night to muddle the work which could only be managed properly on the ground at Aldershot, are a type of one system. The Prussian general sitting tranquilly at the window at Saarbruck, who had never seen a French soldier under fire, and yet received unmoved the brief reports which told him that he was engaging in the first pitched battle for sixty years between the Teuton and the Gaul, is a representative of the other. General Goeben could afford in that instance to keep his attention from being absorbed in the details of the skirmishing along the Spicheren heights, and to give it to the more important question of the support of the corps so suddenly engaged, because he was trained to a method of employing bodies of disciplined men which supposes that all those put into places of charge will rise to the level of their responsibilities if fairly left to meet them. He had been brought up in the grand school of the Corps Organization, which Moreau introduced originally; which Napoleon, though a great centralizer, adopted for his own, and so struck

the most deadly blow at centralization ever felt; but which it was left to King William and his Minister to improve into the grandest instrument of war that man has ever disposed of.

The advantages of this principle as applied to the Army Corps have been so fully recognized, both in theory and practice, that it has been carried on beyond the corps in both directions, above and below it. Hence the formation, for strategic purposes, of so-called Army Commands, into several of which a great army, composed of numerous corps, is in time of war distributed, and of which there were five ultimately in France, when the hostilities were closed. Having thus decentralized their corps, and also provided a war system under which the head-quarter staff would not have the burden of communicating personally even with the chiefs of all these great units, but only with the intermediate Commanders of Armies, the Prussian organizers have of late much further utilized their experience of the vast advantages gained by divesting the chief agency in war of detail work. They have carried the principle of individual responsibility downwards within the corps, through its various elements. The Division Generals exercise much more authority than was originally sketched out for them, and but few cases of supply and discipline need go beyond them. The Brigadiers have less of this responsibility, but the Regimental Commander (a functionary not hitherto existing in our military system, though his creation seems now to be contemplated) has very great personal control over his three-battalion command. This again leaves the Battalion Commander often in an inferior position of responsibility as compared with ours; but, on the other hand, the Company-Chief is a much more responsible and independent person than our captain—as befits, indeed, his larger command and recognized state as a mounted officer.

But even when all this is stated, we have by no means exhausted the process by which the Prussians have relieved the chiefs of their army from the

minor cares which no single man can undertake—as Napoleon attempted in Russia—for half a million of soldiers, and really perform. For, besides the subdivision for strategical purposes into army commands,—so few in number as to avoid all confusion and difficulty in the conveyance of orders from head-quarters, and under chiefs empowered and competent to carry these out, by detailing their various corps accordingly,—the division of labour has been carried a stride further by the establishment of separate *Etappen* (Staff) commands, which are organized for the special purposes of keeping up the supply and communications of the armies in the field. Formerly, the greatest anxiety of a generalissimo was directed to these lines, and his active forces were constantly being weakened by detachments made to guard them. Now a Prussian commander advancing against the enemy is relieved from this by the system which gives the custody of the line of communication to a special staff whose one business it is to attend to this important duty. A very great indirect advantage of this division of labour is, that a vast number of the reserve officers, chiefly from the middle classes, civilians in time of peace but available for war service at the country's need, make excellent *Etappen* officials, though too old, or otherwise unfitted for the harder duties of the field. Thus I have heard of a certain *Etappen* station commanded by a veteran reserve officer with the nominal rank of major, seventy-two years old, whose adjutant had the ripe experience of sixty-nine summers; and it was added that they both performed their simple duties very efficiently indeed.

Finally, to relieve still more the working staff of the army during the heat and anxiety of war, each post that it is of importance to maintain at home is, from the first hour that the Corps begins to move from its province, filled by a deputy acting with full powers. By these officials the whole further business is carried on of keeping up the supplies of the great machine which has

gone forth completed, and thus the strain is taken off those who lead it in the field, and who may henceforth give their undivided care to its active conduct. Even a second-rate man starting thus lightly-weighted may well perform such feats of activity as would have worn down any ordinary leader under the system through which Napoleon and his marshals administered their commands sixty years since.

Add to the advantages thus gained for the Corps Commanders, the still higher freedom from administrative duties of every kind which the Army Commanders enjoy, their only care being how best to direct corps by the movements of the great masses under them, so as to follow out the general design issued from head-quarters; and we see at once that the Germans have reached the practical working of the system of personal trust in personal exertion which the Archduke Albert, in his fine essay, "On Responsibility in Time of War," has recommended to his own nation for adoption.

The idea of a special link in the chain of responsibility between the corps leaders and the chief of the whole army is by no means altogether new. Napoleon was forced to it by circumstances in 1813, when Ney twice held such an intermediate command. But it was more systematically adopted by the American Generals in 1863-4, when Sherman marched upon Atlanta, at the head of two united armies, under Generals Schofield and Thomas, whilst Grant simultaneously invaded Virginia with two more, under Meade and Burnside. As in the late war, when the First and Second German armies blockaded Metz, and the Third and Fourth united to invest Paris, so the Generals of these American armies exercised full powers as commanders-in-chief, except in subordinating the general disposition of their forces to the orders of the supreme head, thus releasing Sherman and Grant from all care of details, and leaving them free to give their whole minds to the higher functions of command. The advantage was just that with which the

Emperor-King, or Von Moltke for him, enjoyed when controlling the whole theatre of war in 1870, from a single chamber at some wayside inn or obscure chateau.

This system may possibly have its disadvantages. It has been especially pointed out that when two armies under different heads unite on the battle-field, as did those of Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles at Forbach, and those of the Crown Prince and the Prince of Saxony at Sedan, the conjunction might very possibly lead to the crossing of orders through jealousy or accident, and the result be peril or disaster. The case of the Austrians at Solferino, where their army acted in two great wings, under Schlick and Wimpffen, and these two generals, as well as their chief the Emperor, sent contradictory and confusing orders, is pregnant with such a moral. All one may here safely say is that the evil did not show itself in the Prussian operations in either of the instances already cited, nor in the still more critical case of Mars-la-Tour, where Prince Frederick Charles, beginning the battle entirely with his own command, received most effective support in the course of the day from Barnekow's division of the Eighth corps, which belonged to the army of Steinmetz. Possibly the perfect discipline of the Prussians may account for this; but the fact that royal blood was in each case united to high command, could hardly have been without some influence in so loyal an army. At any rate the advantages of this new sub-division—checking, as it does, through intermediate hands, the movements of the corps far more effectually than the old Napoleonic plan of sending each its orders daily—are held in Germany to outweigh any such theoretical defect. The confusion that ensued on Lebœuf's trying to cover the French frontier at the outset of the war with eight disseminated corps, each receiving its orders from head-quarters, is hardly likely to justify the contrary view to disinterested critics.

The new arrangements for the more

complete division of responsibility, just described, facilitate greatly, whilst greatly influencing, strategy. A careful review of the leading features of the war of 1870-71, would plainly illustrate the advance of strategic science made by Von Moltke, aided by this distribution of his invading force into several armies operating on different lines—a principle adhered to up to the last—whilst the chief staff-officers in the field were kept from the harassing cares of supply by the system of *Etappen* lines, and of deputies in their offices at home.

It will be enough here—since we have not space for more—to cite the masterly movements by which the French force round Metz was detained there by the First and Second Armies, whilst the Crown Prince, with the Third, constantly turned its flank, ready at any moment to wheel northward and strike the fatal blow which Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte made needless; or the still grander operations which united the Third and Fourth Armies round their doomed prey at Sedan; in order to show the power of combination exercised with such tremendous instruments, acting under the will of a clear and far-sighted chief. Time would altogether fail us did we turn to strategical details now, much more to the interesting tactical lessons which the new system of war affords, and which it was my privilege a year since to be the first to expound to English officers. To-day we must be content with our brief review of the most modern and most improved organization—the highest example of its kind ever offered to the world's study.

We live in an age of which it has just been said by Lord Hobart, Cobden's professed expounder, that peace is no more than a military truce. We may well, therefore, congratulate ourselves that the country has found a Minister willing and able to grapple with that important problem of the organization of our scattered military means which presses on the nation. If the result be but to make real the force of reserves we have hitherto reckoned

only on paper, it will be a splendid achievement indeed. I took occasion some years since to urge on the Volunteers the necessity of bringing their discipline up to a proper standard, and pointed out the besetting sins of that description of force as illustrated in the American armies, and set forth by a distinguished American Volunteer. Merely to wish to be an army, it was then affirmed, is not to be one. But the power to reform the force, it is now evident, must come from above; and the task is one that needs a statesman, for the Volunteers have scarcely at present the power, if they had the will, to do what other friendly advisers, besides

myself, have long since urged on them, and not merely to wish to be, but to be disciplined and trained up to that necessary standard which would make the existence of the force a defence rather than, as hitherto, a snare to our country. Then indeed might the nation write on its gates the noble text of Gustavus Adolphus, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Surely better do this than accept the gamester-like advice of such dangerous writers as Mr. Vernon Harcourt, and stake the whole honour—nay, the very life of the Empire—on a single throw of the die with our fleet.

THE LORELEY,

AFTER HEINE.

I CANNA tell what has come ower me
That I am sae eerie and wae;
An auld-warld tale comes before me,
It haunts me by nicht and by day.

From the cool lift the gloamin' draps dimmer,
And the Rhine slips saftly by;
The taps o' the mountains shimmer
I' the lowe o' the sunset sky.

Up there, in a glamour entrancin',
Sits a maiden wondrous fair;
Her gowden adornments are glancin',
She is kaimin' her gowden hair:

As she kaims it the gowd kaim glistens,
The while she is singin' a song
That hauds the rapt soul that listens,
With its melody sweet and strong.

The boy, floating by in vague wonder,
Is seized wi' a wild weird love;
He sees na' the black rocks under,—
He sees but the Vision above.

The waters their waves are flinging
Ower boatie and boatman anon;
And this wi' her airtfu' singin',
The Waterwitch Lurley has done.

A MONTH AT SEAFORD IN 1825, WITH GEORGE CANNING AND HOOKHAM FRERE.

BY A. G. STAPLETON.

THE recent publication of the Life and Works of Mr. Hookham Frere recalled to mind the interesting time which he spent at Mr. Charles Ellis's, at Seaford, with Mr. Canning, in the autumn of 1825. Some curious compositions of those two distinguished men, which since that period had been in my possession, were again looked at, when they appeared to be so entertaining that it seemed a pity not to let others participate in the fun of them.

It was in the autumn of 1825 that Mr. Canning sought relaxation after his Parliamentary labours, and from his official cares, by taking up his headquarters at the marine villa of his intimate friend, Mr. Charles Ellis. Mr. Hookham Frere was invited to meet him. From the days when Canning and Frere were both boys together at Eton, and were there associated in publishing the *Microcosm*, a warm friendship had existed between them. Although they had been sent to different Universities, the intimacy was nevertheless maintained. After they left College, Mr. Canning was returned to Parliament in 1793, and was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1796; whilst Mr. Frere did not enter the House of Commons till the last-named year, and did not become Mr. Canning's colleague in the Foreign Office till 1799. For a year and a half they worked together, but in September 1800 Mr. Frere accepted the mission to Portugal, and in 1802 the mission to Spain. From this last post he had retired, and remained unemployed, till Mr. Canning selected him in 1808 to be accredited as Minister to the Junta at Madrid, at the time of the Spanish outbreak against Napoleon. He gave

up this mission in August 1809, when his official connection with Mr. Canning finally ceased; his diplomatic career in life being then brought to a close. From that time till 1820 they had frequent and friendly intercourse, but in that year, in consequence of the health of his wife, Lady Errol, Mr. Frere went to reside (permanently, as it eventually proved) at Malta. He passed, however, the autumn of 1825 in England, and it was at Mr. Charles Ellis's where the two friends (for the last time in their lives) dwelt together, to their mutual great satisfaction, under the same roof.

The house was originally very small, but by dint of throwing out bay windows here, pulling down partitions there, adding on three or four rooms at one end, it had been made exceedingly comfortable: the pretty furniture with which it was filled, with the view of the sea from the windows, rendered it a very agreeable residence.

Still, if the house was small, so was the party. Besides the three persons already mentioned, it consisted of Mrs. Canning, the late Lord Howard de Walden (the eldest son of Mr. Ellis, and then Under-Secretary of State), the late Lord William Hervey, and myself. These were the permanent guests. Other members of Mr. Canning's family were occasionally there; as also Mr. Ellis's youngest son; the late Sir John Leach, then the Vice-Chancellor of England; and the late Hon. Thomas Liddell, who belonged to the Foreign Office.

A room was set apart for Mr. Canning as a *Chancellerie*, in which to transact pressing and unavoidable business. This generally occupied some three or four hours after breakfast.

The rest of the day was holiday, and no schoolboy ever enjoyed his play hours more intensely than Mr. Canning. If the weather permitted, we rode out upon the downs; if unfavourable, we walked by the seaside.

Our host provided most excellent fare; there was no one to throw the least *gêne* over the conversation; and all seemed to take advantage of the freedom from restraint to say what was uppermost in their minds. What fell from Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere, alternately grave and gay, was always edifying or amusing; and it is to be wished that I could recall to my mind, with any tolerable accuracy, some of their brilliant *table talk*. But a man must have indeed a good memory who could feel at all certain of being able to detail with correctness what really passed, without having means to refresh his recollections. To take notes of conversations, by one standing in intimate relations towards another individual, is always objectionable: to do so without warning is obviously unfair; to do so with warning is to establish a restraint which would always militate against unreserved confidential intercourse. So all that can now be said is, that the general impression left upon my mind by the conversations of these two celebrated men is, that to hear them converse was an intellectual treat which could not well be surpassed. I remember, however, that every now and then Mr. Frere would repeat for our amusement some of those translations from Aristophanes which his nephews have recently given to the world. The brilliant manner in which he recited them made them produce a most powerful effect on those who heard them; and to Mr. Canning, who was so well acquainted with the originals, they afforded very great gratification. It was during our sojourn at this place that Mr. Canning dictated, at the same time, three different despatches, to three of us, and kept us constantly going as fast as we could write.

The Session of Parliament in 1825 had been somewhat stormy on the subject of Roman Catholic Emancipation.

A Bill brought in by Sir Francis Burdett had been carried through the Commons by majorities of 27 and 21. Before the second reading in the House of Lords, the Duke of York, then the heir to the throne, declared himself in the strongest terms against the concession, avowing his determination to oppose it "to the last moment of his existence, whatever might be his situation in life." His Royal Highness ratified his declaration by an oath—"So help me God." This speech, from the next heir to the throne, produced an immense sensation throughout the country. It was printed by the anti-Catholic party in letters of gold.

The Bill was rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of 48. The Premier, Lord Liverpool, made a speech which to Mr. Canning was unexpectedly strong, though his Lordship afterwards assured Mr. Canning that he had no intention to express any sentiments but those he had been accustomed to utter upon the same subject. The Roman Catholic question was of course the question of the day.

At this period Seaford was a close borough, and returned to Parliament two members, Mr. Charles Ellis (the patron) and his second son, Mr. G. J. W. A. Ellis. Although the inhabitants at large had very little to say to the election of their members, the fact of the borough returning representatives gave to them an interest in politics. In those bygone days, *numerically* the majority of the population of Great Britain was against concession to the Roman Catholics; and Mr. Canning was much amused when, in walking about the town, he saw written upon the walls this inscription: "The great Pope, Cannong, is here," with some other wise saws which I don't exactly remember, indicating that their authors did not by any means regard with a favourable eye the dispositions entertained by "the great Pope" in favour of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects.

It was towards the close of the visit that the Duke of York went on a visit to the Duke of Rutland at Cheveley,

his Grace's seat near Cambridge. The Corporation of Cambridge thought that a good opportunity offered itself for voting an address to his Royal Highness, thanking him for his speech, and for presenting it to him at Cheveley. They accordingly went, and were graciously received. But it so happened that a paragraph giving an account of the occurrence appeared in the *Courier* newspaper, in which it was stated that the Heads of Colleges had accompanied the Mayor and Corporation on the occasion. Whether this was really the case or not it is difficult now to find out, but at all events the paragraph gave rise to the following letter in the *Courier*, with the name appended to it of the Master of Sidney Sussex College:—

“To the Editor of the ‘*Courier*.’

“SIDNEY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 13.

“SIR,—I was very much astonished to read, in your excellent journal of the 11th inst., that the Heads of Colleges in our University had accompanied the Mayor and Corporation of this town to Cheveley, on the occasion of the presentation of an address to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, on his magnanimous speech on the Papist Question. I was astonished, because the general accuracy of your intelligence, and the extraordinary care you evidently take to obtain the most authentic information on every subject, led me to expect that you would not have fallen into the error into which the *Morning Chronicle*, and papers of equal authenticity with itself, are so often guilty of. The Heads of Houses did *not* accompany, or in any way interfere, on the occasion you allude to; the address was the address of the Corporation only, and the Mayor and Corporation alone attended.

“Whatever sentiments the Heads of Colleges entertain on this question (and I believe there is but one opinion as to the dreadful danger of admitting the Papist into power) amongst them, they could not, of course, have mixed themselves up with the Corporation. They have uniformly and pointedly kept themselves aloof from that body, not deeming it consistent with the dignity of their office, and the character they bear in the University, to connect themselves in any way with a body like the Corporation. At the same time, Sir, I would not be understood for a moment to throw any slur on that body, in saying this, as I am given to believe that they are a very respectable set of men. All I wish to say is, that the Heads of Colleges cannot consent that it should go out to the world, uncontradicted, that they have gone in procession with,

or joined the Corporation, in any address whatever. Sensible of the value of a few lines in your loyal paper, I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant,

“WM. CHAFY,
Master of Sidney College.”

As Dr. Chafey had the reputation of being somewhat pompous, and innocent of any undue extent of wisdom, this letter was accepted by the editor, and generally by Cambridge men, as genuine. And evidently it was under that persuasion that two wags (who may be guessed, but who were perhaps too fond of a joke,) concocted the following letter:—

“To the Editor of the ‘*Courier*.’

“CHERRY-HINTON, Sunday, Oct. 16, 1825.

“SIR,—It was entirely and exclusively owing to my absence from Cambridge at this place, that I did not sooner see your paper of the 14th, which has been transmitted to me this morning by a friend, marking the passage in which I am concerned.

“It is with the greatest concern and embarrassment that I find myself obliged to produce my name in the public prints of the day; but, having been once imposed upon to insert it, I trust to your justice in correcting that *erratum*. I do not hesitate, therefore, to say, that the letter signed ‘Wm. Chafy,’ in your paper now before me, of the 14th, is not only unauthentic, but absolutely fictitious. I do not mean to say that the contents are not substantially true, which is easily accounted for by their proceeding from the same knot (not unsuspected, nor perhaps unknown to myself), whose object was first to hold up to ridicule the University to which I belong, and secondly me, an unworthy member of it. What is not true is, that I presumed to take upon myself to throw a slur (if I may be allowed the expression) upon the Mayor and Corporation of Cambridge, with whom I have the happiness to live in the decent habits of occasional and courteous conviviality—or that I should have presumed to speak the sense of the Heads of the University, not being deputed so to do. This presumption, and the imbecility manifest throughout the whole letter, which has been clandestinely, and (I think, without a breach of charity, I may say) maliciously, imposed upon you, will, I hope, vindicate me from the necessity of further exculpation, and induce you to insert this without delay, so that it may meet the eyes of my friends before my return to Cambridge next week.

“I will confess, Sir, that I might have hoped that the word ‘*Papist*,’ used as an adjective, as applied to question, might have struck the editor of the *Courier* as an expression not

likely to flow from the pen of a Head of a College in Cambridge.

"Born and bred in an abhorrence of the See of Rome, I should have characterised the question upon which the Mayor and Corporation proceeded to Cheveley, not as the 'Papist Question' (as my *fac-simile* is made to call it), but as the Popish one—or, to be plainer, the motive of the author I consider as decidedly Popish. His person I should designate as that of a Papist. In like manner, I am made to express the apprehension of the Heads of Houses, relative to admitting the Papists into power, amongst THEM.

"To conclude, the mistake is evident. The fabricator of this silly and clumsy forgery has obviously looked to the Cambridge Calendar for the name of the Head of my College, where, by a well-known mistake, the name of its Master is spelt, as it appears in your paper, without an *e*, while, on the other hand, the College is designated as Sidney College.

"None of your Cambridge correspondents can be ignorant that the name of the College is Sidney Sussex College, as I always scrupulously write it, while the Chafeys of Gloucestershire, as is notorious to all the world, have for centuries spelt their name as it is signed by, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

"W. M. CHAFEY, D.D.,
Master of Sidney Sussex College."

It seems by the following note, which the Editor appended to the above letter, that the real Dr. Chafey had written a very concise repudiation of the first letter, and that the Editor, having the two before him, decided against the genuineness of the real letter. Whether he was actually deceived, or whether he thought the long letter too precious a bit of fun not to be given to the world, it is impossible now to say; but at all events this long rigmarole appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, with the Editor's stamp, to mark that he deemed it a genuine article:—

"[We, of course, readily give insertion to the letter of Dr. Chafey; and we are glad we received it this morning, or we might not have had it in our power to assist him in discovering the author of the fabricated one. To explain this, we must state, that we received, by the post of this day, another letter, purporting to be written by Dr. Chafey, and dated from Sidney Lodge, complaining that the former one was a forgery, and requesting us to send the MS. of the 'forged document.' We were struck with the similarity of the handwriting, though some pains were evidently taken to disguise it. The object of the writer is now obvious. He wished to get the evidence of his silly trick into his own hands. We have

only to add, that both the letters are at the service of Dr. Chafey, if he wishes to make any inquiry into the fraud.—ED.]"

The Doctor, it must be confessed, was now in no very enviable position: for what must have been his feelings when on opening his newspaper, expecting to find his own short denial of the first letter, he found instead of it nearly three-quarters of a column, with his name appended to it, of still worse rubbish than that which he had been so desirous to repudiate? All this was bad enough: but the offer of the Editor to place at his disposal the manuscript of the first letter, in order to assist him in discovering the author of the hoax, whilst assuming that the second had been really written by him, must have been to anyone, even endowed with the best of tempers, to say the least, extremely aggravating.

In this state of affairs, however, the Doctor took the best course. He put himself into the mail-coach, and sought a personal interview with the Editor, as well to satisfy that gentleman that his own letter was really his own, as to inspect the two *not* genuine letters, which evidently came from different quarters. At all events, it is pleasant to reflect that he was successful in the object of his journey, as on the next day he had the satisfaction to see an unqualified denial on his part of having had anything whatever to do with the composition of either of the two letters.

When the first letter appeared, it was my lot (having been at Cambridge, and having often heard Dr. Chafey make a speech from a balcony in the market-place to a public meeting) to point it out to Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere. It afforded them much amusement; but when they found inserted in the papers the rigmarole of a contradiction so interminably long, together with the deliberate judgment of the Editor upon it, their merriment was unbounded. They amused themselves with writing squibs on the subject, and both of them found relief in the composition of verses on the great question

in which had originated the deputation to Cheveley. None of these squibs were published. So soon as they found that Dr. Chafey denied the parentage not only of the last, but also of the first letter, they said that he was not a fair object for quizzing.

The letters, especially the last, were a source of much fun in the newspapers. The second has been ascribed to Theodore Hook, but it is very certain that he was not its author.

The following is a specimen of the sort of mirth in which they indulged. It was the joint composition of the two, dictated by them to me, with that remarkable power of adapting their mutual thoughts, which, on more than one occasion, they had exhibited. There is not a single sentence in it which was not partly dictated by both, each taking up the last words of the other; so that had one not distinguished between the two voices, it would have appeared to the amanuensis but the dictation of one man. It was entitled "A Brief Sketch of Dr. Chafy's Life."

"Dr. Chafy, who has so lately attracted so much of public attention by his controversies in the public prints, was born at Hogsthorpe, in Gloucestershire, and was early destined for the Church. He received the rudiments of his education at the free school of his parish, where he distinguished himself greatly in English composition. At Cambridge, where he was assiduous in his attendance at Commons, the charms of algebra fascinated our young aspirant. On the trips of the year 1793 his name appears designated by the significant distinction of 19th Senior Optime—a class inferior only to that of the Wranglers themselves.

"After the example of the celebrated Wakefield, he was an assiduous though unsuccessful candidate for the various classical prizes which the University holds forth to her *alumni*. Unlike his prototype, an ingenuous modesty prevented his mentioning publicly the numerous instances of competition which did so much honour to his perseverance.

"Amongst many amiable qualities, he was perhaps too fond of religious controversy and toasted cheese. Thus much as to his moral and physical qualities.

"His literary reputation is chiefly founded on his letter to the *Courier* newspaper, the subsequent contradiction of which in the Doctor's own name has given rise to a controversy which is perhaps even now rather slum-

bering in its ashes than permanently extinguished. His life, however, is said to be coming out in numbers, which will give an interest to his future contradictions of his own works, such as the Papists themselves cannot hope effectually to suppress.

"To finish his character. His voice was a fine *passo relievo*, and his grace before meat, though long, truly eloquent. His appetite was rather strenuous than nice."

Here is another specimen:—

"The Lieutenant Chafy who has lately returned from Surinam, and has brought with him the wild man of the woods, is nephew of Dr. Chafy, the Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. The Lieutenant was struck by the fanciful but interesting likeness of this animal to his eminent relation, which upon approximation appears to be by no means an imaginary one. This interesting animal is now lodged in the College Gardens, and accompanied Dr. Chafy to Cheveley, where the likeness afforded much amusement to the royal and distinguished persons assembled there."

Such was the way in which a great statesman with his friend sought relief from the cares of state. Nothing was more agreeable in Mr. Canning's character than the enjoyment which he derived from harmless mirth. No one who had ever witnessed the heartiness of his laugh could easily forget it.

Mr. Canning dictated to me the following lines. When he came to those printed in italics, he took the pen in his own hand, and was very merry as soon as he had completed them:—

"Epistle from the Rev. M. —, Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to his pupil the Hon. —, who had voted for the Catholic Question.

"Dear Sir,—I grieve to differ in opinion
From one who I am sure is no Socinian,
But a true son of England's Church and State.
It also much concerns me to relate
That short, but sharp and frequent indigestions
Have hindered me from answering yet your questions.
But now, by my physician's strict award
From hall and Combination Room debarred,
I seize a day of discipline to mend
Omissions past, and parley with my friend.

Why am I frightened? ask you; wherefore sad?

Why look for change, and why for change that's bad?

Why not a change to better things? A
stall
Fertile in fines? or Tythes, both great and
small,
Of some snug living? Then with friendship
true

As safe and sure you offer to my view
The pulpit which o'erpeers my Lord's, your
father's pew,

In that small parish church—in times more
pure

A Rectory: but now a simple Cure.
That pulpit's mine, you say, for the fond
care

With which I reared his Lordship's generous
heir.

Thence—I may soothe the Viscount's an-
xious breast;

Thence—when the sermon's close disturbs
his rest:

Invited to the Manor-house, may dine,
Perpetual curate on perpetual chine.

But truce to classic lore, and with the dream
Of tythes and pulpits: One engrossing theme
Possesses your poor tutor's soul entire,
Doom'd by his pupil's vote to Papal fire.

Yes, fallen on times of wickedness and woe,
We have a Popish Ministry, you know,
Inclined to light (I humbly do conceive)
New flames in Smithfield, with Dick Mar-
tin's¹ leave.

Canning for this with Robinson conspires;
The victim that provides, and this the fires:
Already for this purpose ill-concealed
The tax on coals they partially repealed;
Whilst Huskisson, with calculation keen,
Computes how many pecks will burn a Dean.

*Yes; Deans shall burn: and at the funeral
pyre,*

*With face averted from the unhallowed fire
(Irreverent posture), Harrowby shall stand,
And hold his coat-flaps up with either hand.*

* * * *

Oh, fond delusion! other visions rise
Before my spectacled and gifted eyes.
Before those eyes blaze faggots—mitres fall,
And meretricious Babel governs all.
Beneath his scarlet banner, the Arch-Priest
Comes forth ferocious on his horned beast:
His furious Bulls, with more than Basan
roar,

Shake far America's remotest shore.
Now to the proof. * * *

Oft as I paced my cloister round I say,
What, will the dinner never come to-day?
I say so to amuse that aching void
Which feeds on wayward fancy unemploy'd.
Bell rings—hall opens, plates and salvers
ring,
God save the Founder, and God save the
King!

The Founder! with what grace I see him
stand,

And lift his mitred head, and croziered hand,
Smiling preferment—while the Royal train,
Lion and unicorn with dangling chain,
The 'scutcheon' of the Faith's Defender bear,
And grin and gambol with so blyth an air.
The Church and State thus visibly combined
Drive for a time all terrors from my mind.
But ah! not long, for ere the feast be done,
Terror and doubt (as hunger fails) come on;
With harpy touch pollute the festive scene,
Poison the lively turtle's lovely green,
Infect the woolly syllabub I sip,
And dash the well-frothed tankard from my
lip.

Even in the joy of savoury deglutition
I tremble at the Popish superstition.
Nor this alone—dinner long past, I steal
From short refectation of my midnight meal.
(Refectation slight—a lobster's speckled mail,
Three thin Welsh rabbits, and the smallest
ale.)

To my lone couch I steal, intent to allay
In slumber's arms the terrors of the day.
In vain—for now the visions of the night,
More hideous, rouse me reeking with affright.
I wake, as with a mountain's weight op-
pressed,

And lo! the Pope sits squatted on my
breast!

Doth dread like this, so serious, so sincere,
So quick, so constant, argue danger near?
It doth, it doth, the voice of reason cries,
And instinct from her inmost cell replies.
But *how?* quoth captious incredulity;
How, when, and where shall all these dan-
gers be?

Doubt'st thou the means? Behold yon ruf-
fian band,

A hundred head from fierce Hibernia's
strand;

A hundred head of bloody Papists, who
Together vote, and talk together too.
Mark how they close conglomerate and
combine,

While noise and nonsense mark the deep
design:

Wary though wild, they watch the ripening
day

For blowing King, Lords, Commons, all
away.

The day arrives—see Parnell's Popish whine
Has sent the incautious Protestants to dine.
The Papists linger—look where'er you will,
All the green seats green Erin's offspring fill.
They seize the occasion, barricade the door,
Trample the pasteboard oaths upon the
floor;

Constrain by force the venerable pair,
Mace on the table, Speaker in the chair,
(Ah! how unlike old Cromwell's frolics
there!)

This done, they move a monstrous resolution,
Abolishing the laws and Constitution
Established at the glorious Revolution.
Another resolution straight they pass,

¹ M.P. for Galway; the originator of a Bill
against Cruelty to Animals.

Which for Church Service substitutes the
Mass,
And makes it penal for Divines to wear
A shovel-hat, with wigs above their hair.
This done, the House they for six months
adjourn,
And then proceed to persecute and burn.
Thus, then, to meet the challenge of our
foe,
I prove the danger, and the course I show.
And is this danger serious? Ay or No?
Shall then the Church?—but hold, I can no
more.
Just three soft taps against my chamber
door
Arrest my pen; my bed-maker appears
With my sick dinner—comely though in
years.
Farewell then, dearest friend; but ere I
close
To my loved pupil this poetic prose,
Lest I should seem ungrateful to my Lord,
Allow me to subjoin a single word.
Glad of the living—thankful for a stall—
I'll take the Cure till one or t'other fall.
P.S.—By dispensation I can hold them all.”

The following verses were dictated to
me by Mr. Frere :—

CHEVELY—A MONODY.

“ Muse of the Protestant succession !
Of Patrons and Incumbents in possession,
Existing circumstances claim my song !
I that have wooed you long
Here in the private garden,
Belonging to the Warden,
Invoke your aid to my discursive rhyme,
Sorrowful and sublime !
No longer in epistolary prose,
But with a Master's¹ hand and poet's fire,
In academical attire,
With an old Lesbian lyre
I chaunt my woes.

With Chevely we begin the dirge ;
From Chevely did our grief begin.
Thirteen post-chaises urge
Their jingling and convivial course,
At Chevely to carouse in force,
With cracking whips
And smacking lips,
And loyal hungry souls within.
The Corporation played at knife and fork
In presence of the Duke of York.
They were admitted to behold
The little Marquis, eight years old,
And hear her Grace's speech in his behalf ;
Nor did they laugh,
Nor did her Grace's smile
Seem to reprove the while
Their appetite immense.
No—serious and serene, a happy sense
Of sober humbug harmonized the scene.

His Royal Highness was extremely Royal
And condescending ;
The Corporation were extremely loyal,
Bowing and bending ;
Her Grace the Duchess was extremely
gracious,
Behaving with the greatest cordiality.
The wines were excellent, the apartment
spacious,
And filled with individuals of quality.
All the young ladies looked extremely
pretty,
Lord Westmoreland was most extremely
witty,
The toadeys were alert and serviceable,
With taste and tact assisting at the table.
There was Lord Manners from the Hiber-
nian Bar,
Lord Chatham with his ribbon and his
star ;
His Grace the Duke the cheerfullest by far.
In short, the thing went off extremely well ;
Nothing all the while befel—
Nothing *offensive* or unpleasant,
As I was told by persons present.
The Mayor and burgesses, with the Recorder,
Behaved with perfect order ;
With grave ungrinning jaws
Looking applause ;
Nor did a single creature
Betray, by voice or feature,
The quiz reciprocal,
Aristocratic, and municipal.
Ah, where was I the while, unhappy Chafey?
Far from the venison and the gravy !
With unregarded moan
Dining alone !
How does my fancy figure all the dishes,
Shadows and types of better loaves and
fishes !
The mighty turbot and the smoking haunch,
Reserved for Orange freemen, sound and
staunch.
Ye careless Heads of Houses !
To similar carouses
Ye cannot hope to go !
Oh cold of heart ! of understanding slow !
Ye mark not the decided, deadly blow
Which bloody Popery prepares to deal,
Else, at the Ducal meal
Ye too might have attended,
And, when the dinner ended,
The Duchess, with an air of fascination,
Might have conveyed an intimation
Of the propriety
Of leaving her select society
And walking out, ‘ the weather is so
charming,’
To admire his Grace's garden, park, [and
farming.
Gladly would I have been
Associated in that happy scene !
Whether admitted to remain,
And with his Royal Highness,
Without reserve or shyness,
To quaff champagne ;
Or wandering forth at will,

¹ N.B.—Of Sidney Sussex College, Cam-
bridge.

Charm'd and enchanted still,
 To view the garden wall,
 With fruits encumbered,—
 Prime carp and lovely tench in the canal
 In shoals unnumbered !
 Or mark, with keen, anticipating eye,
 Haunches of future venison bounding by !
 But no ! the perils of your *Alma Mater*
 Cannot alarm nor rouse your easy nature,
 To vindicate so great a blessing
 By dining and addressing.

Unutterable things
 Have happened under Hanoverian kings.
 I say—beneath a Monarch Hanoverian,
 These eyes have seen a Presbyterian
 Wielding the patronage of England's Church.

How many were preferred
 During the reign of George the Third,
 While I myself was lingering in the lurch !
 Britons, beware ! let this suffice ;
 Let not the same thing happen twice !
 And ever whilst you live eschew
 The vile, idolatrous, Papistic crew !
 Let not their beads and candles
 Create new crimes and scandals.

Nor Transubstantiation
 Transmogrify the nation !
 Have we not Methodists enough,
 With their long-winded stuff,
 With puling faces and fantastic whine,
 Offensive to the regular divine ?
 And must we never have a moment's quiet ?
 Must Papists be brought in to breed a riot ?
 Are those impostors to direct our diet,
 And feed us with their fasting dishes—
 Their eggs and fishes ?

Ah, would not Queen Elizabeth have
 trembled
 To see within the Commons House
 assembled

Every description of dogmatic,
 Perverse fanatic,
 Profane opinion !
 The loose Socinian,]
 The furious Arian,
 And I myself could name an Antitrinita-
 rian.

But worst of all ; behold,
 The surly Calvinists, abhorred of old,
 With their accursed logic,
 And notions demagogic,
 Insisting on an article
 In every word and particle
 Authentically penn'd.

Alas !—How can it end ?
 My scheme may sound perhaps a little
 harsh.

But I myself should wish that Bishop Marsh,¹
 Before a member is allowed to sit,
 Should first examine and pronounce him
 fit,

Bound to subscribe, acknowledge, and define,
 First, the received authentic Thirty-nine.

Second, I say, by such a test
 The Church of England may remain at rest.
 Else what awaits us but confusion !
 Subversion of the laws and Constitution !
 And future endless contrarieties,
 Error in every form and all varieties.
 This scheme alone can save us
 From Puritans, and Popes that would
 enslave us.

Oh let us then adopt
 This only plan,
 By which the villains can
 BE STOPT !”

¹ Bishop of Peterborough, who required answers to some twenty or thirty abstruse theological questions from candidates for ordination.

THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT.¹

CHAPTER I.

ON THE PERSONAL IN GOVERNMENT.

I AM SORRY to be obliged to use this mode of expression, "the personal," which more befits the Greek and German languages than our own. The proper word, however, namely, "personality," has been detrimentally severed from its original meaning, and is now used chiefly in a bad sense.

It is needful alike for the philosopher, who endeavours to solve abstract questions relating to government; for the practical man, who seeks to promote some view, or carry some object by the aid of government; and for all those who are to exercise influence in government, such as members of the Legislature, and constituents, to take careful account of the nature and effect of what is personal in political and governmental action.

¹ [The author of "Thoughts upon Government" some time since gave the public a conditional promise that he would favour them with a second volume; and it will be seen from the following pages that he is beginning to fulfil his promise. He states that subsequently to publishing his first volume he has received from persons of experience much information, many suggestions, and several corrections relating to the various subjects treated in that volume, and that it would have been a great advantage to the work if he had received these communications before the publication of it. He has therefore thought that in the case of the second volume he might avail himself of the advantage referred to, by putting forth portions of his forthcoming work in the pages of this Magazine. As he justly remarks, "In writing upon so large and varied a subject as Government, it is impossible for any one man to possess sufficient experience to enable him to write with the fulness, accuracy, and comprehensiveness, which such a subject demands." He has accordingly adopted this means, by which, in his own characteristic and modest words, "he hopes to make his second volume more worthy of the subject than his first volume has been."—ED. MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.]

NO. 151.—VOL. XXVI.

When people are equally educated, equally tempered, and when there are few differences in station (by the way, what a dull world it would then be!), that which is personal will not require to be so much considered. But we are a long way off from that state of things; and personal influence, which is the result of differences of all kinds, must now be admitted to be a great power; sometimes a preponderating power.

De Quincey, who brought nice and delicate thinking to whatever subject he touched upon, considered the results of English politics as the resultants of a series of political forces, thus treating the matter somewhat mathematically. I have the pleasure of finding myself substantially in agreement with that eminent writer; only, where he speaks of forces, I should be inclined to speak of persons, considered both individually and in the aggregate.

I will take an illustration from what goes on in the theatrical world. However different may have been the case in Shakespeare's time, it is now found necessary for playwrights to write their plays with much consideration of what the actors can act. This may be a very unfortunate circumstance for the "drama," but it is one that must be taken into account; and in the greater drama of political life and governmental action, it certainly must not be neglected. Those performances will not go well on that stage in which the parts have not been set forth with some consideration of the peculiar powers and merits of the actors.

I especially wish it to be noted that I do not mean by the word "actors" to allude to the principal performers only, but intend to include in it those who form the choruses and the whole phalanx of supernumeraries.

To bring the matter home. It is no good, for instance, to bring forward political measures which are totally at discord

with the personal feelings of the majority of the people. It is very hazardous even to bring forward measures which are totally at variance with the views and wishes of any very important section of the community. At any rate the time for producing such measures must be most carefully chosen; for, if premature, it almost ensures defeat. See, therefore, how, in this instance, that which is "personal" has to be considered.

Scores of other instances may be adduced. There is a very striking one, that ought to be mentioned. In these busy times of ours, when new questions relating to politics and government are rising up every day, it is absolutely impossible for any man—even for the man who is very fond of his own thoughts, and who would like to form an independent judgment upon everything that comes before him—to arrive at solutions of all these questions for himself. He must put some faith in others. He must, to a certain extent, rely upon authority. Here, therefore, enters the personal element in one of its most determining forms. How it comes to prevail is thus. A man can form, and always will form, some notion of the personal character of those who come prominently before the world; and he finds it easier, and sometimes imperatively necessary, from want of time and other means, to adopt their views rather than to attempt to work out conclusions for himself.

The foregoing remarks lead us naturally to the consideration of parties in the State. Here, again, the personal element enters very largely indeed. It is a dream of vain dreamers to suppose that parties can be done away with in States that are governed by what are called Constitutional Governments. In such States parties must exist. Hence arise the gravest and most difficult questions, many of them relating very closely to that which is purely personal. I suppose that there are very few matters which have occasioned more trouble to the nice consciences of men, who wish to act rightly in all they do, than the questions connected with party action. Take, for instance, one of the highest forms of this difficulty—namely, how far a Cabinet Minister should go, and

where he should stop in going, if his colleagues are proceeding in a path which is distasteful for him to take, and from the taking of which he perceives future serious evil. How much enters here that is personal. How much he has to consider that relates to the characters of those he is at present acting with. The argument that is generally addressed to him, and which often prevails with him, perhaps too often, is this:—If you resign, you run the chance of breaking up the party; this one will follow you; that one will follow him; and so, this great party, with whom in the main you agree, may lose its power, and, for the present, come to nought.

Then look at the action of the personal in comparatively minor matters. The longer one lives, the more one learns to believe in the singular powers of individual men. Take, for instance, a matter which may appear at first sight to be somewhat remote from the subject we are considering—namely, the organization of a government department. You shall put one man at the head of such an office, and he can do nothing without at once re-organizing. No tools but his own, fashioned exactly to his liking, will serve his purpose. You put another man, not supposed to be of greater capability than the former, into the same seat of power, and he sets to work to do his work with the tools that are given to him; and a better organization grows up almost insensibly around him, created by the mode in which he accomplishes the work that he has to do. He is skilled in dealing with persons.

I have already dwelt so much upon the necessity of choosing fit men for political and governmental offices, that I fear to pursue the subject further. But all I can say is, that those men, or bodies of men, who have to choose representatives and public servants, should enter very much into purely personal considerations, having relation to the characters and nature of individuals. There can hardly be a greater error than supposing that a man will do the work you want him to do, merely because he happens at a certain moment to hold, or that he affects to hold, opinions exactly coincident with your own.

I would not have it imagined, for a moment, that I suppose that personal feelings—which, by the way, are often created in their strongest form by personal interests—are not frequently a great hindrance to the attainment of good and important objects. We may frankly admit that. At the same time, however, we must also admit that very great and good objects are often attained by means of personal influence. Men who are respected, and justly respected, because they take more pains in forming their opinions than their fellow-citizens do, enjoy a peculiar influence on that account. Their opinions ultimately prevail, not exactly by the process of argument, but simply by the personal influence which, in their respective circles, they command. If we could know the secret history of how any opinion came to prevail in the world, I suspect we should find that the weight of personal influence had, in almost all instances, been the prevailing means of preponderance.

Such considerations as the foregoing tend to limit our apprehension of the ill effects which must sometimes be admitted to exist in party connections and in party spirit.

To the philosophic mind it may be an uncomfortable reflection to think that all matters, political and governmental, are not settled by the pure force of argumentation. I confess, however, that I am thankful that human beings are so constituted as to be able to shake themselves free from the weight of arguments, however imposing those arguments may be; and that the world is largely governed by its affections, which, after all, include the greater part of our nature, and that part which is perhaps best worth cultivating.

Besides—and this is no light matter—these personal affections give stability to a State. If we were more amenable to argument than we are, the affairs of the world would be in a state of continually rapid fluxion; and good growth would not come out of that. There would be a series of wooden edifices rapidly succeeding one another; for when you disturbed a post, or a girder, of one of these frail constructions, the whole edifice would give way, to be succeeded by a similar construction of

frailty. What rapid changes we have known in our own time even in scientific conclusions; and it would not have been well to have had the practical affairs of this life so rapidly disturbed. Whereas, on the contrary, those affairs in human life which are “stuff,” to use a Shakespearean phrase, of the affections, the passions, the prejudices of mankind, of all indeed that is personal, are like forest trees in their growth and stability, very tiresome to uproot sometimes when they are ill-grown and you want to uproot them; but which may afford some abiding shade, shelter, and fruit.

There are some persons who may take an objection to our giving much thought to studying the personal in politics, because they would contend that the effect of this personality is absorbed by those large and general movements of the human mind which prevail in any particular era. In short, they would say, “Study the age, and not the man.” There is a remarkable Arabic proverb which tends to support their views—namely, that “a man is more the child of the age in which he lives, than of his own father.” But, in the world’s history, we find that there are many exceptional children—and those are the children who make the most noise in the world, and lead the other children. Quitting, however, all metaphor, let us ask ourselves whether Machiavelli, or any other profound thinker upon politics, would advise us to be content with studying solely our own age, its peculiar movements of thought, and its prejudices, to the exclusion of studying the peculiar characters of the individual men who will have especial sway in our age.

Bringing the matter home to political thought, I contend that all those, from the highest to the lowest, who desire to take an earnest part in politics, should carefully consider the nature and characters of their leaders. I do not mean to limit this consideration to the characters of the great leaders only of political thought and action. Nine out of ten of us have some political leader—some person whose opinion we greatly regard, or whose influence we feel, in political matters—and it becomes us to consider, much and closely, what is

the nature and character of the person whom we have thus exalted into leadership.

Here enters a very important view of human character, as bearing upon human action, which I believe is hardly ever sufficiently considered. In fact, the error, arising from this want of consideration, is one of those which most infests human action. It is in considering a character not *ad hoc*—not in respect to those matters in which the character is significant as regards the purpose for which you investigate the character. Now, apply this thought to very humble instances. You want to have good bricks made. You must look, at any rate in the first instance, to the qualities that make a man a good brickmaker. His religion, his political opinions, his social conduct, many even of his personal merits or failings, have nothing whatever to do with the question of his being a good or bad brickmaker. A similar train of thought may be applied to the highest matters; and whenever any man chooses for himself a political leader or representative, one of the chief things he ought to make up his mind about is the character of that leader, or representative, in so far as it bears upon the particular function for which he is chosen. Reuben may have had every virtue under the sun, except stability; but it being pronounced by his father that “unstable as water, he should not excel,” it would not have been advisable to choose a leader, or representative, from a tribe which partook of that hereditary vice of instability.

I now venture to put forth something which may be considered somewhat too subtle, but it is nevertheless worthy of observation. It often happens that a man has certain views and objects, which, for the moment, are your views and objects; but this man's ultimate designs, and also his nature and character, are thoroughly foreign to yours. And, strange to say, his present agreement with you may signally foreshadow future disagreement—as, for example, when a very young man agrees with a very old and experienced man. Even the way in which he advocates his present views (which are yours also), may indicate how wide is the difference

between yourself and himself upon essentials. It will be a great question for you, how far you should support that man. Or, take the exactly opposite case. Suppose that the man in question differs from you, even materially, as respects certain present objects. Is it wise to depose him as your leader or representative, when you are able to detect that in essentials, that in his ultimate views, that in the deeper signs of character, he is with you?

The above are altogether personal questions, requiring nice and careful thought; and they go some way to support the main purpose of this chapter, which is to show the value of what is personal in politics, and the need for studying it on the part of any person who wishes to fulfil his political duties, as a citizen, to his own satisfaction, and to his country's welfare.

A just consideration of the personal would tend to prevent much waste of thought in the discussion of governmental questions. Observe what has been the case as regards the writers in former ages, who have directed their minds to these questions. How little does one get, that is useful, from men who have devoted themselves to abstract questions relating to the origin of government, or from those of the Abbé Sièyes kind, who have been eminently skilful in framing Constitutions upon paper. The phrases “Social Contract,” “Divine Right,” “Greatest happiness of greatest number,” buzz about our ears; but when we come to translate them into action, they mostly elude our grasp. One doctrinaire responds to another, and all is haziness for the poor practical man who is inclined to take things as they are, and to endeavour to evolve some good out of them. I would not say that the labours of philosophic men, who have devoted themselves to abstract questions of government, are wholly useless; but you enter quite a different atmosphere of thought when you approach the minds of Bacon, Machiavelli, and Goethe—men who have been largely conversant with other men, as superiors, inferiors, or equals—and throughout whose works you will find that much of what is strictly personal has entered into all their

considerations upon governmental questions. The reason is, that such men have been men of the world in the best sense, whereas the others have for the most part been but students.

I am not a Positivist; in fact, I agree with Carlyle in a certain distaste for all 'isms and isms;' but there must be something of deep meaning and attraction in Comte's works, which has made so many earnest disciples for that remarkable man. I find that attraction in such doctrines as these, which are laid down by him: "In the Positivist phase the mind, convinced of the futility of all inquiry into *causes* and *essences*, restricts itself to the observation and classification of phenomena, and to the discovery of the invariable *relations* of succession and similitude which things bear to each other: in a word, to the discovery of the *laws* of phenomena."¹

Now, some of the most important phenomena in the world are in the domain of the personal: which have regard to the personality both of individuals and of nations. It was to these phenomena that such men as Bacon, Machiavelli, and Goethe largely devoted their attention when dealing with questions relating to government.

How all-important is this question of personality when the choice of men for the highest situations is to be made! A man, much versed in the discernment of human character, chooses another man, also well versed in that great art of life, and henceforth, while that well-chosen man rules over the greatest Viceroyalty of the earth, millions of human beings are tolerably well governed.

I cannot also help remarking that recent events of great magnitude show how much necessity there is for studying the personal character, if I may so express it, of nations.

CHAPTER II.

ON COMPROMISE.

I SUPPOSE that every writer is prone to exaggerate the importance of the subject

which immediately occupies his attention. Perhaps he would hardly write with sufficient vigour if it were not for the stimulus afforded by this exaggeration. Though I am very averse to throwing adjectives about carelessly, I fear that I have often used the word "important" rather indiscriminately, applying it to each division of the general subject I have been treating.

And now this subject of "compromise," I must own, seems to me of the highest importance; for it not only enters largely into the ordinary affairs of daily life, but is certainly to be found in full vigour in the greatest matters relating to government.

The habit of the English people to indulge in compromises is a rooted one. It has its origin in the very depths of their nature. As I have intimated before, they do not like pushing things to extremes. They like to get on, somehow or other, with the business that is before them; and compromise always seems to be progress. Then, again, those who are masters of the situation, who feel that they have the commanding vote, whenever it may come to the point of voting, are often inclined to be generous, and would be glad if the measure they advocate could be passed with something like an appearance of unanimity. On the whole, therefore, this inclination of ours in favour of compromise is a good thing, and has often prevented outbreaks of passion, and great ruptures in public affairs.

But there are drawbacks. It is not every matter that will admit of compromise; and it often requires great discernment to decide when a question admits of compromise, and when it does not. There are matters in which compromise is admirable—as, for instance, when there is submitted to a legislative body some social or political measure, affecting closely the wishes, interests, or even the prejudices, of large bodies in the State, and respecting which there is wide difference of opinion throughout the land. Then compromise may justly be adopted as affording a wise and peaceful solution of the difficulty—a solution which, if not final, may be expected to remain undisturbed for a considerable time.

¹ Comte's "Philosophy of the Sciences." By G. H. Lewes. Sect. I. p. 11.

As a general rule, compromises are good in legislation and bad in administration.

I will now give an instance of the unfitness of compromise in a matter of administration. Suppose that a government department is being re-organized, and that it is thought advisable to place certain duties, and certain clear and definite responsibilities, upon a newly-created officer in that department. These duties and these responsibilities at present, however, partly belong to some other officer, or some section of the department; and for the sake of peace, and with a view of getting something done, compromise is employed, and these said duties are not wholly severed from that old officer, or section of the department. Everybody will see at once that much mischief may ensue as the effect of compromise in this particular case.

Again, as regards matters of account, I have known the greatest confusion, and ultimately great evil, to arise from the want of clear definition of duties and responsibilities. And, when you trace the mischief to its source, you are nearly sure to find that it originated in an unwholesome spirit of compromise—in fact, in applying compromise to some transaction which did not admit of any compromise whatever. Now this is a thing which English statesmen have much to beware of. Being addicted to compromise in political affairs and in social measures—also as members of Parliament, being often obliged to make compromises with their constituents—their minds get into a habit of compromising, and they are under the domination of that habit on occasions when they should totally discard it.

The lover of compromise may take an objection, which appears very plausible at first sight, to the foregoing course of argument. He may say, "Compromise is not surrender. I, at any rate, contrive to carry my views partially into effect. My opponent has gone a bit, if but a small bit, of the road on which I wished that we should travel together; and, so far, some good has resulted from compromise."

There is, however, an answer to this train of reasoning, which in many cases

is a complete answer, and which, in almost all cases, requires to be carefully considered. It is this—that you, the compromiser, have, as it were, shot your bolt. You have made an effort which most probably cannot be made again with the same vigour. Moreover, you may never have the opportunity of making it again. How often this must apply to the case of a Minister of State. He does not, perhaps, remain long enough in office to remedy the ill effects of an injudicious compromise in some matter which, as I before said, did not admit of any compromise at all. He had far better have left the thing alone; content to wait for an opportunity, either for himself or his successor, of effecting his object thoroughly.

The question of compromise or non-compromise is often one of the thorniest possible. Its ramifications are very extensive, and it cannot be exhausted by a few apt illustrations, as it deals with every variety of circumstance in human life.

Moreover, you have not only to consider the nature of the subject submitted for compromise, but also the exact nature and extent of your convictions respecting it. A subject may in itself be unfitted for compromise. Again, it may be suitable for compromise on the part of other people, but not on your part, on account of the opinions which you hold in regard to this subject. Again, it may be a subject respecting which your views would allow you, however unwillingly, to enter into a compromise. Those views, however, extend into other objects of great importance, and if you compromise here, you must compromise there, *in pari materia*, and this you are by no means prepared to do.

To take an instance:—It is proposed to abrogate a law which prevents the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister. Many people will say, as I do, that this is not a question which in itself admits of compromise. Whichever side we may take in the controversy, most of us have come to *that* conclusion. But suppose, just for the sake of argument, that some ingenious person, who dotes upon compromise, should have invented a mode of introducing his favourite remedy

in the case of this vexed question. Suppose he should say: "It is unwise to allow men, as a general rule, to marry their deceased wives' sisters; but we will make an exception for poor and plain men—poverty and plainness to be defined in the schedule to the bill," where, as I have often observed, the special difficulties of an Act of Parliament are conveniently placed in comparative obscurity. Our compromising friend would argue in this way: "The poor and plain man would naturally have a difficulty in finding a second wife, but his deceased wife's sister, having regard to her little nephews and nieces, and being, perhaps, somewhat accustomed to the tiresome ways of the man, may kindly put up with him as a husband."

I have chosen a rather strange and ludicrous mode of compromise, which only serves to illustrate how difficult, to my mind, any compromise at all would be in this matter.

The compromise is, however, proposed; and some kindly souls might say: "Let us take any compromise we can get in this matter. We shall be doing something at least for the poor and plain men." If, however, your convictions, reader, are as strong as mine upon this matter, you could not listen to any compromise, but

must insist upon a total maintenance or a total abrogation of the present law.

Again, speaking generally, your convictions as regards any question submitted to you may not be so clear and strong as to render you absolutely adverse to any compromise relating to it alone, as you might say. But remember that no large questions, and indeed very few questions of any kind, are of an isolated nature. Even if you are willing to abandon principle in the particular case, you have deeply to consider whether you could prudently and rightly do so, bearing in mind other questions which are of a kindred nature, and which demand the application of the same principles as those upon which your convictions in this matter are based.

If you give way here, you may find hereafter that you are subject to a surprise upon your opinions in relation to these kindred subjects. In short, there is nothing which requires more to be considered in making any compromise than whether it is final in its nature, and what concessions in the future are, logically at least, involved in your present compromise.

Those compromises alone are perfectly safe which have no continuity of compromise involved in them.

To be continued.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAVED !

*"Unto the great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift the great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east!"*

CASTOR and Pollux did us notable service that morning at Worcester. Arthur was coming round to see Bell before we started. Queen Tita was oppressed by anxious fears; and declared that now the great crisis had come, and that the young man from Twickenham would demand some pledge from Bell as he bade her good-bye. The dread of this danger drove the kindly little woman into such exaggerations of his misconduct of yesterday that I began to wonder if this Arthur were really the same lad she used to pet and think so much of when he came down to Leatherhead and dawdled with my Lady and Bell along the Surrey lanes of an evening. What had changed him since then?

"You are pleased to be profound," says Tita, abruptly.

Well, I was only pointing out to her that one of the chief accomplishments of life is consideration for the sick; and that whereas nearly all women seem to have an inherited instinct that way, men only acquire the habit as the result of experience and reflection. Indeed, with most women, the certain passport to their interest and kindness is to be unwell and exact a great deal of patient service from them. Now—I was saying to Tita, when she uttered that unnecessary rebuke—why don't women show the same consideration to those who are mentally ailing?—to the unfortunate persons whose vexed and irritated brain renders them peevish and ill-tem-

pered? Once get a patient down with fever, and all his fractious complainings are soothed, and all his querulous whims are humoured. But when the same man is rendered a little insane by meeting with a disappointment—or if he is unable to stand being crossed in argument, so that the mildest statement about some such contested subject as the American War, Governor Eyre, or the Annexation of Alsace, sends a flash of flame through his head—why should not the like allowance be made for his infirmities? Why should the man who is ill-tempered because of a fever be humoured, caressed, and coaxed; and the man who is ill-tempered because his reason is liable to attacks of passion, be regarded as an ill-conditioned boor, not fit for the society of well-bred ladies and gentlemen?

"I think," says Tita, with a little warmth, "you do nothing now but try to invent excuses for Arthur. And it is not fair. I am very sorry for him if he is so vexed that he loses his temper; but that does not excuse his being absolutely rude."

"But his rudeness is part of his ailment," I venture to say. "Ordinarily, he is the mildest and gentlest of young men, who would shrink from a charge of rudeness as the worst thing you could urge against him. At present he is off his head. He does not know what he says—or rather, he is incapable of controlling his utterances. He is really sick with a fever—though it isn't one of those, apparently, that secure the commiseration of even the most angelic of women."

I regarded that last expression as rather effective; but no. My Lady remarked that she was not accustomed to

the treatment of the insane; and that another day such as that she had just passed would soon make her as ill as himself.

Our Bonny Bell did not seem so disturbed as might have been expected. When we went down to the coffee-room we found the Lieutenant and her sitting at opposite sides of a small table, deeply engaged over a sheet of paper. On our entrance the document was hastily folded up and smuggled away.

"It is a secret," said the Lieutenant, anticipating inquiry. "You shall not know until we are away on our journey again. It is a packet to be opened in a quiet place—no houses near, no persons to listen; and then—and then——"

"Perhaps it will remain a secret? *Bien!* Life is not long enough to let one meddle with secrets; they take up so much time in explanation, and then they never contain anything."

"But this is a very wonderful thing," said the Lieutenant, "and you must hurry to get away from Worcester that you shall hear of it."

We were, however, to have another sealed packet that morning. Master Arthur, knowing full well that he would have but little chance of speaking privately with Bell, had entrusted his thoughts to a piece of paper and an envelope; and just as we were in the hurry of departure, the young man appeared. The truth was, the Lieutenant had ordered the horses to be put in some quarter of an hour before the time we had said we should start; and my Lady showed so much anxiety to set forth at once that I saw she hoped to leave before Arthur came.

The phaeton stood in the archway of the hotel, and on the stone steps were flung the rugs and books.

"My dear," says Tita, rather anxiously, to Bell, "do get in! The horses seem rather fresh, and—and——"

"Won't you wait to bid good-bye to Arthur?" says Bell.

"It is impossible to say when he will come—he will understand—I will leave a message for him," says Queen Titania, all in a breath; and with that the

Lieutenant assists Bell to get up in front.

I have the reins in my hand, awaiting orders. The last rugs are thrown up, books stowed away, everything in readiness; Tita takes her seat behind, and the Lieutenant is on the point of getting up.

At this moment Arthur comes round the corner, is amazed for a moment to see us ready to start, and then suddenly brings out a letter.

"Bell," he says, "I—I have—there is something here I want you to see—only a moment, and you can give me an answer now—yes or no——"

The unfortunate young man was obviously greatly excited; his face quite pale, and his speech rapid and broken. He handed up the letter: the crisis that Tita had endeavoured to avoid had come. But in this our darkest hour—as I have already hinted—Castor and Pollux came to the rescue. It was the battle of the Lake Regillus acted once again in the gateway of the Worcester Star Hotel. For Pollux, casting his head about and longing to start, managed to fix his bit on the end of the pole; and, of course, a wild scene ensued. Despite the efforts of the ostler, the horse threw himself back on his haunches; the phaeton described a curve, and was driven against the wall with a loud crash; the people about fled in every direction, and the Lieutenant jumped out and sprang to the horses' heads. Pollux was still making violent efforts to extricate himself, and Castor, having become excited, was plunging about; so that for a moment it seemed as though the vehicle would be shattered in pieces against the wall of the court. The women were quite still, except that Tita uttered a little suppressed cry as she saw the Lieutenant hanging on to the rearing horses. He stuck manfully to their heads, and, with the assistance of the ostler, at last managed to get the bit off. Then both horses sprang forward. It would have been impossible to have confined them longer in this narrow place. The Lieutenant leaped in behind; and the next moment the phaeton was

out in the main street of Worcester, both horses plunging and pulling so as to turn all eyes towards us. Certainly, it was a good thing the thoroughfare was pretty clear. The great Twin Brethren, not knowing what diabolical occurrence had marked their setting out, were speeding away from the place with might and main; and with scarcely a look at Worcester we found ourselves out in the country again, amid quiet and wooded lanes, with all the sweet influences of a bright summer morning around us.

"I hope you are not hurt," said my Lady to the Lieutenant, who was looking about to see whether the smash had taken some of our paint off, or done other damage.

"Oh, not in the least, Madame," he said, "but I find that one of my boots it is cut, so that I think the shoe of the horse must have done it. And has he caught on the pole before?"

"Only once," she says.

"Then I would have the bit made with bars across, so that it will be more difficult; for suppose this did happen in the road, and there was a ditch, and he backed you——"

"I suppose we should go over," remarked Queen Tita, philosophically. "But it is strange how often accidents in driving might occur, and how seldom they do occur. But we must really have the bit altered."

"Well," I say to my gentle companion, "what message did you leave with Arthur?"

"I could not leave any," said Bell, "for of course when the horses went back, he had to get out of their way. But he will understand that I will write to him."

"Have you read the letter?"

"No."

"Do, like a good girl, and have it over. That is always the best way. You must not go into this beautiful country that lies ahead with a sort of cloud over you."

So Bell took out the letter, and furtively opened it. She read it carefully over, without uttering a word; then

she continued looking at it for a long time.

"I am very glad that accident occurred," she remarked, in a low voice. "He said I was to answer 'yes' or 'no.' I could not do that to such a letter as this; and if I had refused, he would have been very much hurt. I will write to him from whatever place we stop at to-night."

This resolution seemed greatly to comfort her. If any explanation were needed, it was postponed until the evening; and in the meantime we had fine weather, fresh air, and all the bright colours of an English landscape around us. Bell rapidly resumed her ordinary good spirits. She begged to have the reins; and when these had been handed over to her, with various cautions, the excitement of driving a pair of horses that yet showed considerable signs of freshness brought a new colour into her cheeks. The route which we now followed was one of the prettiest we had yet met with. Instead of following the old stage-coach route by Droitwich, we struck almost due north by a line of small and picturesque villages lying buried in the heart of this deeply-wooded country. The first of these was Ombersley—a curious little clump of cottages, nearly all of which were white, with black bars of woodwork crossed and re-crossed; and they had odd gables, and lattices, and decorations, so that they looked almost like toy-cottages. Wearing white and black in this prominent way, our Uhlan immediately claimed them as Prussian property; but beyond the fact of their showing the Prussian colours, there was little else foreign-looking about those old-fashioned English houses lying along this level lane, and half hidden amid elms. As we got up into the higher ground above Ombersley we found around us a very pleasant landscape; and it seemed to strike my gentle-eyed companion that the names of the villages around had been chosen to accord with the tender and sylvan beauties of this pretty piece of country. One of the sign-posts we passed had inscribed on it, "To Dover-

dale and Hampton Lovett." Then in the neighbourhood are Elmley Lovett, Elmbridge, Crossway Green, and Gardeners' Grove; while down between these runs Doverdale Brook, skirting Westmoor Park, the large house of which we could see as a faint blue mound amid the general leafage. The country, which is flat about Ombersley, gets more undulating about Hartlebury and on towards Kidderminster. The road winds up and down gentle hills, with tall and ruddy banks of sand on each side, which are hanging with every variety of wild flower and wayside weed. On both hands dense woods come down to these tall and picturesque banks; and you drive through an atmosphere laden with moist and resinous scents.

It was fortunate for us, indeed, that before starting we had lived for a time in town; for all the various perfumes of the hedges and fields came upon us with a surprise. Every now and again, on these cool and breezy mornings, we would drive past a hay-field, with the fresh and sweet odours blowing all around. Or perhaps it was a great clump of wild-rose bushes that filled the air with delicate scent. Then the lime-trees were in flower; and who does not know the delight of passing under the boughs laden with blossom, when the bees are busy overhead? More rarely, but still frequently enough in this favoured country, a whiff of honeysuckle was borne to us as we passed. And if these things sweetened the winds that blew about us, consider what stars of colour refreshed the eye as we drove gently past the tall hedge-rows and borders of woods—the golden rock-roses, purple patches of wild thyme, the white glimmering of stitchwort and campion, the yellow spires of the snapdragon, and a thousand others. And then, when we ceased to speak, there was no blank of silence. Away over the hay-field the lark floated in the blue, making the air quiver with his singing; the robin, perched on a fence, looked at us saucily, and piped a few notes by way of remark; the blackbird was heard, flute-throated, down in the hollow recesses of the woods; and the thrush,

in a holly-tree by the wayside, sang out his sweet, clear song, that seemed to rise in strength as the wind awoke a sudden rustling through the long woods of birch and oak.

"Well, touching that sealed packet?" says my Lady, aloud.

"Oh no, Madame," replies the Lieutenant. "This is not the time for it. If I must tell you the truth, it is only a drinking-song I have been trying to remember of a young Englishman who was at Bonn with me; and Mademoiselle was so good this morning as to alter some of the words. But now?—a drinking-song in this fine, quiet country?—No. After we have got to Kidderminster, and when we drive away after lunch, then Mademoiselle will play for you the air I did show to her, and I will sing you the song. All what is needed is that you drink some Rhine wine at Kidderminster to make you like the song."

"Kidderminster Rhine wine!" exclaims one of the party, with a groan. He knows that whatever is suggested now by the Lieutenant finds favour with a clear majority of the party.

"That was a very good young fellow," continues the Lieutenant, as we drive over a high slope, and come in view of a mass of manufactories. "Very big and strong he was; we did call him *der grosse Engländer* always; and one time, in the winter, when there was much snow, we had a supper-party at his room. We had many duels then, for we were only boys, but the Englishman was not supposed to be challenged, for he knew nothing of our swords, but he was always ready to fight with his fists for all that. And this evening, I am afraid we did drink too much beer, and young Schweitzer of Magdeburg—he died at Königgrätz, the unfortunate, in '66—he was very angry with the Engländer for laughing at his sweetheart, who was but a young lady in a school there. And he challenged the Englishman, and went up to him, and said he would not go away until there was a fight; and do you know what your countryman did? He lifted Schweitzer up in his arms, like a baby,

and carried him down the stairs, and opened the door, and put him in the snow outside, very gently. There was so much laughing over that, that we all said it was very good; and Schweitzer was grown sober by the cool of the snow; and he laughed too, and I think they swore *brüderschaft* about it afterwards. Oh, he was a very clever fellow, your countryman, and had more delight in our songs than any German I ever knew. But you know how that is?"

Madame said it was no wonder anyone should be in love with the German songs; but the Lieutenant shook his head.

"That is not it at all: no. This is it—that when you know only a little of a language, you do not know what is commonplace in it. The simple phrase which is commonplace to others is all full of meaning to you. So I find it with your English. You would laugh if I told you that I find much meaning in poetry that you think only good for children, and in old-fashioned writing, which looks affected now. Because, Madame, is it not true that all commonplace phrases meant some new thing at one time? It is only my ignorance that I do not know they have grown old and worth little. Now the evening at Twickenham I did hear you go over the names of old-fashionable English songs, and much fun was made of the poetry. But to me, that was very good—a great deal of it—because nothing in English is to me commonplace as yet."

"How fortunate you must be," says one of us, with a sigh.

"You laugh when you say, '*Flow on, thou shining river!*' Why? The river flows: and it shines. I see a clear picture out of the words—like the man who wrote them; I am not accustomed to them so as to think them stupid. Then I saw you laugh when some one said, '*I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.*' I did read that song; and although it is stupid that the man thinks he will live in marble halls, I found much tenderness in it. So with this young Englishman. He knew nothing of what was commonplace in our

language. If you gave him children's rhymes, he looked at the meaning; and judged it all by that. And when we showed him stiff, artificial verses of old times, he seemed to go back to the time when they were written, and believe much in them, and like them. That is a very good thing in ignorance, I think—when you know not much of a language, and every word has much meaning in it, and there is no commonplace anywhere."

This lecture of the Lieutenant took us into Kidderminster. What married man is not familiar with this name—held up to him as an awful threat in reply to his grumblings about the price of Turkey and Brussels carpets? As we drove in to the busy town, signs of the prevailing manufacture were everywhere apparent in the large red-brick factories. We put up at the "Lion," and while Von Rosen went off to buy himself a new pair of boots, we went for a stroll up to the interesting old church, the fine brasses and marble monuments of which have drawn many a stranger to the spot. Then we climbed to the top of the tower, and from the zinc roof thereof had a spacious view over the level and wooded country, which was deeply streaked by bands of purple, where the clouds threw their shadows. Far below us lay the red, busy, smoky town set amid green fields; while the small river ran through it like a black snake, for the bed had been drained, and in the dark mud a multitude of boys could be seen wading, scooping about for eels. When we descended, Von Rosen had got his boots, and was prowling about the churchyard, reading the curious inscriptions there. One of them informed the world of the person laid beneath that, "added to the character of a Gentleman, his actions were coeval with his Integrity, Hospitality, and Benevolence." But our amiable guide, who had pointed out to us all the wonderful features of Kidderminster and its neighbourhood, evidently looked on one particular gravestone as the chief curiosity of the place; for this, he informed us, was placed over a man who had prepared the vault and

the inscription ten years before his death. Here is the legend:—

“To the Memory of

JOHN ORTON,

A MAN FROM LEICESTERSHIRE,
And when he is dead he must lie under
HERE.”

The man from Leicestershire was not “alone among mortals” in anticipating his end in this fashion; but no matter. A man may well be allowed to humour himself in the way of a tombstone; it is the last favour he can ask from the world.

“Now,” said the Lieutenant, as we drove away from this manufacturing town into the fresh country again, “shall I sing you the song which the young Englishman used to sing for us; or shall we wait until the evening?”

“Now, by all means,” said Bell; “and if you will be so good as to give me out the guitar, I will try to play you an accompaniment.”

“A guitar accompaniment to a drinking song!” says Titania.

“Oh, but this is not a drinking-song, exactly, Madame—it is a very moral song; and we shall discuss each verse as it goes along, and you will make alterations of it.”

So he got out the guitar. We were now far away from any houses—all around us great woods, that lay dark and green under a clouded afternoon sky. The road was very hilly; and sometimes, from the summit of a great height, we caught a glimpse of a long western stretch of country, lying blue and misty under the grey sky. Behind us Kidderminster looked like a dusky red splotch in a plain of green; and all around it the meadows and fields were low and intense in colour. But then in the west we could see an occasional glimpse of yellow in the pall of cloud; and we hoped the sunset would break through the veil.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said the Lieutenant, “the song I am about to sing to you——”

Here Bell began to play a light prelude; and without further introduction our Uhlan startled the silence of the

woods and fields by singing, in a profound and melancholy voice, the first two verses of the ballad composed by the young Englishman at Bonn, which ran somewhat as follows:—

“Oh, Burgundy isn’t a good thing to drink,
Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,

Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,

You’ll discover the colour of Burgundy rose:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
A dangerous symptom is Burgundy rose.

“‘Tis a very nice wine, and as mellow as milk,
‘Tis a very nice colour, in satin or silk;
But you’ll change your opinion as soon as it shows

In a halo around the extreme of your nose:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
Is a very bad thing at the tip of your toes.”

“Well, Madame, how do you like it so far as we have got?” says the Lieutenant, as Bell is extemporising a somewhat wild variation of the air.

“I think your young English friend gave you very good advice; and I have no doubt the students needed it very much.”

“But you shall hear what he says; he was not a teetotaler at all.”

And therewith the Lieutenant continued:—

“If tippie you must, in beer, spirits, or wine,
There are wholesome vintages hail from the Rhine;

And, take the advice of a fellow who knows,
Hochheimer’s as gentle as any that goes—
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,

Doth never appear from the wine I propose.

“Oh, Burgundy isn’t a good thing to drink,
Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,

Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,

You’ll discover the colour of Burgundy rose:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
A fatal affliction is Burgundy rose!”

“Oh, you two scapegraces!” cried Queen Titania. “I know now why you were laying your heads together this morning, and poring over that sheet of paper; you were engaged in perverting an honest and well-intentioned song into a recommendation of German wines. I am sure that third verse is not in the

original. I am certain the young English student never wrote it. It was written in Worcester this very morning; and I call on you to produce the original, so that we may cut out this very bad moral that has been introduced."

"The original, Madame?" said the Lieutenant, gravely. "There is no original. I have repeated it most from memory—as he used to sing it at Bonn—and I put it down on paper only that Mademoiselle might correct me about the words. No—I have put in no moral. You think your countryman did not like the Rhine wines? Pfui!—you should have seen him drink them then, if he did not like them! And the very dear ones, too, for he had plenty of money; and we poor devils of the Germans used to be astonished at his extravagance, and sometimes he was called 'milord' for a joke. When we did go to his room to the supper-parties, we could not believe that any young man not come of age should have so much money given to him by his parents. But it did not spoil him one bit; he was as good, frank, careless as any man, and when he did get to know the language better he worked hard, and had such notes of the lectures as not anyone, I think, in the whole university had."

A strange thing now occurred. We were driving along level and wooded lanes, running parallel with the Severn. The small hamlets we passed, merely two or three houses smothered in elms, are appropriately named greens—Fen Green, Dodd's Green, Bard's Green, and the like; and on either side of us were lush meadows, with the cattle standing deep in the grass. Now all at once that long bar of glimmering yellow across the western clouds burst asunder; and at the same moment a glare of light shone along the southern sky, where there was evidently abundant rain. We had no sooner turned to look at this flood of golden mist, than all around us there was a stir in the hedges and the tall elms by the roadside—we were enveloped in sunshine; with it came a quick pattering on the leaves; and

then we found the air glittering with white drops and slanting streaks. In the wild glare of the sunlight the shower shone and sparkled around us, and the heavier it fell—until the sound of it was like the hissing of the sea on a pebbly beach—the more magical grew the effects of the mingled light and wet. Nor was it a passing shower merely. The air was still filled with the gleaming lines of the rain, the sunlight still shone mistily through it and lit up the green meadows and the trees with a wonderful radiance, as we wrapt cloaks round our companions and drove leisurely on. It was impossible to think that this luminous rain could wet us like ordinary rain. But by and by it drew itself off; and then Bell, with a sudden little cry, besought the Lieutenant to pull up the horses.

Had we driven under a cloud, and escaped at the other edge? Close behind us there was still mingled rain and sunlight; but beyond that again the sky was heaped up with immense dark blue masses. A rainbow shone in front of this black background. A puff of white cloud ran across the darkness, telling of contrary winds. And then when we turned from this gleaming and glowing picture to continue our course, lo! all the west had cleared, and a great dim smoke of yellow lay over the land, where the sky came down.

"It is like the sea, is it not?" said Bell, rising up in the phaeton and steadying herself to look into this distant world of gold. "Don't you expect to find the masts of ships and sea-birds flying about out there?"

And then in the cool and fresh evening, with the dusk coming on, we drove up the valley of the Severn, by Quat and Quatford, towards our resting-place for the night. As we passed by Quatford Castle, the river, lying amid the dark meadows, had caught a glow of crimson fire from the last reflection of the sunset. A blue mist lay about the sides of the abrupt hill on which the town of Bridgenorth is pitched; but as

we wound round the hill to gain the easiest ascent, we came again into the clear, metallic glow of the west. It was a hard pull on the horses, just at the end of their day's work, was this steep and circuitous ascent; but at length we got into the rough streets of the old town, and in the fading twilight sought out the yellow and comfortable glow of the Crown Hotel.

We had got in passing a vague glimpse of a wide space around an old town-house, with a small crowd of people collecting. They had come to hear the playing of a Volunteer band. Therefore, as we sat down to dinner, we had some very good music being played to us from without; and when at last it was gone, and the quaint old town on the top of the hill left to its ordinary silence, we found it was time to light our cigars and open the b  zique-box.

Probably no one noticed it; but it is a curious circumstance that Bell had apparently forgotten all about her determination to write to Arthur. There was no shadow of a cloud on her face, and she enjoyed the winning of various games—assisted thereto by the obvious ministrations of the Lieutenant—with as much delight and careless amusement as though there was not anywhere in the world a young man sitting in his solitary chamber and wishing that he had never been born. But it was certainly not hard-heartedness that gave to Bell the enjoyment of that one evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

*"But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store."*

THE Lieutenant was pensive. He and I had gone out for a turn before breakfast, and wandered on to the high promenade which, skirting one portion of the lofty town, looked down on the valley of the Severn, the huddled houses underneath

the rocky height, and the bridge spanning the stream. It was a bright and cool morning; and the landscape that lay around was shining in the sun.

"England," he said, leaning his arms on the stone parapet of the walk, "is a very pleasant country to live in, I think."

I thanked him for the compliment.

"You are very free in your actions here: you do what you please. Only consider how you are at this moment."

But I had to protest against our young Prussian friend continually regarding this excursion as the normal condition of our existence. I showed him that we were not always enjoying ourselves in this fashion; that a good deal of hard work filled the long interval of the winter months; and that even Bell—whom he had grown to regard as a sort of feature of English scenery—a wild bird for ever on the wing through sunlight and green leaves—worked as hard as any of us.

"It is pleasant to be able to play dexterously on the piano, or the guitar, or what not, but that accomplishment means imprisonment with hard labour stretching over years. It is very nice to be able to put on a sheet of paper, with a few rapid touches, the outlines of a scene which delights you, and to find yourself able to reproduce this afterwards in water or oil, and have it publicly exhibited and sold; but do you know how much work it involves? Bell is a most untiring young woman, I promise you, and not likely to fall asleep in counting her fingers."

"Oh, I am sure of that," he said, absently. "She has too much spirit, too much life, to be indolent. But I was thinking—I was thinking whether, if a man was to change his country, he would choose England out of all the other countries to live in. Here it is. Your people in England who only enjoy themselves must be very rich, must they not? Is it a good country, I wonder, for a man who would have about 800*l.* a year?"

"Not without some occupation. But why do you ask?"

He only stared at the bushes down

below us on the rocks, and at the river far below them.

"What would you say," he asked, suddenly, "if I were to come and live in England, and become naturalized, and never go back to my native country again?"

"And give up your profession, with all its interest and excitement?"

He was silent for a minute or two; and then he said—

"I have done more than the service that is expected from every man in Prussia; and I do not think my country goes to war for many years to come. About the excitement of a campaign and the going into battle—well, there is much mistake about that. You are not always in enthusiasm; the long marches, the wet days, the waiting for months in one place—there is nothing heroic in that. And when you do come to the battle itself—come, my dear friend, I will tell you something about that."

He seemed to wake up then. He rose from his recumbent position and took a look round the shining country that lay along the valley of the Severn.

"All the morning before the battle," said the Lieutenant, "you have great gloom; and it seems as if the day is dark overhead. But this is strange—that you think you can see very far, and you can see all your friends in Germany, and think you could almost speak to them. You expect to go forward to meet the enemy; and you hate him that he is waiting for you upon some of the hills or behind his entrenchments. Then the hurry comes of getting on horse-back; and you are very friendly to all your companions—and they are all very pleasant and laughing at this time, except one or two, who are thinking of their home. Your regiment is ordered forward: you do not know what to think: perhaps you wish the enemy would run away, or that your regiment is not needed, and sometimes you have a great wish of anger towards him; but all this is shifting, gloomy, uncertain, that you do not think two things one moment. Then you hear the sound of the firing, and your heart beats fast for a

little while, and you think of all your friends in Germany; and this is the time that is the worst. You are angry with all the men who provoke wars in their courts and parliaments; and you think it is a shame you should be there to fight for them; and you look at the pleasant things you are leaving all behind in your own home, just as if you were never to see them any more. That is a very wretched and miserable time, but it does not last very long if you are ordered to advance; and then, my dear friend, I can assure you that you do not care one farthing for your own life—that you forget your home altogether, and you think no more of your friends; you do not even hate the enemy in front any more—it is all a stir, and life, and eagerness; and a warm, glad feeling runs all through your veins, and when the great 'hurrah' comes, and you ride forward, you think no more of yourself; you say to yourself, 'Here is for my good Fatherland!'—and then——"

A sort of sob stuck in the throat of the big Lieutenant.

"Bah!" said he, with a frown, as if the bright morning and the fresh air had done him an injury, "what is the use of waiting out here, and killing ourselves with hunger?"

Bell was writing when we went into the hotel. As we entered she hastily shut up her small portfolio.

"Why not finish your letter, Mademoiselle?" he said, gently. "It will be a little time before breakfast comes in."

"I can finish it afterwards," said the girl, looking rather embarrassed.

Of course, when the Lieutenant perceived that the attention thus drawn to the letter had caused her some confusion, he immediately rushed into another subject, and said to Queen Titania, with a fine affectation of carelessness—

"You will laugh, Madame, at our having yet another adventure in a stationer's shop."

"I think," said my Lady, gravely, "that I must put a stop to these wanderings about in the early morning. I cannot quite make out why you should always get up hours before anybody

else; but I find that generally some story is revealed afterwards of a young lady."

"But there is no young lady this time," said the Lieutenant, "but a very worthy man whom we found in the stationer's shop. And he has been at Sedan, and he has brought back the breech of a mitrailleuse and showed it all to us, and he has written a small book about his being in France, and did present us with a copy of it, and would not take any payment for it. Oh, he is a very remarkable and intelligent man to be found in a stationer's shop up in this curious old town on the top of a hill; but then I discovered he is a Scotchman, and do you not say here that a Scotchman is a great traveller, and is to be found everywhere? And I have looked into the little book, and I think it very sensible and good, and a true account of what he has seen."

"Then I presume he extols your countrymen?" says my Lady, with a smile.

"Madame," replies the Lieutenant, "I may assure you of this, that a man who has been in a campaign and seen both the armies, does not think either army an army of angels, and the other an army of demons. To believe one nation to have all the good, and another nation to have all the bad, that can only be believed by people who have seen none of them. I think my friend the stationer has written so much of what he saw, that he had no time for stupid imaginations about the character of two whole countries."

At this moment the introduction of breakfast broke our talk in this direction. After breakfast Bell finished her letter. She asked the Lieutenant to get it stamped and posted for her, and handed it openly to him. But, without looking at it, he must have known that it was addressed to "Arthur Ashburton, Esq., Essex Court, Temple."

"Well," said Bell, coming downstairs with her hat on, "let us go out now, and see the town. It must be a very pleasant old place. And the day is so fine;—don't you think we have

had quite exceptional weather hitherto, Count von Rosen?"

Of course he said the weather had been lovely; but how was it that Bell was so sure beforehand that she would be pleased with Bridgenorth? The delight was already in her face, and beaming in her eyes. She knew the weather must be fine. She was certain we should have a delicious drive during the day, and was positive the country through which we had to pass would be charming. The observant reader will remark that a certain letter had been posted.

Really, Bridgenorth was pleasant enough on this bright morning, albeit the streets on the river-side part of the town were distinctly narrow, dirty, and smoky. First of all, however, we visited the crumbling walls of Robert de Belesme's mighty tower. Then we took the women round the high promenade over the valley. Then we went down through a curious and precipitous passage hewn out of the sandstone hill to the lower part of the town, and visited the old building in which Bishop Percy was born, the inscription¹ on which, by the way, is a standing testimony to the playful manner in which this nation has from time immemorial dealt with its aspirates. Then we clambered up the steep streets again until we reached the great central square, with its quaint town-house and old-fashioned shops. A few minutes thereafter we were in the phaeton; and Castor and Pollux taking us into the open country again.

"Mademoiselle!" said the Lieutenant—the young man was like a mavis, with this desire of his to sing or hear singing just after his morning meal—"you have not sung to us anything for a long while now."

"But I will this morning, with great pleasure," said Bell.

¹ The inscription inside the door of this old-fashioned building, which is ornamented by bars of black and white, and peaked gables, is as follows:—

"Except the Lord BUILD THE OWSE
The Labourers thereof evail nothing
Erected by R For * 1580."

"Then," said Von Rosen, "here is your guitar. When I saw you come down to go out this morning, I said to myself, 'Mademoiselle is sure to sing to-day.' So I kept out the guitar-case."

The horses pricked up their ears. The cords of the guitar twanged out a few notes. The fresh breeze blew by from the fields; and as we drove through the stillness of one or two straggling woods, Bell sang—

"If enemies oppose us,
And England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound nor scar!
To humble them, come on, lads!
Their flags we'll soon lay low;
Clear the way, for the fray:
Though the stormy winds do blow!"

"Mademoiselle," cries the Lieutenant, "it is a challenge."

Bell laughed, and suddenly altered the key.

"Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design"—
this was what she sang now—

"To escape from her charms and to drown
love in wine;
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but still love in my
heart."

"Well," said Tita, with an air of astonishment, "that is a pretty song for a young lady to sing!"

Bell laid down the guitar.

"And what," I ask of Queen Titania, "are the sentiments of which alone a young lady may sing? Not patriotism? Not love? Not despair? Goodness gracious! Don't you remember what old Joe Blatchers said when he brought us word that some woman in his neighbourhood had committed suicide?"

"What did he say?" asked the Lieutenant with a great curiosity.

"The wretched woman had drowned herself because her husband had died; and old Joe brought us the story with the serious remark, '*The ladies 'as their feelins, 'asn't they, sir, arter all?*' Mayn't a young lady sing of anything but the joy of decorating a church on Christmas Eve?"

"I have never been taught to per-

ceive the humour of profanity," says my Lady, with a serene impassiveness.

"Curious, if true. Perhaps you were never taught that a white elephant isn't the same as a rainbow or a pack of cards?"

"My dear," says Tita, turning to Bell, "what is that French song that you brought over with you from Dieppe?"

Thus appealed to, Bell took up her guitar, and sang for us a very pretty song. It was not exactly French, to be sure. It began—

"'Twas frost and thro' leet, wid a greyming
o' snaw,
When I went to see Biddy, the flow'r o'
them aw;
To meet was agreed on at Seymy' deyke
nuik,
Where I sauntered wi' mony a seegh and
lang luik."

But good honest Cumbrian is quite as foreign to most of us as French; and no exception could be taken to the sentiment of Bell's ballad, for none of us could understand six consecutive words of it.

Much-Wenlock is a quiet town. It is about as quiet as the spacious and grassy enclosure in which the magnificent ruins of its old monastery stand grey and black in the sunshine. There are many strange passages and courts in these noble ruins; and as you wander through broken arches, and over courtyards half hid in the long green grass, it is but natural that a preference for solitude should betray itself in one or other of the members of a noisy little party. We lost sight of Bell and the Lieutenant. There was a peacock strutting through the grass, and making his resplendent tail gleam in the sunshine; and they followed him, I think. When we came upon them again, Bell was seated on a bit of tumbled pillar, pulling daisies out of the sward and plaiting them; and the Lieutenant was standing by her side, talking to her in a low voice. It was no business of ours to interfere with this pastoral occupation. Doubtless he spoke in these low tones because of the great silence of the place.

We left them there, and had another saunter before we returned. We were almost sorry to disturb them; for they made a pretty group, these two young folks, talking leisurely to each other under the solemn magnificence of the great grey ruins, while the sunlight that lit up the ivy on the walls, and threw black shadows under the arches of the crumbling windows, and lay warm on the long grass around them, touched Bell's cheek too, and glimmered down one side of the loose and splendid masses of her hair.

Castor and Pollux were not allowed much time for lunch; for, as the young people had determined to go to the theatre on reaching Shrewsbury, their elders, warned by a long experience, knew that the best preparation for going to a country theatre is to dine before setting out. My Lady did not anticipate much enjoyment; but Bell was positive we should be surprised.

"We have been out in the country so much—seeing so much of the sunlight and the green trees, and living at those little inns—that we ought to have a country theatre as well. Who knows but that we may have left all our London ideas of a play in London; and find ourselves quite delighted with the simple folk who are always uttering good sentiments, and quite enraged with the bad man who is wishing them ill. I think Count von Rosen was quite right——"

Of course Count von Rosen was quite right!

"——about commonplace things only having become commonplace through our familiarity with them," continued Miss Bell; "perhaps we may find ourselves going back a bit, and being as much impressed by a country drama as any of the farmer-folk who do not see half-a-dozen plays in their life. And then, you know, what a big background we shall have!—not the walls of the little theatre, but all the great landscape we have been coming through. Round about us we shall see the Severn, and the long woods, and Broadway Hill——"

"And not forgetting Bourton Hill," says the Lieutenant. "If only they do give us a good moonlight scene like that, we shall be satisfied."

"Oh no," said Bell gravely—she was evidently launching into one of her unconscious flights, for her eyes took no more notice of us, but were looking wistfully at the pleasant country around us—"that is asking far too much. It is easier for you to make the moonlight scene than for the manager. You have only to imagine it is there—shut your eyes a little bit, and fancy you hear the people on the stage talking in a real scene, with the real country around, and the real moonlight in the air. And then you grow to believe in the people—and you forget that they are only actors and actresses working for their salaries—and you think it is a true story, like the stories they tell up in Westmoreland of things that have happened in the villages years ago. That is one of the great pleasures of driving, is it not?—that it gives you a sense of wide space. There is a great deal of air and sky about it; and you have a pleasant and easy way of getting through it, as if you were really sailing; whereas the railway whisks you through the long intervals, and makes your journey a succession of dots. That is an unnatural way of travelling, that staccato method of——"

Here Mademoiselle caught sight of Queen Tita gravely smiling, and immediately paused to find out what she had been saying.

"Well?" she said, expecting to be corrected or reproved, and calmly resolved to bear the worst.

But how could Tita explain? She had been amused by the manner in which the young lady had unconsciously caught up a trick of the Lieutenant's in the construction of his sentences—the use of "that" as the introductory nominative, the noun coming in afterwards. For the moment the subject dropped, in the excitement of our getting once more back to the Severn; and when Bell spoke next, it was to ask the Lieutenant whether the Wrekin—a

solitary, abrupt, and conical hill on our right, which was densely wooded to the top—did not in a milder form reproduce the odd masses of rock that stud the great plain west of the Lake of Constance.

A pleasant drive through a fine stretch of open country took us into Shrewsbury; and here, having got over the bridge and up the steep thoroughfares to our hotel, dinner was immediately ordered. When at length we made our way round to the theatre it was about half-past seven, and the performance was to commence at twenty minutes to eight.

"Oh, Bell!" says my Lady, as we enter the building. She looks blankly round. From the front of the dress circle we are peering into a great hollow place, dimly lighted by ten lamps, each of one burner, that throw a sepulchral light on long rows of wooden benches, on a sad-coloured curtain and an empty orchestra. How is all the force of Bell's imagination to drive off these walls and this depressing array of carpentry, and substitute for them a stage of greensward and walls composed of the illimitable sky? There is an odour of escaped gas, and of oranges; but when did any people ever muster up enough of gaiety to eat an orange in this gloomy hall?

7.30, by Shrewsbury clock.—An old gentleman and a boy appear in the orchestra. The former is possessed of a bass-viol; the latter proceeds to tune up a violin.

7.40—which is the time for commencing the play—three ladies come into the pit. The first is a farmer's wife, fat, ostentatious, happy in a black silk that rustles; the two others are apparently friends of hers in the town, who follow her meekly, and take their seats with a frightened air. She sits down with a proud gesture; and this causes a thin crackle of laughter and a rude remark far up in the semi-darkness overhead, so that we gather that there are probably two persons in the upper gallery.

7.45.—Two young ladies—perhaps shop-girls, but their extreme blushing gives them a countrified look—come

into the pit, talk in excited whispers to each other, and sit down with an uncomfortable air of embarrassment. At this moment the orchestra startles us by dashing into a waltz from "Faust." There are now five men and a boy in this tuneful choir. One of them starts vigorously on the cornet; but invariably fails to get beyond the first few notes, so that the flute beats him hollow. Again and again the cornet strikes in at the easy parts; but directly he subsides again, and the flute has it all his own way. The music ceases. The curtain is drawn up. The play has begun.

The first act is introductory. There is a farmer, whose chief business it is to announce that "his will is law;" and he has a son, addressed throughout as Weelyam, whom he wishes to marry a particular girl. The son, of course, has married another. The villain appears, and takes us into his confidence; giving us to understand that a worse villain never trod the earth. He has an interview with the farmer; but this is suddenly broken off—a whistle in some part of the theatre is heard, and we are conveyed to an Italian lake, all shining with yellow villas and blue skies.

"That is the problem stated," said the Lieutenant; "now we shall have the solution. But do you find the walls going away yet, Mademoiselle?"

"I think it is very amusing," said Bell, with a bright look on her face. Indeed, if she had not brought in with her sufficient influence from the country to resolve the theatre into thin air, she had imbibed a vast quantity of good health and spirits there, so that she was prepared to enjoy anything.

The plot thickens. The woman-villain appears—a lady dressed in deep black, who tells us in an awful voice that she was the mistress of Weelyam in France—that being the country naturally associated in the mind of the dramatist with crimes of this character. She is in a pretty state when she learns that Weelyam is married; and events are plainly marching on to a crisis. It comes. The marriage is revealed to the farmer, who delivers a telling curse,

which is apparently launched at the upper gallery, but which is really meant to confound Weelyam; then the old man falls—there is a tableau—the curtain comes down, and the band, by some odd stroke of luck, plays “Home, sweet home,” as an air descriptive of Weelyam’s banishment.

We become objects of curiosity, now that the adventures of the farmer’s son are removed. There are twenty-one people in the pit—representing conjointly a solid guinea transferred to the treasury. One or two gay young men, with canes, and their hats much on the side of their heads, have entered the dress-circle, stared for a minute or two at the stage, and retired.

They are probably familiar with rustic drama, and hold it in contempt. A good ballet, now, would be more in their way, performed by a *troupe* of young ladies whose names are curiously like English names, with imposing French and Italian terminations. A gentleman comes into the pit along with a friend, nods familiarly to the attendant, deposits his friend, utters a few facetious remarks, and leaves: can it be that he is a reporter of a local newspaper, dowered with the privilege of free admission for “himself and one?” There must at least be three persons in the upper gallery, for a new voice is heard, calling out the graceful but not unfamiliar name of “Polly.” One of the two rose-red maidens in front of us timidly looks up, and is greeted with a shout of recognition and laughter. She drops into her old position in a second, and hangs down her head; while her companion protests in an indignant way in order to comfort her. The curtain rises.

The amount of villany in this Shrewsbury drama is really getting beyond a joke. We are gradually rising in the scale of dark deeds, until the third villain, who now appears, causes the previous two to be regarded as innocent lambs. This new performer of crime is a highwayman; and his very first act is to shoot Weelyam’s father, and rob him of his money. But lo! the French adventuress drops from the clouds; the

highwayman is her husband; she tells of her awful deeds, among them of her having murdered “her mistress the Archduchess;” and then, as she vows she will go and murder Weelyam, a tremendous conflict of everybody ensues, and a new scene being run on, we are suddenly whirled up to Balmoral Castle.

“I am beginning to be very anxious about the good people,” remarked Tita. “I am afraid William will be killed.”

“Unless he has as many lives as Plutarch, he can’t escape,” said Bell.

“As for the old farmer,” observed the Lieutenant, “he survives apoplectic fits and pistol-shots very well—oh, very well indeed. He is a very good man in a play. He is sure to last to the end.”

Well, we were near the end; and author, carpenter, and scene-painter had done their dead best to render the final scene impressive. It was in a cavern. Cimmerian darkness prevailed. The awful lady in black haunts the gloomy byways of the rocks, communing with herself, and twisting her arms so that the greatest agony is made visible. But what is this hooded and trembling figure that approaches? Once in the cavern, the hood is thrown off, and the palpitating heroine comes forward for a second to the low footlights, merely that there shall be no mistake about her identity. The gloom deepens. The young and innocent wife encounters the French adventuress; the woman who did not scruple to murder her mistress the Archduchess seizes the girl by her hands—shrieks are heard—the two figures twist round one another—then a mocking shout of laughter, and Weelyam’s wife is precipitated into the hideous waters of the lake! But lo! the tread of innumerable feet; from all quarters of the habitable globe stray wanderers arrive: with a shout Weelyam leaps into the lake, and when it is discovered that he has saved his wife, behold! everybody in the play is found to be around him, and with weeping and with laughter all the story is told, and the drama ends in the most triumphant and comfortable manner, in the middle of

the night, in a cavern, a hundred miles from anywhere.

"No," said Queen Titania, distinctly, "I will *not* stay to see *La Champagne Ballet or the Pas de Fascination*."

So there was nothing for it but to take the ungrateful creature back to the hotel, and give her tea and a novel. As for the billiard-room in that hotel, it is one of the best between Holborn and the Canongate. The Lieutenant begs to add, that he can recommend the beer.

CHAPTER XV.

"LA PATRIE EN DANGER."

*"Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres,
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark."*

I sit down to write this chapter with a determination to be generous, calm, and modest in the last degree. The man who would triumph over the wife of his bosom merely to have the pleasure of saying "I told you so," does not deserve to have his path through life sweetened by any such tender companionship. Far be it from me to recall the protestations which my Lady affixed to the first portion of this narrative on its publication. Not for worlds would I inquire into her motives for being so anxious to see Arthur go. The ways of a woman ought to be intricate, occult, perplexing, if only to preserve something of the mystery of life around her, and to serve her, also, as a refuge from the coarse and rude logic of the actual world. The foolish person who, to prove himself right, would drive his wife into a corner, and demonstrate to her that she was wrong—that she had been guilty of small prevarications, of trifling bits of hypocrisy, and of the use of various arts to conceal her real belief and definite purpose—the man who would thus wound the gentle spirit by his side to secure the petty gratification of proving himself to have been something of a twopenny-half-penny prophet;—but these remarks are

premature at the present moment, and I go on to narrate the events which happened on the day of our leaving Shrewsbury, and getting into the solitary region of the meres.

"I have received a telegram from Arthur," says Bell, calmly; and the pink sheet is lying on the breakfast-table before her.

"How did you get it?" says my Lady, with some surprise.

"At the post-office."

"Then you have been out?"

"Yes, we went for a short walk, after having waited for you," says Bell, looking down.

"Oh, Madame," says the Lieutenant, coming forward from the fireplace, "you must not go away from the town without seeing it well. It is handsome, and the tall poplars down by the side of the river, they are worth going to see by themselves."

"It was very pretty this morning," continued Bell, "when the wind was blowing about the light blue smoke, and the sun was shining down on the slates and the clumps of trees. We went to a height on the other side of the river, and I have made a sketch of it——"

"Pray," says my Lady, regarding our ward severely, "when did you go out this morning?"

"Perhaps about an hour and a half ago," replies Bell carelessly; "I don't exactly know."

"More than that, I think," says the Lieutenant, "for I did smoke two cigars before we came back. It is much to our credit to get up so early, and not anything to be blamed of."

"I am glad Bell is improving in that respect," retorts my Lady, with a wicked smile; and then she adds, "Well?"

"He has started," is the reply to that question.

"And is going by another route?"

"Yes: in a dog-cart—by himself. Don't you think it is very foolish of him, Tita? You know what accidents occur with those dog-carts."

"Mademoiselle, do not alarm yourself," says the Lieutenant, folding up

his newspaper. "It is quite true what Madame said yesterday, that there are so many accidents in driving, and so very seldom anyone hurt. You ask your friends—yes, they have all had accidents in their riding and driving; they have all been in great danger, but what have they suffered?—Nothing! Sometimes a man is killed—yes, one out of several millions in the year. And if he tumbles over—which is likely if he does not know much of horses and driving—what then? No, there is no fear; we shall see him some day very well, and go on all together!"

"Oh, shall we?" says my Lady, evidently regarding this as a new idea.

"Certainly. Do you think he goes that way always? Impossible. He will tire of it. He will study the roads across to meet us. He will overtake us with his light little dog-cart; we shall have his company along the road."

Tita did not at all look so well satisfied with this prospect of meeting an old friend as she might have done.

"And when are you to hear from him next?" I inquire of Mademoiselle.

"He will either write or telegraph to each of the big towns along our route, on the chance of the message intercepting us somewhere; and so we shall know where he is."

"And he has really started?"

Bell placed the telegram in my hands. It was as follows:—

"Have set out by Hatfield, Huntingdon, and York, for Edinburgh. Shall follow the real old coach-road to Scotland; and am certain to find much entertainment."

"For man and beast," struck in the Lieutenant. "And I know of a friend of mine travelling in your country who went into one of these small inns, and put up his horse, and when they brought him in his luncheon to the parlour, he only looked at it and said, '*Very good, waiter; this is very nice; but where is the entertainment for the man?*'"

I continued to read the telegram aloud—

"Shall probably be in Edinburgh before you; but will telegraph or write to each big town along your route, that you may let me know where you are."

"It is very obliging," says the Lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It is quite certain," observes my Lady, with decision, "that he must not accompany us in his dog-cart; for we shall arrive at plenty of inns where they could not possibly put up three horses and so many people."

"It would have been so," said the Lieutenant, "at the place on the top of the hill—Bourton was it called?"

The mere notion of Arthur coming in to spoil the enjoyment of that rare evening was so distressing, that we all took refuge in breakfast, after which we went for a long and leisurely stroll through Shrewsbury; and then had Castor and Pollux put into the phaeton. It seemed now to us to matter little at what town we stayed. We had almost begun to forget the various points of the journey. It was enough that some hospitable place—whether it were city, town, or hamlet—afforded us shelter for the night, that on the next morning we could issue forth again into the sweet-smelling country air, and have all the fair green world to ourselves. We looked with a lenient eye upon the great habitations of men. What if a trifle of coal-smoke hung about the house-tops, and that the streets were not quite so clean as they might be? We suffered little from these inconveniences. They only made us rejoice the more to get out into the leafy lanes, where the air was fresh with the scent of the bean-fields and the half-dried hay. And when a town happened to be picturesque—and it was our good fortune to find a considerable number of handsome cities along our line of route—and combined with its steep streets, its old-fashioned houses, and its winding river and banks, a fair proportion of elms and poplars scattered about in clumps to mar the monotony of the grey fronts and the blue slates, we paid such a tribute of admiration as could only be obtained from people who knew they would soon be emanci-

pated from the din and clamour, the odour and the squalor, of thoroughfares and pavements.

Bell, sitting very erect, and holding the whip and reins in the most accurate and scientific fashion, was driving us leisurely up the level and pleasant road leading from Shrewsbury to Ellesmere. The country was now more open and less hilly than that through which we had recently come. Occasionally, as in the neighbourhood of Harmer Hill, we drove by long woods; but for the most part our route lay between spacious meadows, fields, and farms, with the horizon around lying blue and dark under the distant sky. The morning had gradually become overcast, and the various greens of the landscape were darkened by the placid grey overhead. There was little wind, but a prevailing coolness that seemed to have something of premonitory moistness in it.

But how the birds sang under the silence of that cold grey sky! We seemed to hear all the sounds within a great compass, and these were exclusively the innumerable notes of various warblers—in the hedges, and in the roadside trees, far away in woods, or hidden up in the level greyness of the clouds: *Tewi, tewi, tewi, trrrr-weet!*—*droom, droom, phloee!*—*tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, feer!*—that was the silvery chorus from thousands of throats, and, under the darkness of the grey sky, the leaves of the trees and the woods seemed to hang motionless in order to listen. Now and again Bell picked out the call of a thrush or a blackbird from the almost indistinguishable mass of melody; but it seemed to us that all the fields and the hedges had but one voice, and that it was clear, and sweet, and piercing, in the strange silence reigning over the land.

So we rolled along the unfrequented road, occasionally passing a wayside tavern, a farmhouse, or a cluster of cottages, until about noon we caught a glimpse of a stretch of grey water. On this lonely mere no boat was to be seen, nor any house on its banks, merely a bit of leaden-coloured water placed amid the

soft and low-lying woods. Then we caught the glimmer of another sheet of cold grey, and by and by, driving under and through an avenue of trees, we came full in sight of Ellesmere.

The small lake looked rather dismal just then. There was a slight stirring of wind on its surface, which destroyed the reflection of the woods along its shores, so that the water was pretty much the counterpart of the gloomy sky above. At this moment, too, the moisture in the air began to touch our faces, and everything portended a shower. Bell drove us past the mere and on to the small village, where Castor and Pollux were safely lodged in the stables of the "Bridgewater Arms."

We had got into shelter just in time. Down came the rain with a will; but we were unconcernedly having luncheon in a long apartment which the landlord had recently added on to his premises. Then we darted across the yard to the billiard-room, where Bell and my Lady having taken up lofty positions, in order to overlook the tournament, we proceeded to knock the balls about until the shower should cease.

The rain, however, showed no symptoms of leaving off, so we resolved to remain at Ellesmere that night, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in getting up arrears of correspondence and similar work. It was not until after dinner that it was found the rain-clouds had finally gathered themselves together, and then, when we went out for a stroll, in obedience to Bell's earnest prayer, the evening had drawn on apace.

The darkening waters of the lake were now surrounded by low clouds of white mist, that hung about the still and wet woods. From the surface of the mere, too, a faint vapour seemed to rise, so that the shores on the other side had grown dim and vague. The trees were still dropping large drops into the plashing road; runnels of water showed how heavy the rain had been; and it seemed as if the grey and ghostly plain of the lake were still stirred by the commotion of the showers.

The reflection of a small yacht out from the shore was blurred and indistinct; and underneath the wooded island beyond there only reigned a deeper gloom on the mere.

Of course, no reasonable person could have thought of going out in a boat on this damp evening; but Bell having expressed some wish of the kind, the Lieutenant forthwith declared we should soon have a boat, however late the hour. He dragged us through a wet garden to a house set amid trees by the side of the lake. He summoned a worthy woman, and overcame her wonder, and objections, and remonstrances, in about a couple of minutes. In a very short space of time we found ourselves in a massive and unwieldy punt, out in the middle of this grey sheet of water, with the chill darkness of night rapidly descending.

"We shall all have neuralgia, and rheumatism, and colds to-morrow," said my Lady, contentedly. "And all because of this mad girl, who thinks she can see ghosts wherever there is a little mist. Bell, do you remember——"

Tita stopped suddenly, and grasped my arm. A white something had suddenly borne down upon us, and not for a second or two did we recognize the fact that it was merely a swan, bent on a mission of curiosity. Far away beyond this solitary animal there now became visible a faint line of white, and we knew that there the members of his tribe were awaiting his report.

The two long oars plashed in the silence, we glided onwards through the cold mists, and the woods of the opposite shore were now coming near. How long we floated thus, through the gloomy vapours of the lake, I cannot tell. We were bent on no particular mission; and somehow the extreme silence was grateful to us. But what was this new light that was seen to be stealing up behind the trees, a faint glow that began to tell upon the sky, and reveal to us the conformation of the clouds? The mists of the lake deepened, but the sky lightened, and we could see breaks in it, long stripes

of a soft and pale yellow. The faint suffusion of yellow light seemed to lend a little warmth to the damp and chill atmosphere. Bell had not uttered a word. She had been watching this growing light with patient eyes, only turning at times to see how the island was becoming more distinct in the darkness. And then more and more rapidly the radiance spread up and over the south-east, the clouds got thinner and thinner, until all at once we saw the white glimmer of the disc of the moon leap into a long crevice in the dark sky. And lo! all the scene around us was changed; the mists were gradually dispersed and driven to the shores; the trees on the island became sharp, black bars against a flood of light; and on the dark bosom of the water lay a long lane of silver, inter-twisting itself with millions of gleaming lines, and flashing on the ripples that went quivering back from the hull of our boat. We were floating on an enchanted lake, set far away amid these solitary woods.

"Every day, I think," said Bell, "we come to something more beautiful in this journey."

"Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, suddenly, "your country it has been too much for me; I have resolved to come to live here always, and in five years, if I choose it, I shall be able to be naturalized, and consider England as my own country."

The moonlight was touching softly at this moment the outline of Bell's face, but the rest of the face was in shadow, and we could not see what evidence of surprise was written there.

"You are not serious," she said.

"I am."

"And you mean to give up your country because you like the scenery of another country?"

That, plainly put, was what the proposal of the Count amounted to, as he had expressed it; but even he seemed somewhat taken aback by its apparent absurdity.

"No," he said, "you must not put it all down to one reason; there are many

reasons, some of them important; but at all events it is sure that if I come to live in England, I shall not be disappointed of having much pleasure in travelling."

"With you it may be different," said Bell, almost repeating what I had said the day before to the young man. "I wish we could always be travelling and meeting with such pleasant scenes as this. But this holiday is a very exceptional thing."

"So much the worse," said the Lieutenant, with the air of a man who thinks he is being hardly used by destiny.

"But tell me," broke in my Lady, as the boat lay in the path of the moonlight, almost motionless, "have you calculated the consequences of your becoming an exile?"

"An exile! there are many thousands of my countrymen in England; they do not seem to suffer much of regret because they are exiles."

"Suppose we were to go to war with Germany."

"Madame," observed the Lieutenant, seriously, "if you regard one possibility, why not another? Should I not hesitate of living in England for fear of a comet striking your country rather than Germany? No: I do not think there is any chance of either; but if there is a war, then I consider whether I am more bound to Germany or to England. And that is a question of the ties you may form, which may be more strong than merely that you chance to have been born in a particular place."

"These are not patriotic sentiments," remarks my Lady, in a voice which shows she is pleased as well as amused by the announcement of them.

"Patriotism!" he said, "that is very good—but you need not make it a fetish. Perhaps I have more right to be patriotic in a country that I choose for my own, than in a country where I am born without any choice of my own. But I do not find my countrymen when they come to England much troubled by such things; and I do not think your countrymen, when they go to America,

consult the philosophers, and say what they would do in a war. If you will allow me to differ with you, Madame, I do not think that is a great objection to my living in England."

An objection—coming from her! The honest Lieutenant meant no sarcasm; but if a blush remained in my Lady's system—which is pretty well trained, I admit, to repress such symptoms of consciousness—surely it ought to have been visible on this clear moonlight night.

At length we had to make for the shore. It seemed as though we were leaving out there on the water all the white wonder of the moon; but when we had run the boat into the boat-house and got up among the trees, there too was the strong white light, gleaming on black branches, and throwing bars of shadow across the pale, brown road. We started on our way back to the village, by the margin of the mere. The mists seemed colder here than out on the water; and now we could see the moonlight struggling with a faint white haze that lay over all the surface of the lake. My Lady and Bell walked on in front; the Lieutenant was apparently desirous to linger a little behind.

"You know," he said, in a low voice, and with a little embarrassment, "why I have resolved to live in England."

"I can guess."

"I mean to ask Mademoiselle tomorrow—if I have the chance—if she will become my wife."

"You will be a fool for your pains."

"What is that phrase? I do not comprehend it," he said.

"You will make a mistake, if you do. She will refuse you."

"And well?" he said. "Does not every man run the chance of that? I will not blame her—no; but it is better I should ask her, and be assured of this one way or the other."

"You do not understand. Apart from all other considerations, Bell would almost certainly object to entertaining such a proposal after a few days' acquaintanceship——"

"A few days!" he exclaimed. "*Der Himmel!* I have known her years and years ago—very well we were acquainted——"

"But the acquaintanceship of a boy is nothing. You are almost a stranger to her now——"

"See here," he urged. "We do know more of each other in this week or two than if I had seen her for many seasons of your London society. We have seen each other at all times—under all ways—not mere talking in a dance, or so forth."

"But you know she has not definitely broken off with Arthur yet."

"Then the sooner the better," said the Lieutenant, bluntly. "How is it you do all fear him, and the annoyance of his coming? Is a young lady likely to have much sympathy for him, when he is very disagreeable, and rude, and angry? Now, this is what I think about him. I am afraid Mademoiselle is very sorry to tell him to go away. They are old friends. But she would like him to go away, for he is very jealous, and angry, and rude; and so I go to her, and say—no, I will not tell you what my argument is, but I hope I will show Mademoiselle it will be better if she will promise to be my wife, and then this pitiful fellow he will be told not to distress her any more. If she says no—it is a misfortune for me, but none to her. If she says yes, then I

will look out that she is not any more annoyed—that is quite certain."

"I hope you don't wish to marry merely to rescue a distressed damsel."

"Bah," he said, "you know it is not that. But you English people, you always make your jokes about these things—not very good jokes either—and do not talk frankly about it. When Madame comes to hear of this—and if Mademoiselle is good enough not to cast me away—it will be a hard time for us, I know, from morning until night. But have I not told you what I have considered this young lady—so very generous in her nature, and not thinking of herself—so very frank and good-natured to all people around her—and of a good, light heart, that shows she can enjoy the world, and is of a happy disposition, and will be a very noble companion for the man who marries her. I would tell you much more, but I cannot in your language."

At all events, he had picked up a good many flattering adjectives. Mademoiselle's dowry in that respect was likely to be considerable.

Here we got back to the inn. Glasses were brought in, and we had a final game of *bélique* before retiring for the night; but the Lieutenant's manner towards Bell was singularly constrained and almost distant, and he regarded her occasionally in a somewhat timid and anxious way.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—"It is perhaps unnecessary for me to explain that I am not responsible for the strange notions that may enter the heads of two light-hearted young people when they are away for a holiday. But I must protest against the insinuation—conveyed in a manner *which I will not describe*—that I was throughout scheming against Arthur's suit with our Bell. That poor boy is the son of two of my oldest friends; and for himself we have always had the greatest esteem and liking. If he caused us a little annoyance at this time, he had perhaps a sort of excuse for it—which is more than *some people* can say, when they have long ago got over the jealousies of courtship, and yet do not cease to persecute their wives with *far from good-natured* jests—and it is, I think, a little unfair to represent me as being blind to his peculiar situation, or unmerciful towards himself. On the contrary, I am sure I did everything I could to smooth over the unpleasant incidents of his visit; but I did not find it incumbent on me to become a *partisan*, and spend hours in getting up philosophical—*philosophical!*—excuses for a rudeness which was really unpardonable. What I chiefly wish for, I know, is to see all those young folks happy and enjoying themselves; but it would puzzle *wiser heads than mine* to find a means of reconciling them. As for Count von Rosen, if he made up his mind to ask Bell to be his wife, because Ellesmere looked pretty when the moon came out, I cannot help it. It is some years since I gave up the idea of attempting to account for the odd freaks and impulses that get into the heads of what I suppose we must call the *superior sex.*"]

To be continued.

“AUDI ALIAM PARTEM.”

AN article entitled “Artificial Selection,” in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, contains an able and unsparing attack on the prevalent system of Examinations. The importance of the subject, the spirit of the article, and the just celebrity of the author, all combine to increase the interest of his arguments and illustrations. I hope my motto will indicate at once the nature of the remarks I am about to offer. I do not place myself in opposition to Professor Tait, for I agree with him in viewing the prevalent system with distrust and alarm; but in the propriety of many of his criticisms I do not concur. I rejoice when an able champion appears in the field and combats on the same side as myself, but I am anxious that the blows should be delivered with discrimination as well as with vigour.

Let me premise that I do not claim any undue importance for my opinions. They have been formed by the experience gained in a residence of more than a quarter of a century at Cambridge, during which I have taken a due share in the teaching and examining which are characteristic of the place. At the same time I admit that I am no professional cultivator of science, but rather an amateur, devoting to it only such leisure as I can command. Moreover, all that I say as to teaching and examination is to be understood with respect to that which bears on the actual competition for mathematical honours at Cambridge. The article which has led to my remarks appears to me likely to suggest erroneous opinions as to the peculiarities of our system; objections are urged which may apply to some examinations, but I think not to ours, or which may have been valid once, but not at the present time. It is true that the language of the article is general; but the specific illustrations in most cases seem

to limit the application to that University in which the author himself gained his early distinction. I wish, for my part, to avoid all undue extension of statement or inference, and to confine myself to that part of the general subject of examinations which I may claim to have observed with attention. I have no ambition to imitate the clergyman who is said to have preached a course of sermons in London on the depravity of the lower orders, having obtained his materials by generalizing what he had seen in his Oxford scout.

I hope to have other opportunities of discussing examinations and kindred matters, and of stating my own opinions more fully than at present. Thus I now consider almost exclusively those subordinate topics on which the language of the article seems to me to require qualification or correction. Accordingly I leave unnoticed some important points on which Professor Tait has treated, where I heartily agree with him. For instance, he has noticed, though briefly, one objection to examinations which seems to me of vital importance. He says: “In the great majority of cases, the useful part [of knowledge] is precisely that which it is least possible to break up into detached fragments, such as those required in the modern processes of examination.” I have repeatedly advocated this opinion in private and public discussions at Cambridge, and am glad to support myself by the high authority of Professor Tait.

The severest condemnation of the writer is hurled against a thing called *Cram*, and an agent called a *Coach*. The terms seem intended to be in some way correlative; it is not the fault of the Professor that they do not adjust themselves into any consistent metaphor, for he did not invent them: it is, however, a misfortune, because we lose what might

have been a valuable aid in discovering the meaning of the combination, and it is really necessary to know what is meant by the evil which is so vehemently denounced. *Coach* is a slang term used for a private tutor ; and so far we have no difficulty. There is, however, no definition of *Cram*, and all that can be safely asserted is, that the word is used to denote some product held to be obnoxious, and to be evolved by the contact of a private tutor with his pupil. I much wish that Professor Tait, instead of employing this vague metaphorical term, had explained clearly what he means to censure, and had determined whether it is a reality or a phantom, and whether it is an essential part of all examinations or only an offensive accident in some.

It may be said that the meaning of the term is to be gathered from the context in which it occurs. I accept this challenge, and proceed to show that, so understood, the word stands for a phantom. There are two passages which I must quote.

"This mysterious being [the private tutor] studies the Examiner, feels his pulse as it were from time to time, and makes a prognosis (often very correct) of the probable contents of the papers to be set, teaches the student the scraps of knowledge necessary for the answering of these, and of these only."

Again, addressing the graduates in Arts at Edinburgh, the Professor said :

"Private tutors—'Coaches' there [at Cambridge], 'Grinders' we should call them—eagerly scanning examination papers of former years, and mysteriously finding out the peculiarities of the Moderators and Examiners under whose hands their pupils are doomed to pass, spend their lives in discovering which pages of a text-book a man ought to read, and which will not be likely to 'pay.' . . . But I hope that such a system may never be introduced here."

Before I consider the substance of the accusation thus urged, I will make some incidental observations. First, the word *mysterious* is applied in the former passage to the tutor, and the word *mysteriously* in the latter to his operations.

I am sure that the writer does not wish any unfavourable sense to be attached to these epithets, but it is quite possible that a reader ignorant of Cambridge might imagine that in the nature and occupation of a private tutor there is something hidden which ought to be revealed, some element of doubtful propriety or questionable honour. The fact is quite the contrary. The eminent private tutors enjoy the consideration due to their high character and ability. Indeed, there is scarcely a distinguished mathematician in the University who has not at some period been engaged in private tuition ; and it is almost as difficult to condemn a whole University as to draw up an indictment against a nation.

Next, there seems to me to be some inconsistency in the latter passage. The hope is expressed that such an evil system as that of *Coaches* may never be introduced into the Northern Universities ; but at the same time it is admitted that the unclean thing is there already, and indeed is known so intimately as to have acquired the name of *Grinder*.

Lastly, let me just notice the exaggeration involved in the phrase *spend their lives*, even if the occupation had been correctly described. It is a fact that private tutors, besides discharging their laborious duties and taking their share in the pressure of University business, do also attain at the same time to scientific eminence. It would be improper to refer to living examples ; I will therefore mention only one name which I am confident Professor Tait honours as highly as I do myself, that of the late W. Hopkins.

But I come to the substance of the passages, and it is, I hold, demonstrable that they give a very erroneous idea of the character of private tuition. They amount to the statement that private tutors mainly concern themselves with discovering the peculiarities of the persons by whom the attainments of the pupils will be tested. Let us turn to the facts. A youth on entering the University often places himself under a private tutor, and continues with him

for the whole undergraduate period, that is, for upwards of three years. Now, the two moderators, who are the most important members of the examining body, are not appointed until about half a year before the examination which they are to conduct. Thus, not one-sixth of the whole period of tuition could be available for the practice which is erroneously suggested as the main occupation of the tutor. Nor can it be maintained that although the moderators are not formally appointed, yet it may be known with certainty long beforehand who they will be; the contrary is the case. Not unfrequently applications are made in succession to various competent mathematicians before one is found willing to undertake the office. I know a person who has declined on five different occasions to act as moderator or examiner.

Moreover, in an examining body composed of four individuals, it may be reasonably conjectured that distinctive peculiarities will mutually balance and leave a good average result.

Again, if the peculiarities of a proximate examiner were known, I believe that a judicious private tutor would not attempt to guide his pupils by the knowledge, simply from the fact that such knowledge would not really determine the proper course to take. A peculiarity most generally consists in the special knowledge or preference of some department of the subject. It may happen that this is beyond the prescribed range of the examination, and then the peculiarity of course exerts no influence. But suppose the examiner's special pursuit is within the range of the examination, still, good sense and good taste will in the majority of cases keep him from rendering it unduly prominent; and should it be a little over-represented, yet on the other hand the greater familiarity of the examiner with what he has specially cultivated, tends to make him fix a higher standard of excellence, and so practically to diminish its influence.

Lastly, I may offer my own testimony. During my own course as an undergraduate, I never heard any remark from a private tutor as to the peculiarities of

the moderators and examiners; nor did I myself ever attempt to regulate my own course while engaged in private tuition by such a principle.

There may be faults in our system of teaching at Cambridge, and I fear there are, but I am confident that we cannot be justly charged with what would really be an attempt to evade the examiners instead of meeting them honestly.

I may remind my readers that I limit myself to the practice at the University of Cambridge. We must be careful not to accumulate in our criticisms on any one system the charges which may lie distributively against various systems. For instance, in some Universities the examiners hold office for a longer consecutive period than with us; such an arrangement has the advantage of giving more stability to the examination, or perhaps some might say that it has the disadvantage of causing more monotony. It would certainly give more opportunity for the investigation of specialities in the examiners than can exist at Cambridge.

I pass to another topic,—namely, to that which is introduced by the paragraph commencing thus: "In fact, examinations are usually a farce." The statement is very general, and one is tempted to suppose that *farce* ought to be changed to *tragedy*; the labour is often very severe to the examiner, and the result disastrous to the candidate.

But the statement is, I presume, meant to affirm that examinations do not secure the end at which they aim. I apprehend much ambiguity may occur in a discussion as to the success or failure of examinations by difference of opinion with respect to the end which is or which ought to be proposed. I do not stop to discuss the point, but will give an illustration to make my meaning clear. Take up a newspaper which is discharging an attack against the University, and you will probably find the assertion made that our modern high wranglers do not become eminent in after-life. The context will show

that by eminence the writer means distinction in professional or public life ; and he in fact implies, what seems to me indisputable, that we rarely or never witness now what was formerly a common phenomenon, the transformation of a high wrangler into an eminent physician, or judge, or bishop. The fact is that we have, I apprehend, gradually, half unconsciously, altered our aim from the training of men for after-life to the specific production of mathematicians ; the newspaper writer sees that we have relinquished our former design, and he cannot value or understand the latter. I am far from defending the change of plan ; it is sufficient for me to observe that the writer of the article apparently accepts as the proposed end of our examinations the appreciation of the merits of professional mathematicians, and holds that the end is not attained.

I cannot agree with Professor Tait. Let us assume that the aim of our whole system is to produce eminent mathematicians, and to evolve them annually in the order of merit ; then I maintain that the process is attended with conspicuous success. I will not affirm that the aim is the best that could be imagined, or that the result is obtained with economy of time, of labour, or of expense ; but the result certainly is obtained. The evidence is abundant. Take for example the Cambridge professoriate, which is described by the author, in conjunction with that of Oxford, as almost unequalled ; I should regard our own singly, and say it is quite unequalled. This is composed nearly exclusively of senior wranglers. In other places, how often do we find a Cambridge man justifying the honour which his own University conferred on him : Professor Tait himself is a memorable example. When I look at the Mathematical Tripos lists of the present generation, and compare the places there assigned with the careers of the men in after-life, instead of complaining that occasionally the original order has been subsequently changed,

I am surprised at the general accuracy of the judgment of the examiners.

Of course I admit that in some cases the world may have varied or reversed the judgment of our examiners, and I believe that I could supply a good explanation of these apparent anomalies. This brings me, however, to a point which is discussed in the article ; and, as before, I shall not dwell on those causes which Professor Tait indicates, as to which I agree with him, but take that which seems to me quite inadmissible, although he lays the main stress on it. The cause is exhibited thus :—" Why did X beat Y in such and such a year, Y being now one of the few great men living, and X unheard of ? The answer is too often of this kind : ' Why, don't you remember, old Z was Moderator, and set all his problems on quaternions (let us say), which Y had not got up ? ' "

Now, in the first place, I think that the imaginary case is put most extravagantly. I do not believe that there is any instance in which two men were in contact at the Senate House examination, and the lower has since reached the summit of distinction while the upper is unheard of. In the second place, the number of instances which this language suggests is vastly exaggerated. When we read that the answer is *too often* of a certain kind, we naturally infer that the answer is sometimes, or even often, of another kind, and that the aggregate number of cases in which the question may be proposed is indefinitely great. But, in sober fact, how many such cases are there ? The description of Y as one of the few great men now living may indeed suggest to a reader who balances the clauses that the phrase *too often* cannot be justified. I am confident that Professor Tait cannot produce more than three cases during the last forty years to which he would himself on reflection venture to apply his own words, and the propriety of the words even in these cases might be denied. In the third place, there has never been an instance during these forty years in which a moderator has constructed all

his problems, or even a portion of them, on the principles of any subject not well known to be included in the course. Lastly, by special consideration of the three cases in which alone the X and Y of Professor Tait could have played their parts, it becomes obvious that his explanation is factitious. One of these is not recent enough for Professor Tait to have any personal knowledge of the moderators of the period; I know one of them, and can assert that he is a man of sound judgment and discretion. In both the other cases I will say decidedly that it is vain to start the hypothesis of the eccentricity or unfairness of the moderators; they were well known to many still resident here, and were of undoubted judgment, experience, and ability.

At this point I will digress a little to speak of examiners. Professor Tait says that "in an unusually large experience, extending to each of the three kingdoms," he has met with but two good examiners, and he sees clearly how each even of these might be greatly improved. This mournful experience reminds us of the regret of the dying Hegel that only one person understood his philosophy, and even he did not understand it. My taste as to examiners must be far less fastidious than that of Professor Tait. My experience has been longer than his, and has, I believe, been far more intimately conversant with examinations, and the result is, that I have known only one examiner whom I should venture to call bad, and he might have been much worse. Perhaps I err on the side of charity, like the judge who maintained that all wine was good, though some might be better than the rest. With all respect to Professor Tait, I question whether his experience is particularly valuable as to the points now under consideration. He refers in particular to the Universities of London and of Cambridge; but he has never examined in either, nor has he to any appreciable extent sent pupils to be examined at those places. Perhaps his examination work has been chiefly that of his own pupils, and this may have

led him to think too lightly of the difficult position of an examiner who is fettered by official programmes or by strong tradition, and who has to make careful provision that all subjects shall be duly represented, and all modes of treatment adopted in various schools be regarded with impartial justice. The severest critics of our public examinations are generally those who do not themselves engage in the arduous and responsible duty.

It must be remembered that to frame questions is only a part of an examiner's duty; he has to inspect the answers and to arrange the candidates. Thus, before an examiner is blamed, some evidence should be brought forward to show that his arrangement is wrong, and therefore unjust; it is obvious that practically such evidence cannot be obtained in general; a tutor who has sent several pupils to the examination is the only person who is in a position fairly to criticise the examiner.

After this digression I will return with Professor Tait to the career of X and Y. We left them, it will be remembered, in a critical position; the villain of the story had intervened in the shape of Z—an unrighteous examiner—and, in consequence, vice, that is, ignorance, was triumphant, and virtue, that is, knowledge, was in distress. Behold, however, the future dispensation which is to rectify the irregularities of the present:—"To a certain extent this remedy is supplied in Cambridge by the Smith's Prize Examination (conducted by some of the very *élite* of living mathematicians), in which Y usually beats X hollow, and at the worst is bracketed equal with him." I will not stay to lament the very unsatisfactory adjustment which the *élite* of living mathematicians may sometimes effect, when they only bracket one of the few great men with a very ordinary person. I will only point out that the language is very exaggerated, and would completely mislead a stranger. A Smith's Prize Examination is held annually, and perhaps once in four or five years some change may be made by the Smith Prize Examiners in the list of the Senate

House. The cases, however, in which such a pair as X and Y are matched in contest are still rarer. As to "beating hollow," I doubt whether there is a single example of it in the present generation. Even if such a thing had happened, it was not very likely to be known on trustworthy information. The examination is not carried on before all the world, like a cricket match or a boat race : a simple notice in the shop of the University bookseller announces merely the persons to whom the prizes are awarded in the order of merit ; and the examiners are grave men of judicial character, not likely to invite any superfluous publicity. Let anyone, for example, try to imagine the serene philosopher who now sits in the chair of Newton, gratifying idle curiosity by sensational descriptions of a contest in which one man beats another hollow.

I now dismiss the episode of X, Y, and Z, which I have analysed into a fantastic romance.

Leaving, however, the particular example, and returning to general principles, I must say that I do not agree with Professor Tait as to the ameliorating influence of the Smith's Prizes Examination. I do not yield to him in admiration of the illustrious company by whom this examination is conducted, but I maintain that the result is disturbance rather than improvement. It would take too much space to discuss the causes now, so that I will confine myself to facts.

I say, in the first place, then, that the Smith's Prizes Examiners cannot be warranted to discover that merit which may have escaped the scrutiny of the Senate House Examiners. It is difficult to speak of recent cases, as our proximity to them may derange our judgment. Let me then allude to one example as to which there can be no error of parallax ; for mathematical works of the highest order attest in this case the genius of one who died too early to be personally known to the present generation. The Senate House Examiners in this case may have failed to recognize adequately the surpassing merit of the candidate ;

but then the Smith's Prizes Examiners were equally undiscerning, and with the less excuse, because the merit was precisely of that kind which they are assumed to be peculiarly qualified to detect and appreciate, and, moreover, they were by accident relieved from the contemplation of another splendour which might have thrown even the former into the shade.

But, in the second place, I assert that if the Smith's Prizes Examiners do alter the order established in the Senate House, the alteration is not necessarily a correction. The late W. Hopkins stated publicly that out of four cases during thirty years, in which the Smith's Prizes Examiners had reversed the decision of the Senate House, there was only one in which the change was satisfactory. I apprehend this testimony alone would be decisive on the point.

In the third place, however, I appeal to the opinion of the University itself, not as being unanimous on the subject, but as strongly inclining in the direction which I indicate. A few years since a body of the resident mathematicians, including all the Smith's Prizes Examiners, was appointed to consider the whole system of examination. A majority of this body came to the conclusion that "it is desirable that the Smith's Prizes be given in some way or other by the means of the Senate House Examination ;" in other words, that the special Smith's Prizes Examination was undesirable. The majority, it is true, was not large, but it was a majority, and it would have been very decided if the professors had not, naturally enough, voted unanimously in favour of their own examinations.

In leaving the subject I will just observe as a curious circumstance, that on some important occasions when the Smith's Prizes Examiners have changed the earlier decision, and have apparently had the sanction of public opinion, they were assisted by an eminent private tutor who was accidentally associated with them.

Perhaps the main difference between Professor Tait and myself lies in our views of the ratio which a professor bears

to a private tutor. He seems to me to assume the almost infinite superiority of the former to the latter. It would, perhaps, not be wrong to say that the principle of evil—*Cram*, in his language—consists in resorting to a private tutor instead of to a professor. Let us discuss the matter.

The term *professor* is one which is used with great elasticity: on the one hand, Newton was Lucasian Professor of Mathematics; on the other hand, the title is assumed by a vendor of pills and ointment, and by a teacher of calisthenics in a girls' school. Even if we disregard the extremes of the former elevation and the latter depression, it is obvious that the title expresses no absolute standard of ability or knowledge. In Cambridge the word implies eminence of most conspicuous order. There are men among us whom, taken singly, the University would not willingly exchange for the entire scientific staff of any other academic institution in England. Hence, too, naturally the class of men who stand next to our professors here may justly be said to be inferior only to them; like the thirty warriors of King David, who were of great renown, though inferior to the three mighty men. I say boldly that we have not a few resident private tutors and examiners who may fairly rank with the professors of any University in Britain. In Germany, there can be no doubt that such men would be appointed extraordinary professors; and there might be some advantage in imitating this arrangement at Cambridge.

However, let us proceed with our consideration of actual circumstances. It seems to be held in the article that all examinations ought to be conducted by a professor. I will not discuss the point fully, but only make a few observations. "Even kings die sometimes," a courtly tutor once admitted to his royal pupil; and it may not be quite blasphemous to suggest that even professors are human, and may err. For an example I will name Ivory, who was once a professor in a military college, and was undoubtedly a mathematician of great distinction,

and yet in later life he was allowed to disfigure the *Philosophical Transactions* with a mass of blunders and eccentricities. The example is doubly instructive, in showing first that there is a proclivity to error in even the greatest men; and secondly, that the machinery for checking such extravagances is inadequate, for here the first scientific society in England rather encouraged than restrained them.

Again, we must remember that there have been such things as controversies between professors, where each disputant has persisted in maintaining his own opinion. It is sufficient to observe that in such a case one of them must be wrong, and that a candidate who appears before them for examination, unless he is very lucky or very dexterous, will probably be a confessor or martyr in the cause of truth at the hands of one or the other professor.

Finally, let me observe, that if we have permanent examiners constantly occupied in the work, we do encounter the risk which the article considers so serious; namely, that of a scrutiny of the peculiarities of the examiner rather than a study of the principles of the subject. On the present system an examiner may flit like a meteor across the academic firmament, emerging from obscurity only to sink into it again; but a permanent professorial examiner would shine like a fixed star, so called, and his proper motion could be clearly observed and catalogued.

Whatever may be the evils in our examination system, I feel assured that they cannot be conjured away by any magic existing in the term "professor."

As I hold that the distinguished writer to whose opinion I am inviting attention over-estimates somewhat the mission of a professor, so I hold also that he depreciates that of a private tutor. Some persons seem to regard private tutors as we used to be taught to regard the Greek Sophists before their character had been investigated by Lewes and Grote; so that a private tutor might be held to be a teacher who for reward corrupted the intellects of

youth. It would be more accurate to compare the private tutor with the venerable Socrates himself. The business of the private tutor is not to supply his pupils with a spurious counterfeit of knowledge, but to ascertain that the reality itself is acquired; to expose ignorance by unsparing cross-examination, and to discourage idleness by incessant exhortation. While engaged in the work in former years, after teasing some huge strong pupil with questions and warnings, I have often reflected on the kind arrangement of Providence which made such great creatures so good-tempered.

There is of course no antagonism at Cambridge between the professors and the private tutors. Professorial lectures are not very numerous. Speaking generally, each professor gives one course annually on the same subject. Hence there is an absolute need of a very large amount of supplementary teaching. The private tutors usually recommend their more advanced pupils to attend the lectures of the professors; and as these lectures are not of an elementary character, they are unsuitable for the inferior students.

One great peculiarity of private tuition should, I think, recommend it to the author of the article on "Artificial Selection;" I mean this, that it illustrates in a striking manner what may be called the principle of *Natural Selection*. The problem of the best method of appointing professors cannot be said to be fully solved: experience shows that there are objections to all the methods which have been tried; that is to say, there is no absolute certainty that we shall obtain in any case the man of greatest power and attainments. Local influence may turn the scale when two candidates are nearly equal, or may absolutely pervert it when the candidates are really unequal. But the private tutor gains pupils neither by accident nor by favour, but by the sole recommendation of his ability to teach. Many enter on the occupation; comparatively few attain eminence: these, I presume, exemplify the law of the survival of the fittest.

But I must hasten to the close, and will therefore only allude briefly to some isolated topics.

The article refers to cases where, to prevent copying, two papers are drawn up in the same elementary subject, paper A being given to the 1st, 3rd, &c. on each bench, paper B to the 2nd, 4th, &c.; and where, in consequence of this arrangement, some men were rejected who would have passed, or passed who would have been rejected, if the papers had been exchanged. Then we read, "When this is possible, where is the chance of a fair examination?"

Surely this is magnifying a mere triviality into exorbitant importance. This system of examination is never employed at Cambridge in the contest for honours, but only in the most ordinary and unimportant examinations on elementary subjects, where a large crowd of undergraduates has to be submitted to some rude test. Moreover, the most remarkable ingenuity is exercised, at least at the present time, to make the two papers A and B of equivalent character and difficulty. Then, although it is of course quite possible that when a candidate is just at the level which is the boundary between acceptance and rejection a difference in the paper may affect his fate, yet it is not easy to see how this can be confidently affirmed to have happened in any specified case. Finally, it is no objection to such a mode of examination that there should be this element of precariousness in it: if the men were distributed into various rooms, so that the same paper could be given to all, two or more examiners would have to be employed, and it would be quite possible for them to vary by a shade or two in estimating the darkness of an ignorant candidate. Even if there were only a single examiner, as he could not sink to the uniformity of a machine, there might be some fluctuation in the course of the proceedings; one might be taken and another rejected, when there was really no appreciable difference. But the examination may

nevertheless be substantially just, in spite of such minute inequalities as must arise by chance in every human transaction. Experience in conducting large examinations shows me, for instance, a matter which may seem at first sight quite insignificant, but is really of far more consequence than the distinction between A and B papers: I mean a comfortable or uncomfortable position in an examination room. One lucky candidate may have a quiet station with good light; another may be tormented by the heat of a fire or by the cold of a draught, or he may be distracted by the perpetual passage of the attendants to supply pens and paper.

Let me now direct attention to a more important matter involved in the following statement:—"A man who answers correctly, according to modern knowledge, questions in Heat or Electricity, is almost sure to be plucked, unless his examiner be one of the few men who are aware that on these subjects almost all our text-books have been, till within a very few years, grossly incorrect." I sincerely hope I misunderstand this very serious accusation; it seems to me to assert that candidates are often plucked because the examiners are ignorant of the subject on which they have to examine. I do not know to what examining body the charge is intended to apply: it cannot hold with respect to Cambridge, since the subjects named have been expressly withdrawn from our examinations for more than twenty years. I venture to think that Professor Tait would make a good use of the position he occupies if he would privately draw the attention of the proper authorities to the matter whenever the ignorance of the examiner can be established or even fairly suspected.

Again, I read in a note: "Even in the 'model' University of London I have known steps to the relatively high degree of Doctor of Science to be secured by a hurried glance at the special 'points' in the text-books published by some of those whom the candidate found appointed as his examiners."

On this passage I will make two

remarks. First, what is here said to be *known* must, I think, be matter of conjecture rather than of certainty; for the only decisive evidence would be the statement of the examiners themselves, and from the nature of the case this could scarcely be obtained. Those who are practically conversant with examinations know that there is often a wide discrepancy between the estimates formed by the candidate and by the examiner of the merit of a particular effort; and, moreover, hurried glances at special points are apt to result in very unsatisfactory descriptions of what ought to have been seen.

Secondly, as Professor Tait has stated that his illustrations are drawn mainly from mathematics and physics, I should be glad to know whether the above note bears in any way on mathematics. As I have myself been an examiner in mathematics in the University of London, I think it right to mention that during my tenure of office the degree of Doctor of Science was never granted in the subjects with which I was concerned; nor, in fact, was I ever required to give an opinion as to the merits of a candidate.

As I said at the beginning, so I repeat at the end, although I have on minor points recorded my dissent from the remarks of Professor Tait, yet I hope that we are in harmony on essentials. I believe we agree in deprecating the excessive waste of that strength on elaborate examinations which ought to be carefully expended in learning and teaching. I fear that in Cambridge the evil has lately been aggravated, and I will finish by briefly alluding to our present condition.

The arrangements for the mathematical examinations have recently been revised; the matter was long discussed, and there was much difference of opinion. Some of us earnestly desired an increase in the amount and extent of professorial teaching in pure and mixed mathematics, and a diminution of the range and intensity of the fierce competitive struggles. But we did not obtain what we desired; the scheme finally adopted, by a small

majority, was precisely of the contrary character. I am, however, bound to admit that this scheme was supported by very high authority: the recommendations were signed by six professors, and by some of the most popular private tutors.

I remember being informed at the time, in the course of the public discussion, that the scheme had also received the emphatic approbation of some distinguished professors in the Scotch Universities, and I pointed out that there seemed to be some inconsistency, inasmuch as these professors supplied to their own pupils extensive and continuous instruction, while for our students they prescribed overwhelming examinations.

To justify the epithet which I have just affixed to our future examinations, I will sketch the process by which the comparative merit of our high wranglers is to be ascertained.

The examination is to range over the entire domain of pure and mixed mathematics, with the single exception of quaternions; according to the schedule there are thirty-seven subjects, almost every one of which might supply the matter for an extensive treatise.

The candidates are to be for four days in the hands of four examiners; then a short interval is allowed, and the examiners return to their work for five more days, being now assisted by a colleague. Another interval is allowed, and the candidates appear before the four Smith's Prizes Examiners during as many days. Each candidate is thus to be tested during *thirteen* days by *nine* examiners.

Such is the scheme, which seems to me conspicuous for the burden which it imposes, and the waste of energy which it encourages. The only hope is, that the skill and experience of those who have to administer the scheme will mitigate the certain evils and secure the doubtful benefits.

I fear I am like the clergymen who, after having gone through their *lastly*, *finally*, and *to conclude*, still desire to

find room for an *application*. Mine shall be twofold.

In the first place, if I have carried my readers with me in what I hope has been a temperate remonstrance against the statements and the opinions with respect to Cambridge which have been advanced in the article on "Artificial Selection," I may leave them to exercise a proper amount of watchfulness as to the other parts of the article, so as to guard against the aberration which may occasionally have been caused by the bright fancy and the warm feeling of the author.

In the second place, it is obvious that in discussing the general question of competitive examinations we must cultivate sobriety of language and impartiality of judgment. We may protest against the dangers which accompany these institutions, especially the perversion of them from the occasional exercise of youth to the absorbing occupation of manhood; but the possible and even the actual abuses must not blind us to the great benefits which have been produced. Many idle pupils have been stimulated to exertion, and some languid teachers encouraged to zeal. The self-denial, the systematic application, and the habit of struggling with difficulties, which may be learned by preparation for examinations, cannot fail to be of service when the energy that was once devoted to schoolboy contests shall be employed in the serious occupations of life. Moreover, it is surely a great advantage to have withdrawn the disposal of many introductory appointments from mere patronage, always capricious and sometimes partial, and to have made it depend on a system which is substantially uniform and just. And above all, when we criticise the process and the results of competitive examinations, we must remember that the schemes have been devised by men whose object was noble and whose motives were pure, and are administered with unassailable integrity and ability.

I. TODHUNTER.

BELGIAN QUESTIONS.

Good often comes of evil; and if M. Thiers had persisted in his foolish and vexatious passport regulations, it would probably have had the effect of leading a considerable number of English travellers to turn from France to other parts of Europe. Considering the ties which bind Belgium to England, or, as some might perhaps be disposed to put it, which bind England to Belgium; its nearness to our shores; the ease, comfort, and cheapness with which, owing to an excellent railway system and the compactness of the kingdom, all parts of it can be visited in a brief holiday; and considering moreover the natural attractions of the country, it is surprising that it is not a more favourite resort of English tourists. There is no place where a little holiday of a week or ten days, or even two or three days, can be spent more profitably and agreeably than in a run through Belgium. It is true that a great many of our countrymen pass through it every year, but they are generally hurrying elsewhere, and have time for little more than a day in Brussels, a gallop to Waterloo, and perhaps a flying glimpse of Bruges, Ghent, or Antwerp. The impression which many of them bring away is that the beer is very bad, and that though Belgium has some picturesque nooks, it is, on the whole, rather a fat, flat, dull country, conspicuously peopled with priests in natty beavers, and by sisters of charity carrying as much stiff sail as an old three-decker in a good wind. For those, however, who care to look for it, Belgium presents within its modest limits a variety of interesting scenery. The Pays de Waes, a rich garden, sprinkled with bright, lively little villages; the green meadows of the polders; the grey wastes of the Campine, spotted here and there with patches of startling verdure; wooded landscapes in the English style, with fields, plantations, farms, and country seats mixed up together; prim old chateaus, with pepper-box turrets and steep tiled

roofs, sharp and pointed, peeping from coppices of firs or alders; the wild Ardennes, in the recesses of whose forests the wolf and the boar are still to be met with; the soft, winding valley of the Meuse, with its steep cliffs of limestone and basalt, covered with hanging woods or festooned with luxuriant creepers, its ancient castles and monasteries perched on eminences overlooking a wide sweep of level country, and its quaint, easy-going towns and villages, some of them, like Dinant, seeming to squeeze themselves with old-fashioned politeness against the wall of rock, to leave room between it and the river for the traveller to pass; the old Flemish cities, with their romantic history and architecture; the "black country," with its flashing furnaces and chimneys:—here is an abundant variety to please all tastes, and to give the zest of novelty and changing scene to a short and easy trip. For professed pleasure-seekers there is cheery Spa or more secluded Chaudefontaine. It would be absurd to rank Brussels with Paris, but it has a charm of its own; and Ostend and Blankenberghe, though they have no pretensions to rival Trouville or Biarritz, have other recommendations for those who like a quiet life. The scenery of the Meuse, if on a smaller scale than the Rhine, is in some respects more pleasing, perhaps because one expects less and finds more. A tourist who has a turn for geology can study the physical changes still in progress on the Belgian coast, which in some parts is rising and in others falling, so that from Nieuport to the mouth of the Scheldt the sea is gaining on the land, while southward to the Pas de Calais it is receding. Just now, when a revolution is evidently impending in British agriculture, and the profitable cultivation of wheat is becoming hopeless in competition with America, Hungary, and the vast plains of eastern Europe, the minute market-gardening of

Belgium is full of lessons for the farmer ; and political economists might also find it useful to study the question of peasant proprietors on the spot. But it is above all to the political student that Belgium is at the present moment especially interesting. There is no other country in which the two great problems of the age—the destiny of small states, and the relations between religion and civil government—are being worked out in a more striking and instructive manner than in Belgium. Of course, in political matters it is very little that a hurried traveller can learn with his own eyes and ears, and he is perhaps more likely to be misled than enlightened if he trusts too much to his own necessarily superficial observations. On the other hand, a personal visit helps to give vividness and reality to what would otherwise be little more than empty names. With a few exceptions Belgian statesmen are little known beyond the limits of their own country, and from a distance some of their controversies are apt to present the appearance of small parish politics. Nothing can be more uninteresting at first sight than a page of debate in the Chamber or a column of petty local news. Yet it is perhaps hardly going too far to say that Belgium, in its quiet way, is doing more, just now, for the permanent settlement of more than one great European difficulty than France or Germany.

The first thing that Belgium has to think of is, of course, its means of defence against external dangers. The late Emperor of the French once remarked that the greatness of a country depended on the number of soldiers whom it mustered under its flag. From this point of view Belgium does not aspire to rank among the great Powers of Europe ; but it has an army which is more than respectable in numbers and equipment, and which is a really formidable body for purposes of defence, when the fortifications in connection with which it is intended to operate are taken into account. The Belgian army on a peace footing does not exceed 41,000 men, but during the late war nearly 100,000 men were called out to defend the neutrality of the country. The troops are armed with an excellent

rifle, and the artillery is provided with guns of the best Prussian type.

The military position of Belgium is of course essentially defensive. Antwerp, which is now perhaps the strongest place in Europe, not excepting Metz or Ehrenbreitstein, supplies an impregnable base for strategical operations. The old fortifications have been pulled down and reconstructed on an improved and more extensive scale, according to plans prepared by Colonel Brialmont, the eminent engineer. The armament includes more than 4,000 guns, with ammunition enough to sustain a protracted siege. The Scheldt is well defended by forts, and on this side the country can be inundated and made quite impassable. All the *matériel* is kept in such readiness that when the order was given the year before last to place Antwerp in a state of defence, the forts of the outer line, or entrenched camp, were all armed in a few days. The equipment of the Army of Observation, ammunition trains, ambulances, &c., was also ready as soon as war was declared. These powerful fortifications, with the minor works on the Meuse, allow great liberty of action to the army, which can manœuvre on the frontiers with a strong position, easy of access by railway, to fall back upon at pleasure. At one time the project of fortifying Antwerp was regarded with much dislike by a portion of the inhabitants, who feared that the town would be cooped up within its military walls, and that its commercial prosperity would be sacrificed to its strategical strength. Experience has falsified these apprehensions. Thanks to free-trade, the trade of Antwerp has enormously increased ; the ground upon which the old fortifications stood has been sold at high prices, and is now being covered with houses ; and it is probable that within a few years Antwerp will have doubled its population. In the opinion of some English economists it is a mistake for Belgium to attempt to defend herself. "If I were King of the Belgians," Mr. Cobden once wrote, "and wished to transmit the crown to my descendants, I would keep on foot an army of only a few thousand men for the purposes of internal police, and rely on moral

force alone as the security of my throne." Perhaps the best comment on this advice is supplied by the fact that it was anticipated by Talleyrand, who—having, as is now known, made up his mind that Belgium ought to be a French province—strongly urged King Leopold when he accepted the throne not to think of wasting money on an army. That shrewd sovereign thanked the diplomatist warmly for his advice, but was careful not to follow it. It may be doubted whether moral force would have availed to prevent an irruption of French troops after Sedan, if the Belgians had not been mustered in force on their own frontier. It is tolerably certain that but for the ability and readiness of the Belgians to defend themselves their territory would then have been invaded. It appears, indeed, that secret instructions to that effect had been given to some at least of the French troops. If war were to break out again between France and Germany, as the pass of the Vosges is now in the hands of the latter, the French would have only one way open to them in order to get at Germany, and that would be between the Sambre and the Meuse. M. Thiers hinted as much very plainly at Versailles a few months since. The treaty which guarantees the independence of Belgium binds her to observe absolute neutrality towards all other states; but recent experience has shown that neutrality may be an onerous and costly burden. The extraordinary expenses incurred in putting the Belgian army in the field the year before last, in order that the country might be enabled to fulfil its obligations as a neutral, amounted to 32,000,000 francs.

Nothing can be more instructive than a comparison between the history of France and of Belgium since 1830, when each made a fresh start with a new king and a reformed constitution. Two revolutions and a *coup d'état*, the overthrow and exile of a couple of dynasties, a bourgeois monarchy, a revival of the Empire, and two Republics, make up the melancholy experience of France; and it is impossible to say what fresh changes may not be forthcoming within a few weeks or months. In Belgium, Leopold I. reigned in peace and honour till his death, leaving his

throne a secure heritage to his successor; and although there is no country in which political feeling is more intense, or in which more "burning" questions are constantly agitated, the internal order of Belgium has for many years never been threatened by anything more serious than a shouting mob. The history of Belgium during the last forty years has been in fact exactly the converse of that of France, and each helps to explain the other. Louis Philippe fell because he trusted to the support of a particular class, who deserted him in the hour of need, and who, even if they had stood firm, could not have made head against the wave of popular discontent which had been dammed up too long. The late Emperor, warned by the fate of his predecessor, endeavoured to govern by bribing parties all round to keep the peace; but the Empire was never more than a truce, and the truce was of course dissolved as soon as the different parties grew tired of standing still under a common despotism. The value of a constitutional system is that it allows free scope for the natural friction and rivalry of political parties; it provides a ring, as it were, in which the combatants can wrestle as much as they please, on condition that they keep their hands from each other's throats. The contest is a trial of strength, not a duel to the death, and it may be continually renewed without danger to the State, or any result more serious than a change in the Ministry of the day. Belgium has had the advantage of this settled order, and, notwithstanding its diverse nationalities and the embittered strife between clericals and anti-clericals, it has escaped the revolutionary excesses and reactions which have brought France so low. In 1846 Louis Philippe was so distressed at the prospect of a tumult in his son-in-law's kingdom that he could not help thinking of it even when in council with his own Ministers. "It is," he said in a letter to Leopold at this time, "at the Council table that I write to you. Your letters and all that I hear about the situation in Belgium ferment in my head, on account of my old experience and the revolutionary storms which have passed under my eyes. It is especially that assembly of delegates from

Belgian Associations which is about to meet at Brussels that disturbs me. It reminds me of nothing less than the Commune of Paris in 1792." His advice was to crush the movement in the bud; but King Leopold, wiser in his generation, not only allowed the Liberal Congress to meet and talk and settle its programme, but, when it appeared that it had the support of the country, he did not hesitate to admit into the Ministry the dangerous agitators whom the French King had entreated him to proscribe. Two years later Louis Philippe was a fugitive in England, while the revolutionary shock which about this time sent a quiver through most parts of Europe never reached Belgium at all. Indeed, there was nothing which disturbed the Belgians so much as the fear that their King might perhaps get tired of reigning, and abdicate of his own accord.

Leopold II. has been careful to walk in his father's steps, and by his prudent, patriotic, and statesmanlike conduct, has confirmed the loyal attachment of his subjects. In the recent crisis arising out of the Langrand-Dumonceau disturbances, he succeeded with remarkable tact and temper in piloting the country through an awkward situation, which might with a little mismanagement easily have become a dangerous one. It is known that the explosive force of gunpowder depends on the space within which it is confined, and that a considerable quantity of loose powder may be flashed off harmlessly in the open air. Political explosives are subject to similar conditions. It is significant that the International Association, which has caused so much anxiety in France, appears to have broken down in its efforts to establish itself in Belgium. It had at one time some influence at Ghent and in the province of Hainault, but it is now stated to have rapidly declined, and it is only at Verviers, where there is a considerable number of foreign workmen, that it meets with any support. It was let alone, and has dwindled down, as in England, to the mere shadow of a name.

It would appear that Belgium, the old "cockpit of Europe," has now become the stage of another great and portentous struggle,—a struggle which is certainly

not confined to that country, but which is there carried on with exceptional freedom and openness, and in a peculiar manner. "Liberté en tous et pour tous," the broad basis of the Belgian constitution, includes the absolute liberty and equality of all religions, separation between Church and State, and an unlimited right of meeting, discussion, and association. The Church has not been slow to perceive the use which might be made of these advantages, and is now fighting the Liberals with their own weapons. The consequence is, that some of the latter are beginning to be alarmed lest the Constitution should prove to be too free for the preservation of freedom. It may be admitted that the situation is a serious one, and that the forebodings of the Liberals are not without foundation. It is known that the clerical party would enforce the doctrines of the Syllabus to the uttermost if they had the power to do so; and they will no doubt use their victories to push the political pretensions of the Church as far as possible. This party, inspired by fanatical zeal, is led by able, enthusiastic, and, in the worldly sense, unscrupulous men, and is provided with enormous resources, in the shape both of spiritual influence and material wealth. At first sight it appears to be altogether an unequal match. M. Prevost-Paradol, in one of his essays, has drawn a graphic picture of the material proofs of the intense life and renewed activity of the Catholic Church in the French provinces. Wherever you go you find that the buildings which attract attention by their importance, their massive size, and apparent wealth, have been established for clerical purposes. It is the palace of the bishop, or the general seminary—a special school for raising priests—or the lower seminary, which is a priestly school for common education, or it is one of the daily increasing multitude of convents. The signs which may be observed in France are still more conspicuous in Belgium. There are probably not less than two thousand convents and twenty-five or thirty thousand members of religious societies in a kingdom the area of which is only about one-eighth of that of Great Britain, with a population

of some five millions. There is a convent in almost every commune, and some of the large towns have twenty or thirty.¹ By a dexterous and systematic evasion of the law, the religious houses have secretly acquired large domains; they naturally exercise great influence over the peasants and others, who are practically, if not avowedly, their tenants, over the tradespeople to whom they are liberal customers, over the children whom they educate, and over the vast tribe of dependants and hangers-on who are attracted round these establishments. The common schools of the State are to a great extent in the hands of the priesthood. The colleges of the Jesuits have more pupils than the royal athenæums, while the Catholic University at Louvain has twice as many students as the two universities of the State put together. There are clerical newspapers, and shoals of publications for circulation among all classes of society; and even in considerable towns there is sometimes a difficulty in finding a bookseller who has anything on his shelves except prayer-books and legends of the saints, images, and crosses.

Everything is done to attract the faithful, and it requires a stout heart to brave the denunciations and persecutions which fall upon any who dare to set themselves against the clergy. The organization of the system is complete, the discipline of the forces perfect. Religious and electoral associations are closely interwoven; meetings are held, and the priests are perpetually canvassing. Cavour's idea of a free Church in a free State has been practically realized in Belgium; and this is the result. We can hardly wonder that Belgian Liberals are sometimes tempted to despond when they survey this vast, ceaselessly active, and highly organized array. A little reflection, however, might restore their spirits and revive their hopes. In the first place, the power of the clergy in Belgium has always been considerable. They were supposed to have had a large share in bringing about the movement

which led to the independence of Belgium, and they took care when the Constitution was framed to secure not only their own independence but a subsidy from the State. According to the last religious census, the Catholics were to other communions as 400 to 1; and it is only natural that in a country which is so exclusively Catholic the priesthood should be a political power. Yet we find that all their influence and authority have not enabled them to command a steady majority in the Chamber, or to keep the Liberals out of office. It is interesting to observe the succession of Cabinets since the foundation of the kingdom. The Treaty of the Eighteen Articles, which settled the crown on Leopold I., was carried by a Liberal Government, which, having accomplished this duty, immediately resigned. The Catholics next held office for a year; then the Liberals for two years; the Catholics for five years; the Liberals for another year; and the Catholics for three years. In 1843 there was a Coalition Government, which had the support of the Catholic majority. This arrangement, with some personal changes, lasted till 1846, when the Coalition Cabinet was replaced by one composed exclusively of Catholics, which remained in power only for some months. In 1847 the Liberals succeeded in establishing an Administration which held its ground for seven years. This was the Cabinet that had its origin in the congress of delegates which Louis Philippe would have suppressed by armed force, but which Leopold had the prudence to let alone. Its long tenure of office proved the wisdom of this course and the satisfaction of the nation. In 1854 the Catholics once more found themselves in authority, but they were ousted in 1857 by a Liberal Ministry which existed down to 1869. Again the Catholics took their turn, and they are still in power, the recent change of Ministers in consequence of the agitation on account of the Langrand-Dumonceau companies, having been only a change of persons, not of policy. It appears, therefore, that the Liberals have been in office for more than half the time during which the Constitution has been in force. Moreover, it should be observed that any at-

¹ Those who wish to study the political and social condition of Belgium more in detail should read M. de Laveleye's eloquent and interesting Essays, to which we are indebted for some of these figures.

tempt on the part of a "pure Catholic" Government to force its views upon the towns has invariably been followed by a reaction against it, and by an increase of strength to the Liberal party; and there is no reason to suppose that this would not be the result if the present Ministry should be so unwise as to push matters to extremities. It is true that a change has of late come over the spirit of the leaders of the Catholic party, and that they are more daring and intolerant than they used to be. Driven successively from its old supremacy in Austria, Italy, and Spain, confronted by Prince Bismarck in Germany, and by the revolution still smouldering in France, the Papacy is now endeavouring to construct for itself a stronghold on the free soil of Belgium. There it is storing up its treasures, drilling its recruits, marshalling its reserves. It may be true, as has been asserted, that the greater part of the kingdom is now a freehold of Rome; but the freeholder has still to reckon with the population, and painful experience can hardly fail to have warned him that the safety of his property depends on the goodwill of the inhabitants. Instead of being alarmed at the vast estates and accumulated capital of the Catholic Church in Belgium, the Liberals might more reasonably regard them as a pledge of good behaviour. A body which is bound over in such heavy bail to keep the peace may be expected to think twice before exasperating its opponents by extreme measures. The clergy must be well aware that a confiscation of the goods of the Church has usually been the result of provoking a popular outbreak. It is in itself an enormous advantage to the cause of political freedom that the fanatical upholders of the Divine Right of the Church should occasionally hold office under a constitutional system; it must tend to temper their violence, to inculcate caution, conciliation, and the virtues of compromise. It was natural, perhaps, that the Catholics, who had so long been in opposition, should be somewhat violent at first when they came into power in 1869; but already the beneficial influence of ministerial experience has been shown in the moderation of the party. The Government has found itself precluded from rushing to the rescue

of the Pope, and the Belgian Ambassador in Italy has followed the King from Florence to Rome.

The Belgian Liberals, who are now asking themselves whether freedom in its fullest cause can safely be allowed to the Church, would do well to remember that the object of a free constitution is not necessarily to secure the ascendancy of the Liberal party. The value of a constitution consists in giving free expression to the opinions and desires of the majority of the people. The Constitution should fit the nation as a coat fits the man who wears it; and it would be an unmistakable proof that there was something faulty in the Belgian Constitution if it prevented the Church, to which all but a small minority of the people adhere, from exercising a large and even a paramount influence in the administration of affairs. The Liberals would do well to imitate the Church in making the most of the freedom of action which is allowed by the Constitution. Education is freely thrown open to private enterprise; Catholics and Liberals have each a University and schools of their own, maintained at their own expense and under their own control; and it is for the Liberals to prove that they are as much in earnest as the Catholics, and willing to make equal sacrifices in order to provide the best teaching for the people. In speaking of Catholics and Liberals as the two great parties in the State, we have followed the Belgian usage; but the classification is perhaps in some degree misleading, as the Liberals are for the most part Catholics in faith, although they repudiate the political pretensions of the Church. Between the Ultramontanes, who believe in the Syllabus as their gospel, and the equally rabid Freemasons, who bind themselves over to renounce all religious rites and to have nothing to do with the ministers of any religion, there is a large body of sober, moderate, sensible men, who maintain the equilibrium of the country, and throw their weight against the side which for the moment seems to be over-balancing the ship. It would perhaps be well for the progress of orderly freedom and the securities of peace if there were more Belgians in Europe. J. H. FYFE.

THE DILKE DEBATE AND ITS LESSONS.

ON Tuesday, March 19th, 1872, occurred one of those scenes in the House of Commons which, when calmly and soberly reviewed, must lead even that august assembly to entertain some remote doubts of its own perfection. The circumstances may be briefly recounted, and a practical lesson deduced from the recital. Upon the eventful evening in question, Sir Charles Dilke had secured the first place on the "Notice Paper," and had announced his intention of diving into the mysteries of the "Civil List." As this gentleman had obtained a somewhat unenviable notoriety during the recess by a speech at Newcastle, which to the majority of mankind seemed to have been singularly ill-timed and misplaced, and as that speech appeared inseparably connected with the subject which he was about to bring under the notice of the "House," more than usual interest attached to his notice of motion. It was thought by some persons that an opportunity would be taken by the youthful Baronet to correct possible misrepresentations as to certain points in that speech, to retract statements made in error, and to show that the attacks so freely directed against him had been at least in some measure undeserved. But whether this line or that of justifying his previous assertions would be the one adopted, certain it is that the motion secured a full House, and that the "Strangers' Gallery" and the "Ladies' Gallery" equally gave evidence of the interest taken in the forthcoming debate. Accordingly Sir Charles had the satisfaction of addressing a large audience; and although there was a decided manifestation of disapproval from the Opposition on his rising, and only a very faint cheer from those in his immediate vicinity, yet it must be admitted that for the space of nearly two hours the

House listened to his oration with a patience which must be termed exemplary. It is not part of our duty to-day to describe either the matter or the manner of that oration. It may, however, be permissible to remark that Sir Charles Dilke cannot be reckoned among the first rank of parliamentary orators, and that the matter of his speech was certainly unpalatable to the great majority of his hearers. They listened, however, to the end, with far less interruption than has often been given to a speech containing much less that was decidedly disagreeable to the listeners, and towards the hour of seven Sir Charles resumed his seat. He was followed by the Prime Minister, who criticised his statements with close severity, accused him of inaccuracy and carelessness in several of them, and, after pointing out the connection in men's minds between the Newcastle speech and the motion, concluded by saying that, having regard to that connection, the House would probably be disposed to negative the motion, even without further debate. There was nothing the House desired more. It is probable that, justly or unjustly, nine-tenths of the House held the opinion that to negative the motion without further discussion would be the best—perhaps the only way in which they could show their disapproval of the doctrines broached at Newcastle, and their affectionate loyalty for their Sovereign. At all events, Mr. Gladstone's speech was cheered from first to last, and there can be no doubt that the House—if they had had the power to do so—would have passed to a division at once, and the matter would have come to an inglorious, though not generally unsatisfactory, termination. The Fates, however, forbade any such peaceful result. Mr. Auberon Herbert rose to

address the House, and it soon became evident that he intended to persevere. The whole of the Opposition, and no inconsiderable number of the Liberals, appeared to be united in their efforts to prevent his being heard. Ministers remained calmly upon their bench, but, with the exception of the Speaker's chair, this and the front Opposition bench were the only places upon which the semblance of calmness was to be found. The outcries, hootings, and howlings which ensued have been described in the "usual channels of information," and need not be here recapitulated. Still Mr. Herbert persevered. An hon. member moved that the House be counted, the motion having been preceded by the outward rush of some two hundred members. But Ministers maintained their seats, and a sufficient number of Liberals remained to render futile four similar attempts, each of which evidently strained the rules of the House, but which the Speaker was powerless to stop. Presently Lord Eustace Cecil called the Speaker's attention to the fact that there were "strangers" present. However, the Speaker, naturally anxious to avoid the clearing of the galleries, quietly ignored the remark, and it was not until Lord George Hamilton rose and pointedly called his attention to the same thing that he felt obliged to order the galleries to be cleared. Mr. Herbert, however, apparently having his speech carefully written out, cared little for the absence of "strangers," and still persevered in his determination to be heard. Mr. Dodson took umbrage at a sound as of cock-crowing, and asked the Speaker if it was in order, to which the Speaker replied "No," and added that the disturbance gave him "very great pain." Still no perceptible effect was produced; an arrangement was openly made with Mr. Herbert across the "floor of the House" to "give him five minutes more," to which that gentleman assented, but, being somewhat interrupted, insisted upon "more time" still, to the great indignation of his hearers, especially Mr. Headlam, who sat on the opposite

bench with his watch in his hand pointing in great indignation to the infraction of the bargain. At last this scene, like all other things, came to an end, and after a grandiloquent rebuke to the House from Mr. Mundella, a division upon the adjournment, the re-admission of reporters, and a speech from Mr. Fawcett, who deemed it necessary to explain why he did not agree with his friend Sir Charles Dilke, the House divided, and the Chelsea Baronet found himself with two supporters.

This is as fair and accurate an account of the proceedings of the 19th March as we are able to give, and the lessons to be learned are not far to seek. Of course, it is easy to condemn the offending members of the House as having behaved like noisy schoolboys, and degraded the dignity of "the first Legislative Assembly in the world." It is easy, moreover, to say that the cause which they had at heart—the cause of the Monarchy and Constitution of the country—would have been better served by a strict abstinence from anything approximating to oppression on the part of the majority; that Mr. Herbert's theories would have had far less effect upon the ignorant and discontented, if they had been listened to with calm dignity, and refuted by argument, instead of being encountered with rude and unintelligible noises; and that Republican views, if they are ever to obtain sympathy in England, are more likely to do so when their advocates are able to say, with apparent truth, that their opponents are afraid to meet them with quiet and reasonable discussion. We all know that persecuted Error is the next strongest thing in the world to persecuted Truth, and that if you want to make a man and his views popular, the surest way to do so is to make him a martyr, and a martyr in consequence of his advocacy of those views.

Nor is it difficult to take another line altogether, and to partially excuse the House of Commons on the ground of the peculiarity of the circumstances. The subject was one into which inquiry at the moment and at the bidding of the

particular individual who asked it, would have signified in the eyes of the public much more than was conveyed by the mere words of the motion. The Prime Minister had deprecated further debate—there was really little more to say upon the subject; and, after hearing one gentleman of Republican proclivities for nearly two hours, the indisposition to hear another was exceedingly natural. Then, Mr. Auberon Herbert, though exceedingly amiable in private life, had hardly yet attained to high parliamentary position, at all events not to such position as should have entitled him to set himself against the almost unanimous feeling of the House; and without wishing to detract aught from his merits as a man, there was probably a general feeling that, as a senator, he was not likely to throw much additional light upon the subject. Moreover, Mr. Herbert had recently somewhat offended the good taste of the House (which is extremely fastidious in such matters) by stepping in, as an English member, with an amendment to the Scotch Education Bill, which Scotch members did not want; and besides, he rose on the present occasion with notes for a speech so large in their shape, and apparently voluminous in their nature, that the House was evidently apprehensive that two hours might turn out to be the normal limit of Republican orators, and shuddered accordingly. Last, not least, the magic hour of dinner was rapidly approaching, and, considering that the result of the division was a foregone conclusion, hon. gentlemen did not like to forego their dinner also in order to satisfy the ambitious desire of Republican No. 2 to emulate his predecessor in oratorical display.

No doubt there is much to be said in favour of either view of the case, and it would be easy to follow up the subject at greater length. But the practical lesson we desire to draw is one more especially with reference to the rules and regulations of the House of Commons itself.

Two of the subjects which were brought before the Select Committee

upon Public Business which sat last year were (1) the desirability of introducing the *clôture* in some shape or other, and (2) of abrogating the privilege now possessed by any individual member of the House of clearing the gallery of strangers at his discretion or rather indiscretion. The treatment of both these subjects received a practical commentary on the night of March 19th. The *clôture* was not even discussed by the Select Committee; yet its introduction would have saved the Legislature on the occasion of which we are writing from a scene which most persons will consider to have been discreditable, and which no one will uphold as having been conducive to the dignity of the British Parliament.

Why was Mr. Herbert continually interrupted? Because, the House being, or believing itself to be, unanimous in its desire to close the debate, was utterly and totally powerless to do so in any legitimate manner. The House has not scrupled—never does scruple—to decide upon questions of vast magnitude after comparatively short discussions; it thinks itself quite competent to entrust to its Committees matters affecting millions of capital and the fate of enormous interests; it has no hesitation in voting away public money with the fullest (and perhaps the most justifiable) confidence that it is doing that which is right and necessary; it trusts immensely to the discretion of its individual members for maintaining its rules of procedure: but there is one thing on which—unlike every other legislative assembly in the world—it constantly and timorously declines to trust itself collectively—namely, the power of closing its own debates. And it is because the non-existence of this power is repugnant to men's common sense, and productive of enormous and practical inconvenience, that upon occasions like that of the 19th March, when its want is greatly felt, recourse is had to illegitimate and discreditable means to obtain that which should be attainable in an ordinary and proper manner.

It may be said that if the power

existed, it would probably be used too often, and in a way which would become eventually oppressive, although possibly not so at first. But the answer is, that no one asks for the adoption of any system of *clôture* save under proper restrictions. Take the instance in question. As soon as the disinclination to hear Mr. Herbert became apparent, some one (had the power existed) would have moved that "the question be now put," *i.e.* that the debate should close and the division be taken. That question would then have been put by the Speaker. What more easy than to provide that if a given number—say only ten—of the members present should signify their desire that the debate should continue, either by giving their voices, or by standing up in their places at the Speaker's request, the question "that the debate be now closed" should be held to be resolved in the negative, and the discussion should continue, a second appeal to the *clôture* not being permissible for another hour? Some such regulation would check abuse, whilst, on the other hand, the abuse—equal if not greater—of one member forcing himself upon the attention of the House against the will of everybody else, and very likely stopping important public business, would be prevented.

It is probable that on the 19th March Mr. Herbert's speech would have been cut short; and although no one who is acquainted with that gentleman can doubt the honesty and sincerity of his convictions, it is within the range of possibility that the loss to the country of his oration would have been sustained with equanimity. And it will probably be allowed, by those whose experience enables them to judge of the temper and general tone of the House of Commons, that had such a legitimate test of the feeling of the House been possible, and had it resulted in the fact being ascertained that a real desire to continue the debate existed even among a small minority of members, the expressions of opposition to its continuance would in all probability speedily have ceased. They were indulged in because their in-

dulgence was the only possible means which the House of Commons has left to itself when it desires to express its collective wish that a debate should cease; and until, in its wisdom, it consents to take to itself a power from which other legislative assemblies do not shrink, it must be expected that such manifestations will be from time to time repeated with a greater or less vehemence of expression, according to the peculiar circumstances of the case.

No doubt much may be urged with regard to the necessity of protecting, by fixed and stringent rules, the rights of a minority; but these must not be carried so far as to render the power of a majority entirely nugatory. If the House of Commons were a mere Debating Society, such a state of things might be regarded with indifference; but considering the immense difficulty of passing measures even of primary importance, the number of Bills which are postponed from session to session for lack of time to discuss them, and the enormous value of time to an assembly so overweighed with business, it is hardly too much to ask that some restraint should be permitted to be exercised on the part of an overwhelming majority of the House over the debate-lengthening propensities of individual orators.

But if the incident to which we have been alluding affords a commentary upon the proposal for the adoption of some form of *clôture*, much more does it illustrate the inconvenience and absurdity of the retention of the privilege now possessed by every individual member of clearing the galleries and banishing "strangers" at his pleasure.

The abrogation of this "privilege" was carried by one vote in the Select Committee of 1871, and it must be candidly confessed that the minority contained the names of several gentlemen of long parliamentary experience, whose opinions are entitled to the greatest weight. Yet when the Government proposed, during the present session, to adopt the views of the Committee, and a discussion thereupon ensued, the arguments in favour of the existing system

appeared singularly weak. They seemed to rest chiefly upon the fact of the usage having been "hallowed by antiquity" and established by that bugbear of all improvement—"the wisdom of our ancestors." The respected Chairman of Ways and Means (Mr. Dodson), whose conduct of, and attention to, the business of the House, public and private, entitled his opinion to the greatest consideration, actually made it one ground of opposition to the abrogation of this system that, "although an anomaly, there were other anomalies which would still remain if this were removed;" as if a man who chanced to be afflicted with half-a-dozen different complaints should never seek a cure unless it would remove all his diseases at once. Then it was gravely argued that occasions might arise on which it would be most desirable, for public reasons, that strangers should be excluded; the propounder of such an argument being apparently oblivious of the fact that, if such reasons existed, they would probably be such as would commend themselves to the good sense of the body of the House, and not to one individual member alone, and that no one proposed that the House collectively should part with the power of exclusion, but only that it should no longer delegate it to any one of its members acting upon his own judgment of the necessities of the case. It was stated, moreover, that the instances in which this power had been exercised had been exceedingly rare for many years past, and that members might be trusted not to exercise it save in cases of an exceptional character.

So much difference of opinion was displayed upon the question, that, after an attempt on the part of Mr. Bouverie to amend the proposal of the Government, which led to the discovery that it could not be altered on the moment without danger of making matters worse, the discussion was fortunately adjourned. We say "fortunately," because the occurrence of March 19th threw a new light upon the subject. Various motives had been supposed likely to lead to the exercise of this ancient "privilege" of annoying a number of harmless people

and causing public inconvenience. The House had been reminded of the Irish legislator who excluded strangers because his own speeches were not reported to his satisfaction; and the instance was fresh in their minds of the same exercise of power by a Scotch member, who objected to the presence of strangers during the debate upon the Contagious Diseases Bill, thereby depriving the public of the power of exercising a fair judgment upon the respective merits of speeches, some of which were duly corrected and sent to the newspapers or to "Hansard" for publication, whilst others, perhaps not less valuable, but less "prepared" and therefore not so sent, were unfortunately lost to posterity.

But it was reserved for the eventful 19th March to show that this power of exclusion might be exercised from yet another motive—viz. that of "putting down" a speaker whom an individual member did not desire to hear. The object of those who called upon the Speaker to take notice that there were strangers in the gallery might have been simply to turn the whole proceedings into ridicule; to induce Mr. Auberon Herbert to desist from making a speech which there would be no reporters to report, or possibly to prevent "strangers" and outsiders from witnessing a scene not particularly creditable to the House of Commons. Be this as it may, the proceeding failed, as it was sure to fail, to accomplish any of these objects in a satisfactory manner. The ridiculous character of the proceedings was not affected by the clearing of the galleries; outsiders had already witnessed enough to enable them to form their own opinion of the creditable nature of the scene, and Mr. Herbert had sufficiently prepared his speech to be able to send an accurate copy to the "usual sources of information." All that was therefore effected by the exercise of this delightful "privilege" was the infliction of great inconvenience upon a large number of persons who (probably some of them with much difficulty) had obtained seats in the galleries; the manifestation of the politeness and consideration of the

British House of Commons to several illustrious strangers (including the American Minister) who found themselves, without rhyme or reason, suddenly bundled out of their seats in the Peers' Gallery, and the deprivation of a number of people next morning of the pleasant reading in their day's paper of a truthful account of a certain portion of the previous evening's work, although the latter was partially supplied by certain persons who were enabled by their position to remain, and charitably gave to the public their own versions of what occurred.

Be it observed, moreover, that the act of exclusion was not the act of gentlemen—such as have sometimes been found in the House of Commons—habitually eccentric or wrong-headed, or at all likely to perpetrate an act of folly, if so this act may be termed. On the contrary, both the noble lord who first suggested the idea, and he who eventually followed it up to the final catastrophe, are hard-working, zealous members of Parliament, whom any impartial judge will admit to be creditable representatives of the constituencies for which they sit. It is not, therefore, only from the eccentric, foolish, or head-strong, that the exercise of this unnecessary and unwholesome power may be expected, but its existence tempts better men to use it in moments of excitement, and the temptation is one to which they should not be exposed. It is all very well to talk grandiloquently about ancient and time-honoured usages, and the care and caution with which we should proceed before consenting to the alteration of practices which have endured for centuries. But let us ask ourselves this simple question: If we were now for the first time making rules and regulations for the conduct of business in the House of Commons, would any sane man propose that this power of excluding strangers should be vested in the hands of any single member of the House? Surely no one would answer this question in the affirmative. The power is one wholly opposed to the spirit of the age, as well as to that reason

and common sense by which mankind is supposed to be ordinarily guided. If this is the case, why retain that which can be of no good service, but which is only tolerated because so seldom exercised?

There is, moreover, another view of the case. The only means by which the public have a knowledge of what their representatives in Parliament are doing is through the presence of the reporters. Are the public likely to uphold by their opinion the continuance of a power which enables any member to deprive them of this knowledge at any moment? Is it worth while at the present day to keep up this fiction of parliamentary "privilege," when a very brief consideration must convince anyone that this is a knowledge which the public ought to have, to which it conceives it has a right, and without which it will not be satisfied? It is to be hoped that the recurrence, after such a short interval, of this exclusion of strangers by an individual member, will strengthen the Government in their determination to put an end to such an anomalous state of things. Let the House retain in its own hands the power of exclusion. Let it, if it so please, even declare that the demand for exclusion by a certain proportion of members, less than a majority, shall be complied with; but let it at least rescue itself from a state of things so absurd and inconvenient as that engendered by the present rule.

The consideration of these subjects naturally brings us to one or two other points in connection with the business of the House. Government, the House, and the country may be congratulated upon the success of the proposal to allow Supply to be proceeded with on Mondays without an intercepting motion, after the Speaker has once left the chair, and the House has gone into Committee upon the particular class of Supply which stands for discussion. This, without unfairly curtailing the privileges of "private members" (who still have all other Supply nights, besides Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to ventilate

grievances and to discuss their own particular measures), will enable Ministers to arrange the business of the House with greater certainty, and to secure the discussion of particular votes in estimates upon particular nights, a security which no plan has hitherto given. The full effect of this alteration has not yet been seen, but we shall be disappointed if it is not found to be of material advantage.

Meantime, it is somewhat curious to observe the crops of suggestions for amendment of the rules and regulations of the House, which immediately followed the announcement of the intention of the Government to deal with the subject this session. When the House rose for the Easter recess (the matter having been dealt with in only a desultory manner up to that date, and the Monday alteration having been the only one carried by the Government), the Notice Paper perfectly bristled with notices upon the subject. "Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer," Mr. Bowring, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, Lord John Manners, Mr. Monk, Mr. Newdegate, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Pim, Mr. McLaren, Mr. Dickinson, Sir John Pakington, Lord Robert Montagu, Mr. William Fowler, Mr. Clay, Mr. Raikes, and Mr. Headlam, had all notices affecting various points of greater or less importance, intended to be moved, whenever the day should come which the Government might fix for the renewal of the discussion upon this question. Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson and Mr. Hunt, wiser in their generation, had placed their notices upon the same subject as motions for a private members' night, and the indefatigable Mr. Collins had by the same method already carried his proposal that no fresh opposed business should be commenced after half-past twelve at night. The above host of notices might furnish the theme for a dissertation much longer than we can now enter upon. The alteration of the hours of sitting on Tuesdays, the establishment of a fixed and definite time before which "morning sittings" should not commence, restrictions upon "counts

out," and (more important still) upon motions for adjournment, are all points well deserving of consideration; and a more important alteration still is that suggestion, only as yet dimly shadowed forth, that Bills should be habitually referred to Grand Committees of the House, instead of being considered by the whole House itself in Committee. In these and other suggestions there is much of good, although they must not be hastily accepted without a due consideration of the evils which they may also entail.

There is, however, one suggestion, for the first time actually placed upon the paper of the House, which is indicative of the growing appreciation of the "talk" nuisance. Mr. Anderson, the member for Glasgow, proposes "that it is expedient to put it in the power of the House by a call of 'Time' to stop a speaker at any time after his address has lasted twenty minutes, except in the case of members moving resolutions on the order sheet, or speaking on Bills of which they have charge."¹ The first observation which will probably occur to anyone who reads the above notice will be to the effect that the House of Commons will never consent to place such a check upon its members, and so greatly to interfere with the freedom of debate. The observation is, doubtless, justified by the experience of those who have watched the jealousy with which the House guards not only its freedom of debate, but the privileges of its members.

But Mr. Anderson's motion, although unlikely to be adopted, is one which should be commended to the attention of the talkers of the House; for, indubitably, it is only the beginning of a crusade against talk, which the abuse of the privilege will infallibly produce.

In an article upon the subject in this Magazine, which appeared in October last, the writer alluded to four highly respectable gentlemen who had distinguished themselves by the number of

¹ Mr. Hunt also has a proposal of a somewhat similar nature, limited, however, to speeches upon Fridays.

their speeches in the session of 1871. He was particularly careful to point out that these gentlemen were by no means the only "habitual criminals" in this respect, and his excuse for naming two of them was that they had been alluded to, and defended by, Mr. Disraeli, in his speech, upon the 8th of August last, upon the dead-lock of business. Unfortunately, however, one of these gentlemen, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, was dissatisfied with the allusion to himself, and impugned the accuracy of the statement as regarded the number of his speeches, which had been given as 76—*i.e.* 34 upon the Ballot, and 42 upon other subjects.

The number had been carefully taken from *The Times*, and if certain short sentences were classed as "speeches," many other short speeches were unquestionably made by the hon. gentleman which, owing to the lateness of the hour or press of other matter, were not reported, and consequently not reckoned; so that, far from any injustice having been done, the number of speeches, long and short, delivered by the member for Whitehaven probably exceeded, by a not inconsiderable amount, the number quoted in the October article. But the accuracy of the writer having been questioned, he has carefully perused the five volumes of *Hansard* for 1871, and classified the speeches therein attributed to Mr. Cavendish Bentinck under two heads—those reported in more than six lines of print, and those given in a less number, though even this test is favourable to the orator, as speeches are nearly always abbreviated and never lengthened in the report. The result is somewhat startling. Besides asking eight questions, the hon. gentleman appears to have made *twenty* speeches reported under six lines (of which *sixteen* were upon the Ballot), and no less than *seventy-one* speeches of greater length

(*forty-four* upon the Ballot and *twenty-seven* upon other subjects), so that ninety-one (and not seventy-six, according to the too lenient statement made in the article alluded to) was the real number of speeches with which Mr. Cavendish Bentinck must be credited. It is to be hoped that the hon. member will be satisfied with this explanation.

But there is no desire to criticise in an invidious spirit the parliamentary conduct of any individual member. The question for the House to weigh is whether it can any longer, with a due regard to its own character and the importance of the business it has to transact, trust the length of speeches entirely to the discretion of those who speak, or whether the time has not come for the establishment of a rule by which, under proper restrictions, it may exercise, collectively, a seasonable power of curtailment and restraint. The necessity of some such rule becomes daily more apparent. It may not be popular in the House itself, because there is a natural disinclination to abandon "time-honoured" privileges, or to impose new conditions upon debate. But there is a power outside the House of Commons which watches its proceedings with a vigilant and critical eye, and which appreciates the value of the time so constantly and recklessly wasted by inconsiderate orators. The power of public opinion is upon the side of this salutary change; and the House will do well to anticipate, by some well-considered alteration of its rules, the pressure which will eventually be put upon it by those who see useful measures postponed and precious hours thrown away, session after session, because the House has hitherto lacked courage to deal firmly with the question, and to exercise a useful and legitimate control over its own members.

E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON Friday, the fifth of April, a noteworthy assemblage gathered round an open vault in a corner of Highgate Cemetery. Some hundreds of persons, closely packed up the steep banks among the trees and shrubs, had found in that grave a common bond of brotherhood. I say, in that grave. They were no sect, clique, or school of disciples, held together by community of opinions. They were simply men and women, held together, for the moment at least, by love of a man, and that man, as they had believed, a man of God. All shades of opinion, almost of creed, were represented there; though the majority were members of the Church of England—many probably reconciled to that Church by him who lay below. All sorts and conditions of men, and indeed of women, were there; for he had had a word for all sorts and conditions of men. Most of them had never seen each other before—would never see each other again. But each felt that the man, however unknown to him, who stood next him was indeed a brother, in loyalty to that beautiful soul, beautiful face, beautiful smile, beautiful voice, from which, in public or in secret, each had received noble impulses, tender consolation, loving correction, and clearer and juster conceptions of God, of duty, of the meaning of themselves and of the universe. And when they turned and left his body there, the world—as one said who served him gallantly and long—seemed darker now he had left it: but he had stayed here long enough to do the work for which he was fitted. He had wasted no time, but died, like a valiant man, at his work, and of his work.

He might have been buried in West-

minster Abbey. There was no lack of men of mark who held that such a public recognition of his worth was due, not only to the man himself, but to the honour of the Church of England. His life had been one of rare sanctity; he was a philosopher of learning and acuteness, unsurpassed by any man of his generation; he had done more than any man of that generation to defend the Church's doctrines; to recommend her to highly cultivated men and women; to bring within her pale those who had been born outside it, or had wandered from it; to reconcile the revolutionary party among the workmen of the great cities with Christianity, order, law; to make all ranks understand that if Christianity meant anything, it meant that a man should not merely strive to save his own soul after death, but that he should live here the life of a true citizen, virtuous, earnest, helpful to his human brethren. He had been the originator of, or at least the chief mover in, working men's colleges, schemes for the higher education of women, for the protection of the weak and the oppressed. He had been the champion, the organizer, the helper with his own money and time, of that co-operative movement—the very germ of the economy of the future—which seems now destined to spread, and with right good results, to far other classes, and in far other forms, than those of which Mr. Maurice was thinking five-and-twenty years ago. His whole life had been one of unceasing labour for that which he believed to be truth and right, and for the practical amelioration of his fellow-creatures. He had not an enemy, unless it were here and there a bigot or a dishonest man—two classes who could not abide him, because they knew well that

he could not abide them. But for the rest, those from whom he had differed most, with whom he had engaged, ere now, in the sharpest controversy, had learned to admire his sanctity, charity, courtesy—for he was the most perfect of gentlemen—as well as to respect his genius and learning. He had been welcomed to Cambridge, by all the finer spirits of the University, as Professor of Moral Philosophy; and as such, and as the parish priest of St. Edward's, he had done his work—as far as failing health allowed—as none but he could do it. Nothing save his own too-scrupulous sense of honour had prevented him from accepting some higher ecclesiastical preferment—which he would have used, alas! not for literary leisure, nor for the physical rest which he absolutely required, but merely as an excuse for great and more arduous toil. If such a man was not the man whom the Church of England would delight to honour, who was the man? But he was gone; and a grave among England's worthies was all that could be offered him now; and it was offered. But those whose will on such a point was law, judged it to be more in keeping with the exquisite modesty and humility of Frederick Denison Maurice, that he should be laid out of sight, though not out of mind, by the side of his father and his mother. Well: be it so. At least that green nook at Highgate will be a sacred spot to hundreds—it may be to thousands—who owe him more than they will care to tell to any created being.

It was, after all, in this—in his personal influence—that Mr. Maurice was greatest. True, he was a great and rare thinker. Those who wish to satisfy themselves of this should measure the capaciousness of his intellect by studying—not by merely reading—his Boyle Lectures on the religions of the world; and that Kingdom of Christ, the ablest "Apology" for the Catholic Faith which England has seen for more than two hundred years. The ablest, and perhaps practically the most successful; for it has made the Catholic Faith look

living, rational, practical, and practicable, to hundreds, who could rest neither in modified Puritanism or modified Romanism, and still less in scepticism, however earnest. The fact that it is written from a Realist point of view, as all Mr. Maurice's books are, will make it obscure to many readers. Nominalism is just now so utterly in the ascendant, that most persons seem to have lost the power of thinking, as well as of talking, by any other method. But when the tide of thought shall turn, this, and the rest of Mr. Maurice's works, will become not only precious but luminous, to a generation which will have recollected that substance does not mean matter, that a person is not the net result of his circumstances, and that the Real is not the visible Actual, but the invisible Ideal.

If anyone, again, would test Mr. Maurice's faculty as an interpreter of Scripture, let him study the two volumes on the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John; and study, too, the two volumes on the Old Testament, which have been (as a fact) the means of delivering more than one or two from both the Rationalist and the Mythicist theories of interpretation. I mention these only as peculiar examples of Mr. Maurice's power. To those who have read nothing of his, I would say, "Take up what book you will, you will be sure to find in it something new to you, something noble, something which, if you can act on it, will make you a better man." And if anyone, on making the trial, should say, "But I do not understand the book. It is to me a new world:" then it must be answered, "If you wish to read only books which you can understand at first sight, confine yourself to periodical literature. As for finding yourself in a new world, is it not good sometimes to do that?—to discover how vast the universe of mind, as well as of matter, is; that it contains many worlds; and that wise and beautiful souls may and do live in more worlds than your own?" Much has been said of the obscurity of Mr. Maurice's style. It is a question whether any great thinker will be any-

thing but obscure at times; simply because he is possessed by conceptions beyond his powers of expression. But the conceptions may be clear enough; and it may be worth the wise man's while to search for them under the imperfect words. Only thus—to take an illustrious instance—has St. Paul, often the most obscure of writers, become luminous to students; and there are those who will hold that St. Paul is by no means understood yet; and that the Calvinistic system which has been built upon his Epistles, has been built up upon a total ignoring of the greater part of them, and a total misunderstanding of the remainder: yet, for all that, no Christian man will lightly shut up St. Paul as too obscure for use. Really, when one considers what worthless verbiage which men have ere now, and do still, take infinite pains to make themselves fancy that they understand, one is tempted to impatience when men confess that they will not take the trouble of trying to understand Mr. Maurice.

Yet, after all, I know no work which gives a fairer measure of Mr. Maurice's intellect, both political and exegetic, and a fairer measure, likewise, of the plain downright common sense which he brought to bear on each of so many subjects, than his Commentary on the very book which is supposed to have least connection with common sense, and on which common sense has, as yet, been seldom employed; namely, the Apocalypse of St. John. That his method of interpretation is the right one can hardly be doubted by those who perceive that it is the one and only method on which any fair exegesis is possible—namely, to ask,—What must these words have meant to those to whom they were actually spoken? That Mr. Maurice is more reverent, by being more accurate, more spiritual, by being more practical, in his interpretation, than commentators on this book have usually been, will be seen the more the book is studied, and found to be, what any and every commentary on the Revelation ought to be—a mine of political wisdom. Sayings will be found, which will escape the

grasp of most readers, as indeed they do mine, so pregnant are they, and swift revealing, like the lightning-flash at night, a whole vision: but only for a moment's space. The reader may find also details of interpretation which are open to doubt: if so, he will remember that no man would have shrunk with more horror than Mr. Maurice from the assumption of infallibility. Meanwhile, that the author's manly confidence in the reasonableness of his method will be justified hereafter, I must hope, if the Book of Revelation is to remain, as God grant it may, the political textbook of the Christian Church.

On one matter, however, Mr. Maurice is never obscure—on questions of right and wrong. As with St. Paul, his theology, however seemingly abstruse, always results in some lesson of plain practical morality. To do the right and eschew the wrong, and that not from hope of reward or fear of punishment—in which case the right ceases to be right—but because a man loves the right and hates the wrong: about this there is no hesitation or evasion in Mr. Maurice's writings. If any man is in search of a mere philosophy, like the Neo-Platonists of old, or of a mere system of dogmas, by assenting to which he will gain a right to look down on the unorthodox, while he is absolved from the duty of becoming a better man than he is and as good a man as he can be—then let him beware of Mr. Maurice's books, lest, while searching merely for “thoughts that breathe,” he should stumble upon “words that burn,” and were meant to burn. His books, like himself, are full of that *θυμός*, that capacity of indignation, which Plato says is the root of all virtues. “There was something,” it has been well said, “so awful, and yet so Christ-like in its awful sternness, in the expression which came over that beautiful face when he heard of anything base or cruel or wicked, that it brought home to the bystander our Lord's judgment of sin.”

And here, perhaps, lay the secret of that extraordinary personal influence which he exercised; namely, in that

truly formidable element which underlaid a character which (as one said of him) "combined all that was noblest in man and woman; all the tenderness and all the strength, all the sensitiveness and all the fire, of both; and with that a humility which made men feel the utter baseness, meanness, of all pretension." For can there be true love without wholesome fear? And does not the old Elizabethan "My dear dread" express the noblest voluntary relation in which two human souls can stand to each other? Perfect love casteth out fear. Yes: but where is love perfect among imperfect beings, save a mother's for her child? For all the rest, it is through fear that love is made perfect; fear which bridles and guides the lover with awe—even though misplaced—of the beloved one's perfections; with dread—never misplaced—of the beloved one's contempt. And therefore it is that souls who have the germ of nobleness within, are drawn to souls more noble than themselves, just because, needing guidance, they cling to one before whom they dare not say or do, or even think, an ignoble thing. And if these higher souls are—as they usually are—not merely formidable, but tender likewise, and true, then the influence which they may gain is unbounded, for good—or, alas! for evil—both to themselves and to those that worship them. Woe to the man who, finding that God has given him influence over human beings for their good, begins to use it after a while, first only to carry out through them his own little system of the Universe, and found a school or sect; and at last, by steady and necessary degradation, mainly to feed his own vanity and his own animal sense of power.

But Mr. Maurice, above all men whom I have ever met, conquered both these temptations. For, first, he had no system of the Universe. To have founded a sect, or even a school, would be, he once said, a sure sign that he was wrong and was leading others wrong. He was a Catholic and a Theologian, and he wished all men to be such likewise.

To be so, he held, they must know God in Christ. If they knew God, then with them, as with himself, they would have the key which would unlock all knowledge, ecclesiastical, eschatological (religious, as it is commonly called), historic, political, social. Nay, even, so he hoped, that knowledge of God would prove at last to be the key to the right understanding of that physical science of which he, unfortunately for the world, knew but too little, but which he accepted with a loyal trust in God, and in fact as the voice of God, which won him respect and love from men of science to whom his theology was a foreign world. If he could make men know God, and therefore if he could make men know that God was teaching them; that no man could see a thing unless God first showed it to him,—then all would go well, and they might follow the Logos, with old Socrates, whithersoever he led. Therefore he tried, not so much to alter men's convictions, as, like Socrates, to make them respect their own convictions, to be true to their own deepest instincts, true to the very words which they used so carelessly, ignorant alike of their meaning and their wealth. He wished all men, all churches, all nations, to be true to the light which they had already, to whatsoever was godlike, and therefore God-given, in their own thoughts; and so to rise from their partial apprehensions, their scattered gleams of light, toward that full knowledge and light which was contained—so he said, even with his dying lips—in the orthodox Catholic faith. This was the ideal of the man and his work; and it left him neither courage nor time to found a school or promulgate a system. God had his own system: a system vaster than Augustine's, vaster than Dante's, vaster than all the thoughts of all thinkers, orthodox and heterodox, put together; for God was His own system, and by Him all things consisted, and in Him they lived and moved and had their being; and He was here, living and working, and we were living and working in Him, and had, instead of building systems of our own, to find out His

eternal laws for men, for nations, for churches; for only in obedience to them is Life. Yes, a man who held this could found no system. "Other foundation," he used to say, "can no man lay, save that which is laid, even Jesus Christ." And as he said it, his voice and eye told those who heard him that it was to him the most potent, the most inevitable, the most terrible, and yet the most hopeful, of all facts.

As for temptations to vanity, and love of power—he may have had to fight with them in the heyday of youth, and genius, and perhaps ambition. But the stories of his childhood are stories of the same generosity, courtesy, unselfishness, which graced his later years. At least, if he had been tempted, he had conquered. In more than five-and-twenty years, I have known no being so utterly unselfish, so utterly humble, so utterly careless of power or influence, for the mere enjoyment—and a terrible enjoyment it is—of using them. Staunch to his own opinion only when it seemed to involve some moral principle, he was almost too ready to yield it, in all practical matters, to anyone whom he supposed to possess more practical knowledge than he. To distrust himself, to accuse himself, to confess his proneness to hard judgments, while, to the eye of those who knew him and the facts, he was exercising a splendid charity and magnanimity; to hold himself up as a warning of "wasted time," while he was, but too literally, working himself to death,—this was the childlike temper which made some lower spirits now and then glad to escape from their consciousness of his superiority by patronizing and pitying him; causing in him—for he was, as all such great men are like to be, instinct with genial humour—a certain quiet good-natured amusement, but nothing more.

But it was that very humility, that very self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like him, were full of the "Divine discontent;" who

lived—as perhaps all men should live—angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their consciousness of defection from that ideal. To him, as to David in the wilderness, gathered those who were spiritually discontented and spiritually in debt; and he was a captain over them, because, like David, he talked to them, not of his own genius or his own doctrines, but of the Living God, who had helped their forefathers, and would help them likewise. How great his influence was; what an amount of teaching, consolation, reproof, instruction in righteousness, that man found time to pour into heart after heart, with a fit word for man and for woman; how wide his sympathies, how deep his understanding of the human heart; how many sorrows he has lightened; how many wandering feet set right, will never be known till the day when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. His forthcoming biography, if, as is hoped, it contains a selection from his vast correspondence, will tell something of all this: but how little! The most valuable of his letters will be those which were meant for no eye but the recipient's, and which no recipient would give to the world—hardly to an ideal Church; and what he has done will have to be estimated by wise men hereafter, when (as in the case of most great geniuses) a hundred indirect influences, subtle, various, often seemingly contradictory, will be found to have had their origin in Frederick Maurice.

And thus I end what little I have dared to say. There is much behind, even more worth saying, which must not be said. Perhaps some far wiser men than I will think that I have said too much already, and be inclined to answer me as Elisha of old answered the over-meddling sons of the prophets: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?"

"Yea, I know it: hold ye your peace."

C. KINGSLEY.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1872.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR UHLAN OUT-MANŒUVRED.

*"Come down, come down, my bonnie bird,
And eat bread aff my hand;
Your cage shall be of wiry goud,
Whar now it's but the wand."*

"You are the most provoking husband I ever met with," says Queen Titania.

We are climbing up the steep ascent which leads from the village of Ellesmere to the site of an ancient castle. The morning is full of a breezy sunshine, and the cool north-wester stirs here and there a grey ripple on the blue waters of the lake below.

"I hope you have not had much experience in that direction," I observe.

"Very pretty. That is very nice indeed. We are improving, are we not?" she says, turning to Bell.

Bell, who has a fine colour in her face from the light breeze and the brisk walking, puts her hand affectionately within her friend's arm, and says, in gentle accents—

"It is a shame to tease you so, you poor innocent little thing. But we will have our revenge. We will ask somebody else to protect you, my pet lamb!"

"Lamb—hm! Not much of the lamb visible, but a good deal of the vinegar sauce," says one of us, mindful of past favours.

No. 152.—VOL. XXVI.

It was a deadly quarrel. I think it had arisen out of Tita's inability to discover which way the wind was blowing; but the origin of our sham-fights had seldom much to do with their subsequent rise and progress.

"I wish I had married *you*, Count von Rosen," says my Lady, turning proudly and graciously to her companion on the right.

"Don't alarm the poor man," I say: and indeed the Lieutenant looked quite aghast.

"Madame," he replied gravely, when he had recovered himself, "it is very kind of you to say so; and if you had made me the offer sooner, I should have accepted it with great pleasure. But would there have been any difference? No, I think not—perhaps it would be the worse. It is merely that you are married; and you make believe to chafe against the bonds. Now, I think you two would be very agreeable to each other if you were not married."

"Ah, well," said Tita, with an excellently constructed sigh; "I suppose we must look on marriage as a trial, and bear it with meekness and patience. We shall have our reward elsewhere."

Bell laughed, in a demure manner. That calm assumption of the virtues of meekness and patience was a little too much; but what was the use of further

fighting on a morning like this? We got the key of a small gate. We climbed up a winding path through trees that were rustling in the sunlight. We emerged upon a beautiful green lawn—a bowling-green, in fact, girt in by a low hedge, and overlooked by a fancy little building. But the great charm of this elevated site was the panorama around and beyond. Windy clouds of white and grey kept rolling up out of the west, throwing splashes of purple gloom on the bright landscape. The trees waved and rustled in the cool breeze—the sunlight kept chasing the shadows across the far meadows. And then down below us lay the waters of Ellesmere lake—here and there a deep, dark blue, under the warm green of the woods, and here and there being stirred into a shimmer of white by the wind that was sweeping across the sky.

“And to-day we shall be in Chester, and to-morrow in Wales!” cried Bell, looking away up to the north, where the sky was pretty well heaped up with the flying masses of cloud. She looked so bright and joyous then, that one could almost have expected her to take flight herself, and disappear like a wild bird amid the shifting lights and glooms of the windy day. The Lieutenant, indeed, seemed continually regarding her in rather an anxious and embarrassed fashion. Was he afraid she might escape? Or was he merely longing to get an opportunity of plunging into that serious business he had spoken of the night before? Bell was all unconscious. She put her hand within Tita’s arm, and walked away over the green lawn, which was warm in the sunshine. We heard them talking of a picnic on this lofty and lonely spot—sketching out tents, archery-grounds, and what not, and assigning a place to the band. Then there were rumours of the “Haymakers,” of “Sir Roger de Coverley,” of the “Guaracha,” and I know not what other nonsense, coming towards us as the north-wester blew back to us fragments of their talk, until even the Lieutenant remarked that an old-fashioned country dance would look

very pretty up here, on such a fine piece of green, and with all the blue and breezy extent of a great English landscape forming the circular walls of this magnificent ball-room.

A proposal is an uncomfortable thing to carry about with one. Its weight is unconscionable, and on the merriest of days it will make a man down-hearted. To ask a woman to marry is about the most serious duty which a man has to perform in life, even as some would say that it is the most unnecessary: and those who settled the relations of the sexes, before or after the Flood, should receive the gratitude of all womankind for the ingenuity with which they shifted on to male shoulders this heavy and grievous burden.

The Lieutenant walked down with us from the hill and through the little village to the inn as one distraught. He scarcely even spoke—and never to Bell. He regarded the getting out of the phaeton with a listless air. Castor and Pollux—whose affections he had stolen away from us through a whole series of sneaking kindnesses—whinnied to him in vain. When my Lady, who now assumed the responsibility of apportioning to us our seats, asked him to drive, he obeyed mechanically.

Now Bell, as I have said, was unconscious of the awful possibilities that hung over our adventures of that day; and was in as merry a mood as you could desire to see. She sat beside the Lieutenant; and scarcely had we gone gently along the narrow village street and out into the broader country road that leads northward, than she began to tell her companion of the manner in which Tita tyrannizes over our parish.

“You would not think it, would you?” she asked.

“No,” said the Lieutenant, “I should not think she was a very ferocious lady.”

“Then you don’t know her,” says a voice from behind; and Tita says “Don’t begin again,” in an injured way, as if we were doing some sort of harm to the fine morning.

“I can assure you,” said Bell, seriously, “that she rules the parish with a

rod of iron. She knows every farthing that every labourer makes in the week, and he catches it if he does not bring home a fair proportion to his wife. 'Well, Jackson,' she says, going into a cottage on her way home from church, 'I hear your master is going to give you fourteen shillings a week now.' 'Thank ye, ma'am,' he says, for he knows quite well who secured him the additional shilling to his wages. 'But I want you to give me threepence out of it for the savings bank; and your wife will gather up a sixpence a week until she gets enough for another pair of blankets for you, now the winter is coming on, you know.' Well, the poor man dares not object. He gives up three-fourths of the shilling he had been secretly expecting to spend on beer, and does not say a word. The husbands in our parish have a bad time of it——"

"One of them has, at least," says that voice from behind.

"And you should see how our Tita will confront a huge fellow who is half bemused with beer, and order him to be silent in her presence. 'How dare you speak to your wife like that before me!'—and he is as quiet as a lamb. And sometimes the wives have a turn of it, too—not reproof, you know, but a look of surprise if they have not finished the sewing of the children's frocks which Tita and I have cut out for them—or if they have gone into the alehouse with their husbands late on the Saturday night—or if they have missed being at church next morning. Then you should see the farmers' boys playing pitch and toss in the road on the Sunday forenoons—how they scurry away like rabbits when they see her coming up from church—they fly behind stacks, or plunge through hedges—anything to get out of her way."

"And I am not assisted, Count von Rosen, in any of these things," says my Lady, "by a young lady who was once known to catch a small boy and shake him by the shoulders because he threw a stone at the clergyman as he passed."

"Then you do assist, Mademoiselle,"

inquires the Lieutenant, "in this over-seeing of the parish?"

"Oh, I merely keep the books," replied Bell. "I am the treasurer of the savings bank, and I call a fortnightly meeting to announce the purchase of various kinds of cotton and woollen stuffs, at wholesale prices, and to hear from the subscribers what they most need. Then we have the materials cut into patterns, we pay so much to the women for sewing, and then we sell the things when they are made, so that the people pay for everything they get, and yet get it far cheaper than they would at a shop, while we are not out of pocket by it."

Here a deep groan is heard from the hind seat of the phaeton. That beautiful fiction about the ways and means of our local charities has existed in our household for many a day. The scheme is admirable. There is no pauperization of the peasantry around. The theory is that Queen Tita and Bell merely come in to save the cost of distribution; and that nothing is given away gratis except their charitable labour. It is a pretty theory. The folks round about us find it answer admirably. But somehow or other—whether from an error in Bell's book-keeping, or whether from a sudden rise in the price of flannel, or some other recondite and esoteric cause—all I know is that the system demands an annual subvention from the head of the house. Of course, my Lady can explain all that away. There is some temporary defect in the working out of the scheme; the self-supporting character of it remains easy of demonstration. It may be so. But a good deal of bread—in the shape of cheques—has been thrown upon the waters in a certain district in England; while the true author of the charity—the real dispenser of these good things—is not considered in the matter, and is privately regarded as a sort of grudging person, who does not understand the larger claims of humanity.

At length we have our first glimpse of Wales. From Ellesmere to Overton the road gradually ascends, until, just

before you come to Overton, it skirts the edge of a high plateau, and all at once you are confronted by the sight of a great valley, through which a stream, brown as a Welsh rivulet ought to be, is slowly stealing. That narrow thread that twists through spacious woods and green meadows is the river Dee; far away beyond the valley that it waters, rise the blue masses of Cym-y-Brain and Cefn-y-Fedn, while to the south of the latter range lies the gap by which you enter the magic Vale of Llangollen. On this breezy morning there were white clouds blowing over the dusky peaks of the mountains, while ever and anon, from a blue rift overhead, a shimmering line of silver would strike down, and cause the side of some distant hill to shine in pale brown, and grey, and gold.

"That is a very strange sight to me," said the Lieutenant, as the horses stood in the road; "all these great mountains, with, I think, no houses on them. That is the wild country into which the first inhabitants of this country fled when the German tribes swarmed over here—all that we have been taught at school; but only think of the difficulty the Berlin boy—living with nothing but miles of flat sand around him—has to imagine a wild region like this, which gave shelter because no one could follow into its forests and rocks. And how are we to go? We cannot drive into these mountains."

"Oh, but there are very fine roads in Wales," said Bell; "broad, smooth, well-made roads; and you can drive through the most beautiful scenery, if you wish."

However, it was arranged we should not attempt anything of the kind, which would take us too far out of our route to Scotland. It was resolved to let the horses have a rest in Chester the next day, while we should take a run down by rail to Llanrwst and Bettws-y-Coed, merely to give our Uhlan a notion of the difficulties he would have to encounter in subduing this country, when the time came for that little expedition.

So we bowled through the little

village of Overton, and down the winding road which plunges into the beautiful valley we had been regarding from the height. We had not yet struck the Dee; but it seemed as though the ordinary road down in this plain was a private path through a magnificent estate. As far as we could see, a splendid avenue of elms stretched on in front of us; and while we drove through the cool shade, on either side lay a spacious extent of park, studded with grand old oaks. At length we came upon the stream, flowing brown and clear, down through picturesque and wooded banks; and then we got into open country again, and ran pleasantly up to Wrexham.

Perhaps the Lieutenant would have liked to bait the horses in some tiny village near to this beautiful stream. We should all have gone out for a saunter along the banks; and, in the pulling of wild flowers, or the taking of sketches, or some such idyllic employment, the party would in all likelihood have got divided. It would have been a pleasant opportunity for him to ask this gentle English girl to be his wife—with the sweet influences of the holiday-time disposing her to consent, and with the quiet of this wooded valley ready to catch her smallest admission. Besides, who could tell what might happen after Bell had reached Chester? That was the next of the large towns which Arthur had agreed to make points of communication. I think the Lieutenant began at this time to look upon large towns as an abomination, to curse telegraphs, and hate the penny post with a deadly hatred.

But in place of any such quiet resting-place, we had to put up Castor and Pollux in the brisk little town of Wrexham, which was even more than usually busy with its market-day. The Wynnstay Arms was full of farmers, seed-agents, implement makers, and what not, all roaring and talking to the last limit of their lungs—bustling about the place and calling for glasses of ale, or attacking huge joints of cold roast beef with an appetite which had

evidently not been educated on nothing. The streets were filled with the vendors of various wares; the wives and daughters of the farmers, having come in from the country in the dog-cart or waggonette, were promenading along the pavement in the most gorgeous hues known to silken and muslin fabrics; cattle were being driven through narrow thoroughfares; and the sellers of fruit and of fish in the market-place alarming the air with their invitations. The only quiet corner, indeed, was the churchyard and the church, through which we wandered for a little while; but young folks are not so foolish as to tell secrets in a building that has an echo.

Was there no chance for our unfortunate Uhlan?

"Hurry—hurry on to Chester!" cried Bell, as we drove away from Wrexham, along the level northern road.

A gloomy silence had overtaken the Lieutenant. He was now sitting behind with my Lady, and she was doing her best to entertain him—(there never was a woman who could make herself more agreeable to persons not of her own household)—while he sat almost mute, listening respectfully, and half suffering himself to be interested.

Bell, on the other hand, was all delight at the prospect of reaching the quaint old city that evening, and was busy with wild visions of our plunge into Wales on the morrow, while ever and anon she hummed snatches of the Lieutenant's Burgundy song.¹

¹ Count von Rosen, fearing that his English is not first-rate, begs me to say that his very excellent friend Mr. Charles Oberthür, with whose name the public is pretty well familiar, has been good enough to set this song to music. He thinks Mr. Oberthür's music better than that which the young Englishman used to sing at Bonn, and Bell thinks so too: but then her opinion always coincides. However, I am permitted, by the joint kindness of Mr. Oberthür and the Lieutenant, to give the music here:—

"BURGUNDY ROSE."

Allegro moderato.

Music by CHARLES OBERTHÜR.

mf Oh, Bur-gun-dy is-n't a good thing to drink, Young

mf

man, I be-seech you, con-si-der and think,

sf

"Please may I make a confession?" she asked, at length in a low voice.

"Why, yes."

I hoped, however, she was not going to follow the example of the Lieutenant, and confide to me that she meditated making a proposal. Although men dislike this duty, they have a prejudice against seeing it undertaken by women.

"All our journey has wanted but one thing," said Bell. "We have had everything that could be wished—bright weather, a comfortable way of travel-

ling, much amusement, plenty of fights—indeed, there was nothing wanting but one thing, and that was the sea. Now did you never try to look for it? Were you never anxious to see only a long thread of grey near the sky, and be quite sure that out there the woods stopped on the edge of a line of sand? I dared not tell Tita—for she would have thought me very ungrateful, but I may tell you, for you don't seem to care about anybody's opinions—but I used to get a little vexed with the constant meadows, rivers, farms, hills, woods, and all that

Mysterioso.

p Or else in your nose, and like - wise in your

cres. - - - - - *poco* - *a* - *poco.* - -

toes, You'll dis - cov - er the co - lour of Bur - gun - dy

f rose, You'll dis - cov - er the co - lour of Bur - gun - dy rose.

over and over again, and the sea not coming any nearer. Of course one had no right to complain, as I suppose it's put down in the map, and can't be altered; but we seem to have been a long time coming across the country to reach the sea."

"Why, you wild sea-gull, do you think that was our only object? A long time reaching the sea!—Don't imagine your anxiety was concealed. I saw you perpetually scanning the horizon, as if one level line were better than any other level line at such a distance. You began it on Richmond Hill, and would have us believe the waves of the Irish Channel were breaking somewhere about Windsor."

"No—no!" pleaded Bell; "don't

think me ungrateful. I think we have been most fortunate in coming as we did; and Count von Rosen must have seen every sort of English landscape—first the river-pictures about Richmond, then the wooded hills about Oxfordshire, then the plains of Berkshire, then the mere-country about Ellesmere—and now he is going into the mountains of Wales. But all the same we shall reach the sea to-morrow."

"What are you two fighting about?" says Queen Titania, interposing.

"We are not fighting," says Bell, in the meekest possible way; "we are not husband and wife."

"I wish you were," says the other, coolly.

"Madame," I observe at this point, "that is rather a dangerous jest to play

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

TENORI.

Bur - gun - dy rose, Bur - gun - dy rose, A

BASSI.

f *A tempo.*

molto ritard.

VERSES 1, 2, 3.*

VERSE 4.

dan - ge - rous symp - tom is Bur - gun - dy rose. rose.

SOLO.

2. 'Tis a

colla parte.

* For the last three verses see *Macmillan's Magazine* for May.

with. It is now the second time you have made use of it this morning."

"And if I do repeat old jokes," says Tita, with a certain calm audacity, "it must be through the force of a continual example."

"— And such jests sometimes fix themselves in the mind until they develop and grow into a serious purpose."

"Does that mean that you would like to marry Bell? If it can be done legally and properly, I should not be sorry, I know. Can it be done, Count von Rosen? Shall we four go back to London with different partners? An exchange of husbands—"

Merciful Powers! what was the woman saying? She suddenly stopped, and an awful consternation fell on the whole four of us. That poor little mite of a creature had been taking no thought of her words, in her pursuit of this harmless jest; and somehow it had wandered into her brain that Bell and the Lieutenant were on the same footing as herself and I. A more embarrassing slip of the tongue could not be conceived; and for several dreadful seconds no one had the courage to speak, until Bell, wildly and incoherently—with her face and forehead glowing like a rose—asked whether there was a theatre in Chester.

"No," cries my Lady, eagerly; "don't ask us to go to the theatre to-night, Bell; let us go for a walk rather."

She positively did not know what she was saying. It was a wonder she did not propose we should go to the gardens of Cremorne, or up in a balloon. Her heart was filled with anguish and dismay over the horrible blunder she had made; and she began talking about Chester, in a series of disconnected sentences, in which the heartrending effort to appear calm and unconstrained was painfully obvious. Much as I have had to bear at the hands of that gentle little woman, I felt sorry for her then. I wondered what she and Bell would say to each other when they went off for a private confabulation at night.

By the time that we drew near

Chester, however, this unfortunate incident was pretty well forgotten; and we were sufficiently tranquil to regard with interest the old city, which was now marked out in the twilight, by the yellow twinkling of the gas-lamps. People had come out for their evening stroll round the great wall which encircles the town. Down in the level meadows by the side of the Dee, lads were still playing cricket. The twilight, indeed, was singularly clear; and when we had driven into the town, and put up the phaeton at an enormous Gothic hotel which seemed to overawe the small old-fashioned houses in its neighbourhood, we too set out for a leisurely walk round the ancient ramparts.

But here again the Lieutenant was disappointed. How could he talk privately to Bell on this public promenade? Lovers there were there, but all in solitary pairs. If Tita had only known that she and I were interfering with the happiness of our young folks, she would have thrown herself headlong into the moat rather than continue this unwilling persecution. As it was, she went peacefully along, watching the purple light of the evening fall over the great landscape around the city. The ruddy glow in the windows became more and more pronounced. There were voices of boys still heard down in the racecourse, but there was no more cricketing possible. In the still evening, a hush seemed to fall over the town; and when we got round to the weir on the river, the vague white masses of water that we could scarcely see, sent the sound of them roaring and tumbling, as it were, into a hollow chamber. Then we plunged once more into the streets. The shops were lit. The quaint galleries along the first floor of the houses, which are the special architectural glory of Chester, were duskily visible in the light of the lamps. And then we escaped into the yellow glare of the great dining-room of the Gothic hotel, and sat ourselves down for a comfortable evening.

"Well," I say to the Lieutenant, as we go into the smoking-room, when the

women have retired for the night, "have you asked Bell yet?"

"No," he answers, morosely.

"Then you have escaped another day?"

"It was not my intention. I will ask her—whenever I get the chance—that I am resolved upon; and if she says 'No,' why, it is my misfortune, that is all."

"I have told you she is certain to say 'No.'"

"Very well."

"But I have a proposal to make."

"So have I," says the Lieutenant, with a gloomy smile.

"To-morrow you are going down to see a bit of Wales. Why spoil the day prematurely? Put it off until the evening, and then take your refusal like a man. Don't do Wales an injustice."

"Why," says the Lieutenant, peevishly, "you think nothing is important but looking at a fine country and enjoying yourself out of doors. I do not care what happens to a lot of mountains and rivers when this thing is for me far more important. When I can speak to Mademoiselle, I will do so; and I do not care if all Wales is put under water to-morrow——"

"After your refusal, the deluge. Well, it is a good thing to be prepared. But you need not talk in an injured tone, which reminds one oddly of Arthur."

You should have seen the stare on Von Rosen's face.

"It is true. All you boys are alike when you fall in love—all unreasonable, discontented, perverse, and generally objectionable. It was all very well for you to call attention to that unhappy young man's conduct when you were in your proper senses; but now, if you go on as you are going, it will be the old story over again."

"Then you think I will persecute Mademoiselle, and be insolent to her and her friends?"

"All in good time. Bell refuses you to-morrow. You are gloomy for a day. You ask yourself why she has done so. Then you come to us and beg for our

interference. We tell you it is none of our business. You say we are prejudiced against you, and accuse us of forwarding Arthur's suit. Then you begin to look on him as your successful rival. You grow so furiously jealous——"

Here the Uhlan broke into a tremendous laugh.

"My good friend, I have discovered a great secret," he cried. "Do you know who is jealous? You. You will oppose anyone who tries to take Mademoiselle away from you. And I—I will try—and I will do it."

From the greatest despondency he had leaped to a sort of wild and crazy hope of success. He smiled to himself, walked about the room, and talked in the most buoyant and friendly manner about the prospects of the morrow. He blew clouds of cigar-smoke about as if he were Neptune getting to the surface of the sea, and blowing back the sea-foam from about his face. And then, all at once, he sat down—we were the only occupants of the room—and said, in a hesitating way,—

"Look here—do you think Madame could speak a word to her—if she does say 'No'?"

"I thought it would come to that."

"You are—what do you call it?—very unsympathetic."

"Unsympathetic! No; I have a great interest in both of you. But the whole story is so old, one has got familiar with its manifestations."

"It is a very old and common thing to be born, but it is a very important thing, and it only happens to you once."

"And falling in love only happens to you once, I suppose?"

"Oh no, many times. I have very often been in love with this girl or the other girl, but never until this time serious. I never before asked anyone to marry me; and surely this is serious—that I offer for her sake to give up my country, and my friends, and my profession—everything. Surely that is serious enough."

And so it was. And I knew that if ever he got Bell to listen favourably to him, he would have little difficulty in

convincing her that he had never cared for anyone before, while she would easily assure him that she had always regarded Arthur only as a friend. For there are no lies so massive, audacious, and unblushing as those told by two young folks when they recount to each other the history of their previous love affairs.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE FAIRY GLEN.

*"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this :
Oh set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,
Where nought but rocks and I can see her face
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track,
The golden age, the golden age come back !"*

LITTLE did our Bonny Bell reckon of the plot that had been laid against her peace of mind. She was as joyous as a wild sea-bird when we drew near the sea. All the morning she had hurried us on ; and we were at the station some twenty minutes before the train started. Then she must needs sit on the northern side of the carriage, close in by the window ; and all at once, when there flashed before us a long and level stretch of grey-green, she uttered a quick, low cry of gladness, as though the last wish of her life had been realized.

Yet there was not much in this glimpse of the sea that we got as we ran slowly along the coast-line towards Conway. It was a quiet grey day, with here and there a patch of blue overhead. The sea was stirred only by a ripple. Here and there it darkened into a breezy green, but for the most part it reflected the cold grey sky overhead. The shores were flat. The tide was up, and not a rock to be seen. One or two small boats were visible ; but no great full-rigged ship, with all her white sails swelling before the wind, swept onwards to the low horizon. But it was the sea—that was enough for this mad girl of ours. She had the window put down, and a cold odour of sea-weed flew through the carriage. If there was not much blue outside, there was plenty in the

deep and lambent colour of her eyes, where pure joy and delight fought strangely with the half-saddening influences produced by this first unexpected meeting with the sea.

Turning abruptly away from the coast-line—with the grey walls of Conway Castle overlooking the long sweep of the estuary—we plunged down into the mountains. The dark masses of firs up among the rocks were deepening in gloom. There was an unearthly calm on the surface of the river, as if the reflection of the boulders, and the birch-bushes, and the occasional cottages, lay waiting for the first stirring of the rain. Then, far away up the cleft of the valley, a grey mist came floating over the hills ; it melted whole mountains into a soft dull grey, it blotted out dark green forests and mighty masses of rock, until a pattering against the carriage windows told us that the rain had begun.

"It is always so in Wales," said my Lady, with a sigh.

But when we got out at Bettws-y-Coed, you would not have fancied our spirits were grievously oppressed. Indeed, I remarked that we never enjoyed ourselves so much, whether in the phaeton or out of it, as when there was abundant rain about, the desperation of the circumstances driving us into being recklessly merry. So we would not take the omnibus that was carrying up to the Swallow Falls some half-dozen of those horrid creatures, the tourists. The deadly dislike we bore to these unoffending people was remarkable. What right had they to be invading this wonderful valley ? What right had they to leave Bayswater and occupy seats at the *tables d'hôte* of hotels ? We saw them drive away with a secret pleasure. We hoped they would get wet, and swear never to return to Wales. We called them tourists, in short, which has become a term of opprobrium among Englishmen ; but we would have perished rather than admit for a moment that we too were tourists.

It did not rain very much. There was a strong resinous odour in the air, from the spruce, the larch, the pines, and the breckans, as we got through

the wood, and ventured down the slippery paths which brought us in front of the Swallow Falls. There had been plenty of rain—and the foaming jets of water were darting among the rocks very much like the white glimmer of the marten as he cuts about the eaves of a house in the twilight. The roar of the river filled the air, and joined in chorus the rustling of the trees in the wind. We could scarcely hear ourselves speak. It was not a time for confidences. We returned to Bettws.

But the Lieutenant, driven wild by the impossibility of placing all his sorrows before Bell, eagerly assented to the proposal that we should go and see the Fairy Glen—a much more retired spot—after luncheon. The dexterity he displayed in hurrying over that meal was remarkable. It was rather a scramble—for a number of visitors were in the place; and the long table was pretty well filled up. But with a fine audacity our Uhlan constituted himself waiter for our party, and simply harried the hotel. If my Lady's eyes only happened to wander towards a particular dish, it was before her in a twinkling. The Lieutenant alarmed many a young lady there by first begging her pardon and then reaching over her shoulder to carry off some huge plate; although he presently atoned for these misdeemeanours by carving a couple of fowls for the use of the whole company. He also made the acquaintance of a governess who was in charge of two tender little women of twelve and fourteen. He sat down by the governess; discovered that she had been at Bettws for some weeks; got from her some appalling statistics of the rain that had fallen; then—for the maids were rather remiss—went and got her a bottle of ale, which he drew for her, and poured out and graciously handed to her. Bell was covertly laughing all the time: my Lady was amazed.

"Now," he said, turning in quite a matter-of-fact way to us, "when do we start for this Fairy Glen?"

"Pray don't let us take you away

from such charming companionship," observed my Lady, with a smile.

"Oh, she is a very intelligent person," says the Lieutenant; "really a very intelligent person. But she makes a great mistake in preferring Schiller's plays to Lessing's for her pupils. I tried to convince her of that. She is going to the Rhine with those young ladies, later on in the year—to Königs-winter. Would it not be a very nice thing for us all, when we leave the phaeton at your home, to go for a few weeks to Königswinter?"

"We cannot all flirt with a pretty governess," says Tita.

"Now that is too bad of you English ladies," retorts the Lieutenant. "You must always think, when a man talks to a girl, he wants to be in love with her. No—it is absurd. She is intelligent—a good talker—she knows very many things—and she is a stranger like myself in a hotel. Why should I not talk to her?"

"You are quite right, Count von Rosen," says Bell.

Of course he was quite right. He was always quite right! But wait a bit.

We set off for the Fairy Glen. The rain had ceased; but the broad and smooth roads were yellow with water; large drops still fell from the trees, and the air was humid and warm. The Lieutenant lit a cigar about as big as a wooden leg; and Bell insisted on us two falling rather behind, because that she liked the scent of a cigar in the open air.

We crossed the well-known Waterloo Bridge—built in the same year as that which chronicled the great battle—and we heard the Lieutenant relating to Tita how several of his relatives had been in the army which came up to help us on that day.

"You know we had won before you came up," said my Lady, stoutly.

The Lieutenant laughed.

"I am not sure about that," he said; "but you did what we could not have done—you held the whole French army by yourselves, and crippled it so that

our mere appearance on the battle-field was enough."

"I think it was very mean of both of you," said Bell, "to win a battle by mere force of numbers. If you had given Napoleon a chance——"

"Mademoiselle," said Von Rosen, "the object of a campaign is to win battles—anyhow. You throw away the heroic elements of the old single combatants when it is with armies that you fight; and you take all advantages you can get. But who was the braver then—your small English army, or the big French one that lost the whole day without overwhelming their enemy, and waited until we came down to drive them back? That is a very good word—a very strong word—our *zurückgeworfen*. It is a very good thing to see that word at the end of a sentence that talks of your enemies."

At length we got to the neighbourhood of the Fairy Glen, and found ourselves in among the wet trees, with the roar of the stream reverberating through the woods. There were a great many paths in this pretty ravine. You can go close down to the water, and find still pools reflecting the silver-lichened rocks; or you can clamber along the high banks through the birch and hazel and elm, and look down on the white waterfalls beneath you that wet the ferns and bushes about with their spray. Four people need not stay together. Perhaps it was because of an extraordinary change in the aspect of the day that Tita and I lost sight of the young folks. Indeed, we had sat down upon a great smooth boulder and were pensively enjoying the sweet scents around, and the plashing of the stream, when this strange thing occurred, so that we never remembered that our companions had gone. Suddenly into the gloomy grey day there leaped a wild glow of yellow fire; and far up the narrowing vista of the glen—where the rocks grew closer together—the sunlight smote down on the gleaming green of the underwood, until it shone and sparkled over the smooth pools. The light came nearer. There was still a

sort of mist of dampness in the atmosphere—hanging about the woods, and dulling the rich colours of the glen; but as the sunlight came straggling down the rocky ravine, a dash of blue gleamed out overhead, and a rush of wind through the dripping green branches seemed to say that the wet was being swept off the mountains and towards the sea. The Fairy Glen was now a blaze of transparent green and fine gold, with white diamonds of raindrops glittering on the ferns and moss and bushes. It grew warm, too, down in the hollow; and the sweet odours of the forest above—woodruff, and camphor, and wild mint, and the decayed leaves of the great St. John's wort—all stole out into the moist air.

"Where have they gone?" says Tita, almost sharply.

"My dear," I say to her, "you were young yourself once. It's a good time ago—but still——"

"Bell never asked for letters this morning," remarked my Lady, showing the direction her thoughts were taking.

"No matter, Arthur will be meeting us directly. He is sure to come over to our route in his dogcart."

"We must find them, and get back to Bettws-y-Coed," is the only reply which is vouchsafed me.

They were not far to seek. When we had clambered up the steep bank to the path overhead, Bell and the Lieutenant were standing in the road, silent. As soon as they saw us, they came slowly walking down. Neither spoke a word. Somehow, Bell managed to attach herself to Tita; and these two went on ahead.

"You were right," said the Lieutenant, in a low voice, very different from his ordinary light and careless fashion.

"You have asked her, then?"

"Yes."

"And she refused?"

"Yes."

"I thought she would."

"Now," he said, "I suppose I ought to go back to London."

"Why?"

"It will not be pleasant for her—my being here. It will be very embarrassing to both of us."

"Nonsense. She will look on it as a joke."

I am afraid our Uhlan looked rather savage at this moment.

"Don't you see," I observed to him seriously, "that if you go away in this manner you will give the affair a tremendous importance, and make all sorts of explanations necessary? Why not school yourself to meeting her on ordinary terms; and take it that your question was a sort of preliminary sounding, as it were, without prejudice to either?"

"Then you think I should ask her again, at some future time?" he said eagerly.

"I don't think anything of the kind."

"Then why should I remain here?"

"I hope you did not come with us merely for the purpose of proposing to Bell."

"No; that is true enough—but our relations are now all altered. I do not know what to do."

"Don't do anything: meet her as if nothing of the kind had occurred. A sensible girl like her will think more highly of you in doing that than in doing some wild and mad thing, which will only have the effect of annoying her and yourself. Did she give you any reason?"

"I do not know," said Von Rosen, disconsolately. "I am not sure what I said. Perhaps I did not explain enough. Perhaps she thought me blunt, rude, coarse in asking her so suddenly. It was all a sort of fire for a minute or two—and then the cold water came—and that lasts."

The two women were now far ahead—surely they were walking fast that Bell might have an opportunity of confiding all her perplexities to her friend.

"I suppose," said Von Rosen, "that I suffer for my own folly. I might have known. But for this day or two back, it has seemed so great a chance to me—of getting her to promise at least to think of it—and the prospect of having

such a wife as that—it was all too much. Perhaps I have done the worst for myself by the hurry; but was it not excusable in a man to be in a hurry to ask such a girl to be his wife? And there is no harm in knowing soon that all that was impossible."

Doubtless it was comforting to him to go on talking. I wondered what Bell was saying at this moment; and whether a comparison of their respective views would throw some light on the subject. As for the Lieutenant, he seemed to regard Bell's decision as final. If he had been a little older, he might not; but having just been plunged from the pinnacle of hope into an abyss of despair, he was too stunned to think of clambering up again by degrees.

But even at this time all his thoughts were directed to the best means of making his presence as little of an embarrassment to Bell as possible.

"This evening will pass away very well," he said, "for everybody will be talking at dinner, and we need not to address each other; but to-morrow—if you think this better that I remain with you—then you will drive the phaeton, and you will give Mademoiselle the front seat—for the whole day? Is it agreed?"

"Certainly. You must not think of leaving us at present. You see, if you went away we should have to send for Arthur."

A sort of flame blazed up into the face of the Lieutenant; and he said, in a rapid and vehement way—

"This thing I will say to you—if Mademoiselle will not marry me—good. It is the right of every girl to have her choice. But if you allow her to marry that pitiful fellow, it will be a shame—and you will not forgive yourself, either Madame or you, in the years afterwards—that I am quite sure of!"

"But what have we to do with Bell's choice of a husband?"

"You talked just now of sending for him to join your party."

"Why, Bell isn't bound to marry everyone who comes for a drive with us. Your own case is one in point."

"But this is quite different. This wretched fellow thinks he has an old right to her, as being an old friend, and all that stupid nonsense; and I know that she has a strange idea that she owes to him——"

The Lieutenant suddenly stopped.

"No," he said, "I will not tell you what she did tell to me this afternoon. But I think you know it all; and it will be very bad of you to make a sacrifice of her by bringing him here——"

"If you remain in the phaeton, we can't."

"Then I will remain."

"Thank you. As Tita and I have to consider ourselves just a little bit—amid all this whirl of love-making and reckless generosity—I must say we prefer your society to that of Master Arthur."

"That is a very good compliment!" says Von Rosen, with an ungracious sneer—for who ever heard of a young man of twenty-six being just to a young man of twenty-two when both wanted to marry the same young lady?

We overtook our companions. Bell and I walked on together to the hotel, and subsequently down to the station. An air of gloom seemed to hang over the heavy forests far up amid the grey rocks. The river had a mournful sound as it came rushing down between the mighty boulders. Bell scarcely uttered a word as we got into the carriage and slowly steamed away from the platform.

Whither had gone the joy of her face? She was once more approaching the sea. Under ordinary circumstances you would have seen an anticipatory light in her blue eyes, as if she already heard the long splash of the waves, and smelt the sea-weed. Now she sat in a corner of the carriage; and when at last we came in view of the most beautiful sight that we had yet met on our journey, she sat and gazed at it with the eyes of one distraught.

That was a rare and wild picture we saw when we got back to the sea. The heavy rain-clouds had sunk down until they formed a low dense wall of purple all along the line of the western

horizon, between the sea and the sky. That heavy bar of cloud was almost black; but just above it there was a calm fair stretch of lambent green, with here and there a torn shred of crimson cloud and one or two lines of sharp gold, lying parallel with the horizon. But away over in the east again were some windy masses of cloud that had caught a blush of red; and these had sent a pale reflection down on the sea—a sort of salmon-colour that seemed the complement of the still gold-green overhead.

The sunset touched faintly the low mountains about the mouth of the Dee. A rose-red glimmer struck the glass of the window at which Bell sat; and then, as the train made a slight curve in the line running by the shore, the warm light entered and lit up her face with a rich and beautiful glow. The Lieutenant, hidden in the dusk of the opposite corner, was regarding her with wistful eyes. Perhaps he thought that now, more than ever, she looked like some celestial being far out of his reach, whom he had dared to hope would forsake her strange altitudes and share his life with him. Tita, saying nothing, was also gazing out of the window, and probably pondering on the unhappy climax that seemed to put an end to her friendly hopes.

Darkness fell over the sea and the land. The great plain of water seemed to fade away into the gloom of the horizon; but here, close at hand, the pools on the shore occasionally caught the last reflection of the sky, and flashed out a gleam of yellow fire. The wild intensity of the colours was almost painful to the eyes—the dark blue-green of the shore-plants and the sea-grass; the gathering purple of the sea; the black rocks on the sand; and then that sudden bewildering flash of gold where a pool had been left among the sea-weed. The mountains in the south had now disappeared; and were doubtless—away in that mysterious darkness—wreathing themselves in the cold night-mists that were slowly rising from the woods and the valleys of the streams.

Such was our one and only glimpse of Wales; and the day that Bell had looked forward to with such eager delight had closed in silence and despair.

When we got back to the hotel, a letter from Arthur was lying on the table.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COLLAPSE.

*"Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind."*

THE following correspondence has been handed to us for publication:—

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM,
July —, 1871.

"Mon cher Mamma,—Doctor Ashburton dire me que je écris a vous dans Fransais je sais Fransais un petit et ici est un letter a vous dans Fransais mon cher Mamma le pony est trai bien et je sui mon cher Mamma.

"Voter aimé fils,
"TOM."

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM,
July —, 1871.

"My dear Papa,—Tom as written Mamma a letter in French and Doctor Ashburton says I must Begin to learn French too but Tom says it is very difficult and it takes a long time to write a Letter with the dixonary and he says my dear Papa that we must learn German Too but please may I learn German first and you will give my love to the German gentleman who gave us the poney he is very well my dear Papa and very fat and round and hard in the sides Harry French says if he goes on eeting like that he will burst but me and Tom only laughed at him and we rode him down to Stanes and back which is a long way and I only tumbled off twice but once into the ditch for he wanted to eat the Grass and I Pooled at him and slipt over is head but I was not much Wet and I went to bed until

Jane dried all my close and no one new of it but her Please my dear papa how is Auntie Bell, and we send our love to her, and to my dear mamma and I am your affexnate son,

"JACK.

"P.S. All the monney you sent as gone away for oats and beans and hay. Please my dear Papa to send a good lot more."

"— INN, OAKHAM, Friday Afternoon.

"... You will see I have slightly departed from the route I described in a telegram to Bell. Indeed, I find myself so untrammelled in driving this light dogcart, with a powerful little animal that never seems fatigued, that I can go anywhere without fearing there will not be accommodation for a pair of horses and a large party. I am sure you must often have been put to straits in securing rooms for so many at a small country inn. Probably you know the horse I have got—it is the cob that Major Quinet bought from Heathcote. I saw him by the merest accident when I returned from Worcester to London—told him what I meant to do—he offered me the cob with the greatest good-nature—and as I knew I should be safer with it than anything I could hire, I accepted. You will see I have come a good pace. I started on the Tuesday morning after I saw you at Worcester, and here I am at Oakham, rather over ninety miles. Tomorrow I hope to be in Nottingham, about other thirty. Perhaps, if you will allow me, I may strike across country, by Huddersfield and Skipton, and pay you a visit at Kendal. I hope Bell is well, and that you are not having much rain. I have had the most delightful weather.

"Yours sincerely,
"ARTHUR ASHBURTON."

"It is a race," said the Lieutenant, "who shall be at Carlisle first."

"Arthur will beat," remarked Bell, looking to my Lady; and although nothing could have been more innocent than that observation, it seemed rather to

take Von Rosen down a bit. He turned to the window and looked out.

"I think it was very foolish of Major Quinet to lend him that beautiful little bay cob to go on such an expedition as that," said Tita. "He will ruin it entirely. Fancy going thirty miles a day without giving the poor animal a day's rest! Why should he be so anxious to overtake us? If we had particularly wanted him to accompany us, we should have asked him to do so."

"He does not propose to accompany you," I say. "He is only coming to pay you a visit."

"I know what that means," says my Lady, with a tiny shrug; "something like the arrival of a mother-in-law, with a carriageful of luggage."

"My dear," I say to her, "why should you speak scornfully of the amiable and excellent lady who is responsible for your bringing up?"

"I was not speaking of my mamma," says Tita, "but of the abstract mother-in-law."

"A man never objects to an abstract mother-in-law. Now, your mamma—although she is not to be considered as a mother-in-law——"

"My mamma never visits me but at my own request," says my Lady, with something of loftiness in her manner; "and I am sorry she makes her visits so short, for when *she* is in the house, I am treated with some show of attention and respect."

"Well," I say to her, "if a mother-in-law can do no better than encourage hypocrisy——But I bear no malice. I will take some sugar, if you please."

"And as for Arthur," continues Tita, turning to Bell, "what must I say to him?"

"Only that we shall be pleased to see him, I suppose," is the reply.

The Lieutenant stares out into the streets of Chester, as though he did not hear.

"We cannot ask him to go with us—it would look too absurd—a dog-cart trotting after us all the way."

"He might be in front," says Bell,

"if the cob is so good a little animal as he says."

"I wonder how Major Quinet could have been so stupid!" says Tita, with a sort of suppressed vexation.

The reader may remember that a few days ago Major Quinet was a white-souled angel of a man, to whom my Lady had given one of those formal specifications of character which she has always at hand when anyone is attacked. Well, one of the party humbly recalls that circumstance. He asks in what way Major Quinet has changed within the past two days. Tita looks up, with that sort of quick, triumphant glance which tells beforehand that she has a reply ready, and says—

"If Major Quinet has committed a fault, it is one of generosity. That is an error not common among men—especially men who have horses, and who would rather see their own wives walk through the mud to the station than let their horses get wet."

"Bell, what is good for you, when you're sat upon?"

"Patience," says Bell: and then we go out into the old and grey streets of Chester.

It was curious to notice now the demeanour of our hapless Lieutenant towards Bell. He had had a whole night to think over his position; and in the morning he seemed to have for the first time fully realized the hopelessness of his case. He spoke of it—before the women came down—in a grave, matter-of-fact way, not making any protestation of suffering, but calmly accepting it as a matter for regret. One could easily see, however, that a good deal of genuine feeling lay behind these brief words.

Then, when Bell came down, he showed her a vast amount of studied respect; but spoke to her of one or two ordinary matters in a careless tone, as if to assure everybody that nothing particular had happened. The girl herself was not equal to any such effort of amiable hypocrisy. She was very timid. She agreed with him in a hurried way whenever he made the most insignificant statement, and showed herself obtrusively

anxious to take his side when my Lady, for example, doubted the efficacy of carbolic soap. The Lieutenant had no great interest in carbolic soap—had never seen it, indeed, until that morning; but Bell was so anxious to be kind to him, that she defended the compound as if she had been the inventor and patentee of it.

"It is very awkward for me," said the Lieutenant, as we were strolling through the quaint thoroughfare—Bell and my Lady leading the way along the piazzas formed on the first floor of the houses; "it is very awkward for me to be always meeting her, and more especially in a room. And she seems to think that she has done me some wrong. That is not so. That is quite a mistake. It is a misfortune—that is all; and the fault is mine that I did not understand sooner. Yet I wish we were again in the phaeton. Then there is great life—motion—something to do and think about. I cannot bear this doing of nothing."

Well, if the Lieutenant's restlessness was to be appeased by hard work, he was likely to have enough of it that day; for we were shortly to take the horses and phaeton across the estuary of the Mersey, by one of the Birkenhead ferries; and anyone who has engaged in that pleasing operation knows the excitement of it. Von Rosen chafed against the placid monotony of the Chester streets. The passages under the porticoes are found to be rather narrow of a forenoon, when a crowd of women and girls have come out to look at the shops, and when the only alternative to waiting one's turn and getting along is to descend ignominiously into the thoroughfare below. Now, no stranger who comes to Chester would think of walking along an ordinary pavement, so long as he can pace through those quaint old galleries that are built on the roofs of the ground-row of shops and cellars. The Lieutenant hung aimlessly about—just as you may see a husband lounging and staring in Regent-street, while his wife is examining with a deadly interest the milliners' and jewellers' windows.

Bell bought presents for the boys. My Lady purchased photographs. In fact, we conducted ourselves like the honest Briton abroad, who buys a lot of useless articles in every town he comes to, chiefly because he has nothing else to do, and may as well seize that opportunity of talking to the natives.

Then our bonny bays were put into the phaeton, and, with a great sense of freedom shining on the face of our Uhlan, we started once more for the north. Bell was sitting beside me. That had been part of the arrangement. But why was she so pensive? Why this profession of tenderness and an extreme interest and kindness? I had done her no injury.

"Bell," I say to her, "have you left all your wildness behind you—buried down at the foot of Box Hill, or calmly interred under a block of stone up on Mickleham Downs. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set my Lady frowning at you as if you were an incorrigible Tom-boy? Come, now, touching that ballad of the Bailiff's Daughter—the guitar has not been out for a long time——"

A small gloved hand was gently and furtively laid on my arm. There was to be no singing.

"I think," said Bell, aloud, "that this is a very pretty piece of country to lie between two such big towns as Chester and Liverpool."

The remark was not very profound, but it was accurate, and it served its purpose of pushing away finally that suggestion about the guitar. We were now driving up the long neck of land lying between the parallel estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey. About Backford, and on by Great Sutton and Childer Thornton to Eastham, the drive was pleasant enough—the windy day and passing clouds giving motion and variety to the undulating pasture-land and the level fields of the farms. But as we drove carelessly through the green landscape, all of a sudden we saw before us a great forest of masts—grey streaks in the midst of the horizon—and behind

them a cloud of smoke arising from an immense stretch of houses. We discovered, too, the line of the Mersey; and by and by we could see its banks widening, until the boats in the bed of the stream could be vaguely made out in the distance.

"Shall we remain in Liverpool this evening?" asks Bell.

"As you please."

Bell had been more eager than any of us to hurry on our passage to the north, that we should have abundant leisure in the Lake country. But a young lady who finds herself in an embarrassing position may imagine that the best refuge she can have in the evening is the theatre.

"Pray don't," says Tita. "We shall be at Liverpool presently, and it would be a great pity to throw away a day, when we shall want all the spare time we can get when we reach Kendal."

Kendal! It was the town at which Arthur was to meet us. But of course my Lady had her way. Since Von Rosen chose to sit mute, the decision rested with her; and so the driver, being of an equable disposition, and valuing the peace of mind of the party far above the respect that ought to have been shown to Liverpool, meekly took his orders and sent the horses on.

But it was a long way to Liverpool, despite Tita's assurances. The appearances of the landscape were deceitful. The smoke on the other side of the river seemed to indicate that the city was close at hand; but we continued to roll along the level road without apparently coming one whit nearer Birkenhead. We crossed Bromborough Pool. We went by Primrose Hill. We drove past the grounds apparently surrounding some mansion, only to find the level road still stretching on before us. Then there were a few cottages. Houses of an unmistakably civic look began to appear. Suburban villas with gardens walled in with brick studded the roadside. Factories glimmered grey in the distance. An odour of coal-smoke was perceptible in the air; and finally, with a doleful satisfaction, we had the wheels

of the phaeton rattling over a grimy street, and we knew we were in Birkenhead.

There was some excuse for the Lieutenant losing his temper—even if he had not been in rather a gloomy mood, to begin with. The arrangements for the transference of carriage-horses across the Mersey are of a nebulous description. When we drove down the narrow passage to Tranmere Ferry, the only official we could secure was a hulking lout of a fellow of decidedly hang-dog aspect. Von Rosen asked him, civilly enough, if there was anyone about who could take the horses out, and superintend the placing of them and the phaeton in the ferry. There was no such person. Our friend in moleskin hinted in a surly fashion, that the Lieutenant might do it for himself. But he would help, he said; and therewith he growled something about being paid for his trouble. I began to fear for the safety of that man. The river is deep just close by.

Bell and Tita had to be got out, and tickets taken for the party and for the horses and phaeton. When I returned, the Lieutenant, with rather a firm-set mouth, was himself taking the horses out, while the loafer in moleskin stood at some little distance, scowling and muttering scornful observations at the same time.

"Ha! have you got the tickets?" said our Uhlan. "That is very good. We shall do by ourselves. Can you get out the nose-bags, that we shall pacify them on going across? I have told this fellow—if he comes near to the horses—if he speaks one more word to me—he will be in the river the next moment; and that is quite sure as I am alive."

But there was no one who could keep the horses quiet like Bell. When they were taken down the little pier, she walked by their heads, and spoke to them, and stroked their noses; and then she swiftly got on board the steamer to receive them. The Lieutenant took hold of Pollux. The animal had been quiet enough, even with the steamer blowing and puffing in front of him, but

when he found his hoofs striking on the board between the pier and the steamer, he threw up his head, and strove to back. The Lieutenant held on by both hands. The horse went back another step. It was a perilous moment, for there is no railing to the board which forms the gangway to those ferry-steamers, and if the animal had gone to one side or the other, he and Von Rosen would have been in the water together. But with a "Hi! hoop!" and a little touch of a whip from behind, the horse sprang forward, and was in the boat before he knew. And there was Bell at his head, talking in an endearing fashion to him as the Lieutenant pulled the strap of the nose-bag up; and one horse was safe.

There was less to do with Castor; that prudent animal, with his eyes staring wildly around, feeling his way gingerly on the sounding board, but not pausing all the same. Then he too had his nose-bag to comfort him; and when the steamer uttered a yell of a whistle through its steam-pipe, the two horses only started and knocked their hoofs about on the deck—for they were very well employed, and Bell was standing in front of their heads, talking to them and pacifying them.

Then we steamed slowly out into the broad estuary. A strong wind was blowing up channel, and the yellow-brown waves were splashing about, with here and there a bold dash of blue on them from the gusty sky overhead. Far away down the Mersey the shipping seemed to be like a cloud along the two shores; and out on the wide surface of the river were large vessels being tugged about, and mighty steamers coming up to the Liverpool piers. When one of these bore down upon us so closely that she seemed to overlook our little boat, the two horses forgot their corn and flung their heads about a bit; but the Lieutenant had a firm grip of them, and they were eventually quieted.

He had by this time recovered from his fit of wrath. Indeed, he laughed heartily over the matter, and said—

"I am afraid I did give that

loungeing fellow a great fright. He does not understand German, I suppose; but the sound of what I said to him had a great effect upon him—I can assure you of that. He retreated from me hastily. It was some time before he could make out what had happened to him; and then he did not return to the phaeton."

The horses bore the landing on the other side very well; and, with but an occasional tremulous start, permitted themselves to be put to on the quay, amid the roar and confusion of arriving and departing steamers. We were greatly helped in this matter by an amiable policeman, who will some day, I hope, become Colonel and Superintendent of the Metropolitan Force.

Werther, amid all this turmoil, was beginning to forget his sorrows. We had a busy time of it. He and Bell had been so occupied with the horses in getting them over that they had talked almost frankly to each other; and now there occurred some continuation of the excitement in the difficulties that beset us. For, after we had driven into the crowded streets, we found that the large hotels in Liverpool have no mews attached to them; and in our endeavours to secure in one place entertainment for both man and beast, some considerable portion of our time was consumed. At length we found stabling in Hatton Garden; and then we were thrown on the wide world of Liverpool to look after our own sustenance.

"Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant—rather avoiding the direct look of her eyes, however—"if you would prefer to wait, and go to a theatre to-night——"

"Oh no, thank you," said Bell, quite hurriedly—as if she were anxious not to have her own wishes consulted; "I would much rather go on as far as we can to-day."

The Lieutenant said nothing—how could he? He was but six-and-twenty, or thereabouts, and had not yet discovered a key to the Rosamond's maze of a woman's wishes.

So we went to a restaurant fronting a

dull square, and dined. We were the only guests. Perhaps it was luncheon ; perhaps it was dinner—we had pretty well forgotten the difference by this time, and were satisfied if we could get something to eat, anywhere, thrice a day.

But it was only too apparent that the pleasant relations with which we had started had been seriously altered. There was a distressing politeness prevailing throughout this repast, and Bell had so far forgotten her ancient ways as to become quite timid and nervously formal in her talk. As for my Lady, she forgot to say sharp things. Indeed, she never does care for a good brisk quarrel, unless there are people present ready to enjoy the spectacle. Fighting for the mere sake of fighting is a blunder ; but fighting in the presence of a circle of noble dames and knights becomes a courtly tournament. All our old amusements were departing—we were like four people met in a London drawing-room ; and, of course, we had not bargained for this sort of thing on setting out. It had all arisen from Bell's excessive tenderness of heart. She had possessed herself with some wild idea that she had cruelly wronged our Lieutenant. She strove to make up for this imaginary injury by a show of courtesy and kindness that was embarrassing to the whole of us. The fact is, the girl had never been trained in the accomplishments of city life. She regarded a proposal of marriage as something of consequence. There was a defect, too, about her pulsation : her heart—that ought to have gone regularly through the multiplication table in the course of its beating, and never changed from twice one to twelve times twelve—made frantic plunges here and there, and slurred over whole columns of figures in order to send an anxious and tender flush up to her forehead and face. A girl who was so little mistress of herself, that—on a winter's evening, when we happened to talk of the summer-time and of half-forgotten walks near Ambleside and Coniston—tears might suddenly be seen to well up in her blue eyes, was scarcely fit to

take her place in a modern drawing-room. At this present moment her anxiety, and a sort of odd self-accusation, were really spoiling our holiday : but we did not bear her much malice.

It was on this evening that we were destined to make our first acquaintance with the alarming method of making roads which prevails between Liverpool and Preston. It is hard to say by what process of fiendish ingenuity these petrified sweetbreads have been placed so as to occasion the greatest possible trouble to horses' hoofs, wheels, and human ears ; and it is just as hard to say why such roads—although they may wear long in the neighbourhood of a city inviting constant traffic—should be continued out into country districts where a cart is met with about once in every five miles. These roads do not conduce to talking. One thinks of the unfortunate horses, and of the effect on springs and wheels. Especially in the quiet of a summer evening, the frightful rumbling over the wedged-in stones seems strangely discordant. And yet when one gets clear of the suburban slums and the smoke of Liverpool, a very respectable appearance of real country life becomes visible. When you get out to Walton Nurseries and on towards Aintree Station and Maghull, the landscape looks fairly green, and the grass is of a nature to support animal life. There is nothing very striking in the scenery, it is true. Even the consciousness that away beyond the flats on the left the sea is washing over the great sandbanks and on to the level shore, does not help much ; for who can pretend to hear the whispering of the far-off tide amid the monotonous rattling over these abominable Lancashire stones ? We kept our teeth well shut, and went on. We crossed the small river of Alt. We whisked through Maghull village. The twilight was gathering fast as we got on to Aughton, and in the dusk—lit up by the yellow stars of the street lamps—we drove into Ormskirk. The sun had gone down red in the west : we were again assured as to the morrow.

But what was the good of another bright morning to this melancholy Uhlan? Misfortune seemed to have marked us for its own. We drove into the yard of what was apparently the biggest inn in the place; and while the women were sent into the inn, the Lieutenant and I happened to remain a little while to look after the horses. Imagine our astonishment, therefore (after the animals had been taken out and our luggage uncartered), to find there was no accommodation for us inside the building.

"Confounded house!" growled the Lieutenant, in German; "thou hast betrayed me!"

So there was nothing for it but to leave the phaeton where it was, and issue forth in quest of a house in which to hide our heads. It was an odd place when we found it. A group of women

regarded us with a frightened stare. In vain we invited them to speak. At length another woman—little less alarmed than the others, apparently—made her appearance, and signified that we might, if we chose, go into a small parlour smelling consumedly of gin and coarse tobacco. After all, we found the place was not so bad as it looked. Another chamber was prepared for us. Our luggage was brought round. Ham and beer were provided for our final meal, with some tea in a shaky tea-pot. There was nothing romantic in this dingy hostelry, or in this dingy little town; but were we not about to reach a more favoured country—the beautiful and enchanted land of which Bell had been dreaming so long?—

"Kennst du es wohl? Dahin, dahin, Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn!"

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—I confess that I cannot understand these young people. On our way from the Fairy Glen back to Bettws-y-Coed, Bell told me something of what had occurred; but I really could not get from her any *proper* reason for her having acted so. She was much distressed, of course. I forbore to press her lest we should have a *scene*, and I would not hurt the girl's feelings for the world, for she is as dear to me as one of my own children. But she could give no explanation. If she had said that Count von Rosen had been too precipitate, I could have understood it. She said she had known him a very short time; and that she could not judge of a proposition coming so unexpectedly; and that she could not consent to his leaving his country and his profession for her sake. These are only such objections as every girl uses when she *really means* that she does not wish to marry. I asked her why. She had no objection to urge against Lieutenant von Rosen personally—as how *could* she?—for he is a most gentlemanly young man, with abilities and accomplishments considerably above the average. Perhaps, living down in the country for the greater part of the year, I am not competent to judge; but I think at least he compares *very favourably* with the gentlemen whom I am in the habit of seeing. I asked her if she meant to marry Arthur. She would not answer. She said something about his being an old friend—as if that had *anything in the world to do with it*. At first I thought that she had merely said No for the pleasure of accepting afterwards; and I knew that in that case the Lieutenant, who is a shrewd young man, and has plenty of courage, would soon *make another trial*. But I was amazed to find so much of seriousness in her decision; and yet she will not say that she means to marry Arthur. Perhaps she is waiting to have an explanation with him first. In that case, I fear Count von Rosen's chances are but very small indeed; for I know how Arthur has *wantonily* traded on Bell's *great generosity* before. Perhaps I may be mistaken; but she would not admit that her decision could be altered. I must say it is *most unfortunate*. Just as we were getting on so nicely and enjoying ourselves so much—and just as we were getting near to the Lake-country that Bell so much delights in—everything is spoiled by this unhappy event, for which Bell can give no *adequate reason* whatever. It is a great pity that one who shall be nameless—but who looks pretty fairly after his own comfort—did not *absolutely forbid* Arthur to come vexing us in this way by driving over to our route. If Dr. Ashburton had had any proper control over the boy, he would have kept him to his studies in the Temple instead of allowing him to risk the breaking of his neck by driving wildly about the country in a dogcart.]

To be continued.

ASYLUMS FOR DRUNKARDS.

BY D. DALRYMPLE, M.P.

In the August number of this Magazine for the year 1870, a lively and able article on the "Rational Treatment of Drunkards" attracted much attention. We know that the late author of that paper was indebted for his information to the investigation and evidence of others, and though he put the materials furnished into a very useful and attractive form, it lacked the reality of personal observations. While, however, we possess the advantages of recent direct inspection and close observation of these institutions in America, our article must suffer from the loss of novelty and freshness which our predecessor enjoyed.

The importance of the question "What is to be done with our drunkards?" is growing by year and by month into graver and yet graver importance; and those who two or three sessions ago treated legislation on this subject as impossible, or at best as an amiable but weak enthusiasm, have come to see that it must be dealt with, and that Great Britain cannot longer endure the reproach of being at once one of the most intemperate of nations, and one of the least active to mitigate the evil.

If any excuse were needed for bringing this topic up again in the midst of the fierce strife between Teetotaler and Licensed Victualler, between Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Bass, it will be found in the fact that it belongs to neither party. Whether the prohibition of liquor traffic, or its regulation, will ultimately prevail, is not present to the minds of the promoters of Reformatories for Inebriates; they believe, nay, they know, that in either event there will be plenty for them to do; and while Greek and Trojan

contend for mastery, there lies a helpless mass of habitual drunkards full before them, and in abundance of instances imploring that aid which as yet is nowhere to be found.

We desire in this paper to show what the work now carried on in America is worth, what is being achieved, how it is effected, and what can be done when rulers rise to a proper sense of their duties, and when the action of philanthropic societies passes into State hands and receives public recognition.

There are at this time in America nine "public" recognized institutions for the treatment of habitual drunkards. There is only one in Canada. The word "public" is applied to those only which have received charters, or are incorporated, or receive subventions from their respective States.

No private establishments, or lunatic asylums which receive inebriates, are included in this survey. Eight of these nine were visited and closely inspected; the ninth, lying at the great distance of San Francisco, was omitted. These institutions are scattered over a tract of country stretching from Quebec to Chicago, from Boston to Baltimore, and present, as may well be supposed, various and marked differences.

It would be unprofitable, perhaps impossible, to give each visit in all its details, and we prefer to group them into—

1. Those mainly destined for the higher classes, and for the upper half of the middle ones (for there are these distinctions even in America).

2. Those which receive the lower half of the middle and the artisan classes.

3. Those to which patients are sent who are committed by judicial action instead of being sent to a gaol.

The first will be best represented by Binghampton, in the State of New York, and by Media, in that of Pennsylvania; the second by the Washington Homes of Boston and Chicago; the last by Ward's Island, in New York, and Shore Sound, for King's County.

From all these we personally obtained the fullest information; neither failures were concealed, nor success paraded; while much valuable testimony was obtained from the patients themselves in the Reformatories. We have many a time had occasion to analyse reports and check lists of results, and the wisdom of large deductions is familiar to us; but never have we met gentlemen less disposed to overrate their own valuable work, or the products of it: the disposition was in the contrary direction. We took several occasions to test these statements by the judgment of those living among the very classes who furnish the patients to these institutions, by the often hostile criticisms of those whose interests were assailed or thought to be so, and by the statements of those who had been inmates, once or oftener, in one or more establishments, as well as of former superintendents and managers. Therefore, the results which will be now placed before the public may be regarded as moderate, fair, and reliable.

Binghampton and Media are both admirably placed, and adapted to their purposes; Boston and Chicago, to our judgment, very much the reverse, though, as will be seen later, there are contingent advantages connected with particular classes of inmates.

Ward's Island is a Government establishment, and placed, as its name implies, on an island, devoted entirely to reformatory and industrial objects, and inaccessible to the general public without a special order or pass.

At the time of our visit to Binghampton there were eighty patients, all there, we believe, without exception, either voluntarily or at the instance of their friends. There were then no committed

patients. The comfort, order, and harmony that pervaded the place were remarkable, while the readiness with which the somewhat stringent regulations were obeyed was not less so.

Prayers, morning and evening, are read by the chaplain; hymns admirably sung, music played, and the choir conducted by *patients*. The meals were taken in common, and varied in no respect from those in all the hotels of America. There was an admirable library, billiards, smoking-rooms, and all the comforts of a club, while each individual's room was for the time being his own, and decorated according to his taste or fancy. The most remarkable feature was the absence of all appearance of being patients, while the readiness with which they all combined to help each other was admirable. One of the rules is, "that no one goes beyond the grounds, which are very extensive, till he has by eight weeks' sojourn and obedience shown to the superintendent his power to restrain his appetite for drink," and then he has leave for certain days and hours. If he comes back, as is sometimes the case, having broken his promise and got liquor, his leave is stopped; and if he goes out in violation of this restriction, he is dismissed. We witnessed a touching instance of the influence brought to bear by one patient on another.

We heard one say, "Come along; we have got our leave to go to the town to-day: let us be away." The other replied, "I wish to go; but I doubt whether I can keep out of bar if I do." "Well," was the answer, "we will not go to town, but we will be off into the woods, and be back to dinner;" and they were.

During our stay the Literary Club held its weekly meeting, and presented a very remarkable scene. The president was a distinguished Southern officer, who at the battle of Bull's Run commanded a battery that kept the Northern hosts in check for hours: he discoursed of the institution, and what it had done for himself and others, in the somewhat florid style of American

oratory, but which was good evidence of the calibre of his intellect, and how greatly its preservation was to be desired. Another told us how he had "graduated in drink in every country in the world:" how British beer and gin, the French absinthe and eau de vie, Chinese samshoo, Mexican palque, &c., had been swallowed wholesale by him in their respective countries. He also had fought in the tented field, and had passed through the bloody war that ended with the murder of Maximilian.

Of such materials as these were the inmates composed, and it may be well imagined that reason and argument would go far to rule such men; but we had to ask them the question, How far do you who go beyond the grounds, and down to the town, refrain from drink? Their answer was, Many break down, and there are the recurring paroxysms of internal craving for drink, against which all arguments, all entreaties are futile, and the most solemn promise as the idle wind. It is for such as these that the talented and cautious superintendent, Dr. Dodge, asks for the power to turn the key upon them. Such detentions need not be long: each recurring paroxysm will be shorter and less intense, while medicine and diet will aid in curtailing it. No such power, however, exists at Binghampton, except for committed cases; and if a patient breaks out, the only resource is his dismissal. Here let us remark that not one single superintendent, even those who regard the "parole" system as the best, but asks for the power to lock his patient's door.

As at Binghampton, so at Media, near Philadelphia, the patients belong to the upper and better middle classes. Like Binghampton, it is charmingly situated, and has for its superintendent one of the most instructed, experienced, and cautious of those physicians who have turned their attention to this subject in America. Dr. Parrish, while giving the parole system every credit, declares his desire to be able to prevent the going out of bounds of those who are driven by the recurring craving for

drink to break their most solemn vows. He says, that the very fact that the patient knows that such a power exists will in most instances suffice.

We will now spend a short time in the Washingtonian Homes of Boston and Chicago, representing, as they do, the institutions located in the heart of a great city.

To our ideas nothing can be less suitable to such an institution than the noisy thoroughfare of a bustling, pushing, commercial city, with grog-shops and lager-beer saloons on all sides, so that the inhabitants can witness carts and drays unloading their stores of coveted but fatal drink under their very noses. Yet this defect is only partially admitted by the managers, who fall back on the advantages afforded to those who are sufficiently well to do it, for obtaining work. They argue that such an institution should be in a city, for the reason that many patients, after a comparatively short time, are able to go about on their business partially or wholly, though not in a fit condition to leave the Home altogether. It is better, they say, that they should gain health and strength as much as possible surrounded by old temptations, and among those who feel a personal interest in their welfare—who are to give them work or business in the future; that they should become accustomed to new companions, associations, and thus learn to shun drinking places and all connected therewith.

A similar line of argument was used to us when we visited the Washingtonian Home at Chicago, which is still more unfavourably situated than that at Boston; nevertheless, the superintendents at both were anxious for buildings more in accordance with modern requirements, and with better hospital accommodations. These reasons, given almost in their own words, are a curious contrast to the arguments used by the Permissive Bill advocates, who would shut up every drink-shop, and place no reliance on education, moral principles, or common sense being able to teach men not to abuse drink.

Whether the system of interdiction of drink has anywhere done as much good as the moral restraint system of the Washingtonian Home at Boston may be a debateable point; but as evidence of what the latter has done we quote from a report made last year by a Commission appointed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to examine into the working of this institution.

"The Washingtonian Home was first organized under the name of the Home for the Fallen, November 5th, 1857. It was re-organized under an Act of Legislature, and approved, March 26, 1859.

"Its resources at the commencement were small and scanty, and the effort at its commencement was emphatically an experiment; but the experience of over twelve years proves it a most successful experiment.

"Up to the 1st of November, 1870, 3,462 patients had been treated: of these, one-third to one-half are believed to have been thoroughly reformed, and a large portion of the remaining half benefited.

"In this way large numbers have been restored to society as industrious and useful members. A large number also of those who are reformed become active missionaries among their old companions. In this way it is estimated, after careful inquiry, that as many more are restored."

These are weighty facts, if they are such: that they are recorded in the Report of a State Commission is, we think, sufficient evidence of their correctness.

We had heard these cures called in question, and therefore we took special pains to ascertain whether they were merely written off the books when they left the Home, and no further heed taken of them, or whether any watch was kept on their future conduct, so as to test the permanence of the reform.

The superintendent, Mr. Lawrence, who has filled the office several years with great credit, stated that he never wrote a man down as cured till he knew (so far at least as he was able to trace him) that he had re-entered life and re-

sumed his position without relapsing into drink.

All this was repeated to us by Dr. A. Day, a former superintendent at Boston and elsewhere, and confirmed by some direct evidence worthy to be recorded.

We visited the Home one evening, about eight o'clock, and found some sixty or seventy people, of both sexes and all ages, assembled in a large room. These were either patients at that time in the Home, or those who had been; with their wives, children, and friends. After a hymn sung, and a chapter of the Bible read, some of these persons detailed their history, before, during, and after their sojourn in the Home.

Without any parade, without any exhibitions of notorious offenders rescued, such as have affronted and alienated many a sincere social reformer in this country, they gave histories as touching as would furnish forth many a novel.

There were two in particular, whose lives presented true pictures of the downward course of an habitual drunkard. The fall into drink, the endeavour to rise out of it, the virtuous resolve made and broken, the backsliding into vice, another desperate spasmodic effort, and again a fall, until help afforded and prolonged for a sufficient period—help medicinal, moral, and social—such help as is designed and actually rendered by these institutions—had rescued them from perdition.

One man stated that he had never been sober for five months at a time, for twenty-five years, till he came into an Inebriate Asylum, since which, for more than five years, he had never touched drink. Another, who was at the time an assistant in an asylum, stated that he had made several fortunes and lost them through drink; but that after a long struggle, in which, unaided, he must have succumbed, he succeeded in mastering the habit, and for nearly seven years had entirely abstained. We learned that this meeting was weekly and public, and that the reports on the progress of patients who had lately left, were constantly made at

these times and recorded. At Chicago, an annual public meeting is held in addition, at which many of those who have been rescued and who now hold high positions in the Senate, in the Church, in Law, Medicine, and Commerce, attend and urge forward the efforts of the Institution.

We asked whether there were not relapses. The reply was, many. "They come in and go out, and come in again and again, but they are never refused admission, nor do I ever despair," said Mr. Lawrence. In a great majority of the relapses the patient had left too soon: over-confident in his good intentions, he courted temptation and quickly fell; or some great trouble or heavy sorrow fell on him; and he fled to drink for consolation.

There yet remains a certain and notable proportion of those who never are cured, and to these we shall advert hereafter, when treating of the several classes of institutions needed. These are found to be either those who have been so long habitual drinkers that their organs are diseased by alcohol, or those who have inherited a mania for drink (as any other form of insanity is inherited), or those whose low brutal type it is impossible to elevate beyond mere animal enjoyment. What is best to be done with these is a problem that society must some day solve, but which we do not here stop to discuss.

The same Commission gives an estimate of the number of habitual drunkards, that is of those who have lost their power of self-control, to be 600,000 in America. In the State of Massachusetts alone there are 23,000: of this number, 10 per cent., or 2,300, die yearly a drunkard's death, while an equal number of recruits is yearly found to take their places. There are also calculations of what is lost in material advantages by maintaining such an army of drunkards, what is lost in the shape of wages, &c.; but this would lead us too much into wearisome figures to induce us to reproduce them here.

We will now pass to the third class, or those who are sent by magisterial

authority or by committal to Inebriate Reformatories exclusively belonging to the State.

Of these there are but two—Ward's Island, and Shore Sound, Long Island—neither of which indeed is wholly devoted to committed patients, but likewise receives those who pay.

Admirable as is the management at these, yet it does appear to us a great mistake to have both classes under one roof. We can understand the plea that the profits of the paying patients help to defray the cost of the committed ones; but as we were informed at Ward's Island and elsewhere that the labour of the committed patients paid, and more than paid, their cost, this plea will not avail.

We noticed among the boarders, men to whom the very possible contact with a committed patient would be most humiliating; though the same cause brought both there, and the object of both is the same. The feeling may be stronger to us than to an American, whose theory of equality may make it more tolerable, but we believe it to be for the real advantage of both that the treatment of the two should be carried on in different places, and in this we are confirmed by the opinions of many eminent authorities.

To these institutions patients are sent—either by "the committal of the person of an habitual drunkard, or by the warrant of a justice, upon being satisfied, according to their law, that he is an habitual drunkard and incapable,—for such a term, not exceeding one year, as the justice may deem proper."

Similar enactments are to be found in the Acts of Incorporation of the Chicago, Pennsylvanian, and Maryland establishments; but it has been found to work so ill, that the clause remains a dead letter. The results of Ward's Island have not yet reached us, and we have reason to fear that all the Chicago documents perished in the late conflagration.

Dr. Adams' statement, however, amounted to this—that all the work of all the establishment at Ward's Island,

the grounds and gardens included, was done by the patients, and that the value of the labour more than repaid the cost; that many were reformed, and that many more would be but for two reasons:—one, that the justices hardly ever sent any but very confirmed cases to Ward's Island, it being so much easier to carry out the sentence by a fine,¹ or twenty-one days in the House of Correction; the other, that no provision was made for placing those who were discharged in positions favourable to sober habits, so that they went back to their old haunts to relapse into their old vices:—that, nevertheless, while residing in a Reformatory they are profitable to society, which was certainly not the case before or while in gaol; that for a whole year they are kept from crime, during which time they acquired a knowledge of an occupation and habits of industry to which they had long been strangers.

The Brooklyn or Shore Sound Asylum has not been very long at work, but such have been the results that the State has acquired extensive grounds, and is now erecting large buildings, to extend its operations. Since its organization, 555 admissions, including 94 re-admissions (and 59 persons re-admitted), have taken place. Of this number, 350 had been previously in prison for drunkenness, and 85 were transferred by process of law from the prison to the Home. The director, the Rev. Mr. Willett, stated, that though unable, from the majority of the patients moving away in search of fresh employment and new associations, to give accurate figures of the cures, yet he fully believes that one-third are permanently cured.

We have now described, as fully as our limits will permit, the existing institutions and their work; but there is one feature in the treatment of inebriates which we mention only to reprobate, and we have reason to know the system is not confined to America. It

¹ In some States of America a portion of each fine from a drunkard goes into the magistrate's pocket.

is very common there to place inebriates in ordinary lunatic asylums. This is frequently done during a period of mania (*delirium tremens*), and so far as a ready resource for momentary needs, well and good (in England there is no other resource); but they are often kept there long after their sanity is restored. Now, we hold this to be as intolerable as it is illegal. To keep a man who is on all points sane—his propensity to drink to excess excepted—in company with, or at least in the same building with melancholics, monomaniacs, suicides, or the demented, is cruel to both. In other cases, parties are got to sign an agreement to enter an asylum and stay there for a fixed period, and thus evade the law which makes proper certificates imperative. Whether the large profits said to result from this practice in America go into the coffers of the asylum or into the pockets of the officers, we do not pretend to say, but we shall never forget the scathing terms in which a venerable and highly honoured physician at Baltimore denounced so mischievous, cruel, and dishonest a system.

We have not as yet mentioned Canada in reference to this subject, though the legislation there is valuable and extensive, but to do so now would exceed our limits, and carry us into legislative questions which here at least we purposely avoid. It may be that in another paper we may venture on this large and difficult controversy.

We have now to look at the reverse of the picture, and to state fairly and frankly what has been urged against these Reformatory Institutions.

The objections are mainly that they are not sufficiently comprehensive, nor the powers sufficiently stringent; that the cures are neither so lasting nor so numerous as reported; that liquor is clandestinely imported by patients or others, and evasions facilitated. No objection has ever been raised from the liberty-of-the-subject point of view, nor that persons have been unkindly treated, or from interested motives improperly placed in a Reformatory.

Nor has abuse of power been charged on those who direct the asylums.

The stability and duration of the cures, then, is the main objection; and from all we have met, we could get no more definite statement than that they knew A. B. and C. D. had been in this, that, and the other asylum or Home, and yet continued a helpless drunkard.

If it is borne in mind that one-half or one-third of all the admissions only are claimed as cures, there is plenty of margin to account for these failures. There is no doubt that many who are believed to be cured return again to drink, and never are really restored; but when it is remembered how long many of these had been sots before they came under any treatment, how liquor-soaked their every organ was, how impregnated with the poison of alcohol every tissue and fibre of their frame had become—then add the want of power to retain them longer than they like to stay (except in committed cases), and the wonder will be, not that the permanent reformatations are so few, but that they should be so many. The power to retain for a period adequate to confirm a cure is the key of the whole question, the pivot on which it turns; and so strongly is this felt, that at a meeting of the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates, held on the 14th of November, 1871, the following resolution, which has just reached us, was carried:—

“That it is desirable to give legal power to institutions for inebriates to retain their patients until, in the judgment of the proper officers of these establishments, such patients are restored to health.”

Grant this power, and not only can the man whose craving overmasters his resolution be kept from going out at the wrong moment, but the secret importer of liquor who has leave to go to town can be stopped if detected in the act, and the gates closed against any who are disreputable enough to supply those inside.

It is impossible to rate too highly the importance of preventing this secret traffic, for not only does it keep certain patients under a chronic state of alcoholism, but it places temptation before those who sought seclusion to avoid it.

It was also resolved that a Bill should be introduced into Congress this session, based on that brought forward in the House of Commons last session by myself, granting the requisite statutory powers to carry out this intention. This measure, or rather the whole question of what to do with our habitual drunkards, is before a Select Committee, and we hope powers will be taken sufficiently large to make the inquiry complete and exhaustive; that not only papers and records will be produced, but that those who have worked such institutions, whether with success or failure, will be examined.

Let the State once realize that the destructive influence which alcoholism exerts upon life and property is as curable as other diseases, and asylums will be established for the treatment of it, and laws enacted to protect society against a scourge which destroys more lives, ruins more souls, desolates more hearths, than cholera, small-pox, or typhus fever, for which such abundant provision is now made.

SOCIAL NEW YORK.

THE outward appearance of the city of New York has been so often described that it is tolerably well known to English readers. The fine bay, with its white sails and the usually clear blue sky overhead, forming so great a contrast to the Mersey, gives at once to the American-bound traveller a comfortable sense of breadth and cheeriness. There is nothing dull to look at; nothing hopeless; nothing hateful in ugliness and gloom. And Broadway, although we may find it much narrower than we imagined, and very disappointing in the incongruity and tastelessness of its architecture (with the wretched flag-staffs of different sizes on every roof, and flaunting signs stuck up at every door-post), has still an attraction from the novelty and the scale of many of its buildings, and there is a display of wealth and bustling eager activity about the street that give it a character of its own. Fifth Avenue, too, with its handsome brown stone houses, and the trees bordering the pavement in their fresh green, is a sight to please the eye. It is a sort of street we have not been accustomed to. It is typically American. It would be difficult to match its three miles in comfort and sightliness. It is already built out to the Central Park, the great pride and glory of New Yorkers. Within the last ten or twelve years this park has been formed out of an absolute wilderness of rock. The roads in it are perfect. The turf is admirably kept, and no English lawn can look brighter or greener than it does in spring. Fine timber there is none, and never can be, owing to the want of depth of soil, but flowering shrubs and small trees there are in abundance, with several artificial lakes very picturesquely laid out; and whether in spring-time in its freshness,

or in the fall, when Autumn's "fiery finger" is laid among the leaves, the Park has a bright, pleasant appearance, with its crowds of well-dressed people walking about, and the numerous "wag-gons" with fast-trotting horses.

When the ordinary tourist, without letters of introduction, asks what more there is to be seen in this the third largest city in the civilized world, it must be difficult to direct him. There are one or two collections of modern pictures in private houses open to view, which might interest him for half-an-hour. If addicted to education or charitable institutions, he can occupy some time and receive much valuable information from visiting the schools and the other buildings devoted to these purposes. If commercially inclined, the shipping and the "Bulls and Bears," in Wall Street, will claim attention; but at the end of three or four days he must join in the general verdict of travellers, which has not been favourable to New York. Now, although it must be admitted that, as a metropolis, it is very deficient in objects of general interest, the ground on which it may claim both attention and study has scarcely been travelled over by any foreigner. That ground is the interior life of this most American of all American cities. For in their social as well as in their political innovations Americans exhibit the same tendency towards an equality of conditions. In both cases the general result is a wonderful average of content with less of extraordinary eminence in culture and refinement than may be found among the few in such a country as England, but with a much wider diffusion of apparent happiness among the many.

The same Englishman who devoutly

thanks Heaven that he does not live in a land where gentlemen take no part in the government, and where such frauds can be perpetrated as have recently come to light in New York City Administration, will return thanks with equal fervour that his wife and daughters do not squander his substance in millinery, nor their own time in frivolities. Scarcely, perhaps, giving due weight to the fact that however deplorable certain blemishes may be in the practical working of these American institutions, the country, whether by aid of them or in spite of them, thrives, and, in the one case, the spectacle is presented of forty millions of the best educated, the best fed, the best clothed, and the most contented people in the world; and in the other, that whatever defects may be found in the social organization, one end, and not an unimportant one, is attained—namely, securing a very great amount of happiness for a very large number of young people by encouraging them in constant opportunities of meeting, of getting to know one another, and of marrying. This latter feature is of special interest to us in England, for we are becoming so ultra-civilized, that love-marriages are in some danger of going altogether out of existence; the prevalent and growing idea of man's real enjoyment being, apparently, to get away from petticoats—at any rate from reputable petticoats. In America, on the other hand, scarcely any amusement is popular in which the presence of ladies is not *the* essential part. The "tournament of doves" languishes in New York because ladies will not go there. Compare one of our metropolitan racecourses, and take Ascot as one of the most lady-like, with the Jerome Park Meeting at New York. As a question of racing sport, the latter at present is nowhere; but such a circumstance could not occur there, nor indeed at any race-meeting in the country, as is too apt to happen to anyone taking ladies on the course at Ascot. Your carriage gets jammed in between two drags, containing choice spirits of that class of the youth of England who delight to regale themselves after

luncheon with the peculiar style of ballad literature known as "Derby Songs." The coarser the language, the better the pay to the wretched women who sing them. There is nothing for it but to take ladies away till "the fun" is over. Such barbarity tolerated in England, not among the lowest, but among the highest in rank, would be an absolute impossibility among any class in America. Not that there is, by any means, a higher tone of morality in New York than there is in London, but impure associations are very sedulously banished from the sight of the pure, and all that particular class of vice, at any rate, pays the tribute to virtue of keeping itself absolutely apart.

The example of a racecourse may be more striking than any other; but it is not necessary to go so far for an instance. Take an ordinary croquet party, or a yachting party, or a picnic; or, better still, take the general way in which average young gentlemen in the two countries will spend a holiday. In London, it will be a party of men to shoot, or hunt, or row, or play cricket, or whatever else it may be; it will seldom occur to them to take ladies with them as one of the elements in their pleasure seeking. It will as little occur to the same class of men in New York not to take them. There the first thing thought of is a matron, and as many young ladies as there are gentlemen; and whether they drive out for a game of croquet and a dinner to the Four-in-Hand Club, or to see the horses in training at the Jockey Club, or steam up the noble Hudson to picnic among the Highlands, or go to some house in the country for luncheon and a dance afterwards, or down the bay in a yacht, or (if the season be winter) on a sleighing party, the great point aimed at—the circumstance from which the chief pleasure is expected to be derived—is the association of ladies and gentlemen together. And this association, which is thus prized, esteemed, and, one may say, lived for by American men, cannot be said to be more than tolerated by Eng-

lishmen, and that not always with the best grace in the world. We see the results in the dreariness of our garden parties, our croquet parties, our archery parties, where the entertainment consists of twenty-five men protecting themselves as best they can from the advances of seventy-five ladies; most of the latter nominally in the capacity of matrons, as if two or three matrons were not enough for a whole party.

In America we find women, and especially unmarried women, holding a higher rank, relatively to men, than they do in this country. More deference is shown to them—more courtesy. They are encouraged to feel that they are the most important element in the social happiness of the men; and the consequence is, among the better, but not at all uncommon styles of girls, there is a most charming want of constraint, affectation, or mannerism. They are very little conventional or self-conscious, and the just mean is very often found where perfect freedom does not verge on forwardness, pertness, or fastness. And this is due, not merely to the difference in the numerical proportion of men and women in the country, but it must also, in great part, be attributed to the independence in which American girls are brought up from their childhood. They become recognized leaders in all amusements, and are able to dictate a tone to society. For society seems to be a good deal like any other bully, a very great coward when made to feel the strong hand, and young ladies, aware of their tremendous social power when organized, cease to be satisfied with graceless inattentions from men; nor, under such organization, is it possible that there should exist the public recognition, not to say condonement, of that "great social evil" which in England, though confined perhaps in its most prominent aspect to the few "very high in the realm," nevertheless is accountable for a tone and position which men of all classes are apt to assume towards ladies,—a position of complete and unconcealed independence of their society. And is not this want of community

between men and women in their interests and amusements

"... the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music
mute,"

and that is said of the sweetest of all music here in England?

The prevalent English notion of New York society is that it is a perfect sink of iniquity; but bad though it may be, and its best friend could not say much for some sections of it, there is nowhere the same effrontery in vice as can be seen in London or Paris.

Another and perhaps a stronger point is that Americans are very far indeed from recognizing the inherent superiority of boys over girls which is admitted without question in most English families, and which was so well satirized some years ago by *Punch*, in the story of the schoolboy at home, asked by a visitor the number of his family, and answering, "Well, if you count the girls, we're eight. *I'm one.*" The taunt may go for what it is worth, were it not that the poor girls pay the penalty of their inferiority in a form appreciable by the dullest understanding or sensibility,—namely, in being left 20,000% where their brothers are left 200,000% if their parents are wealthy! In America they share and share alike. And all the advantages that money can buy will be lavished on the daughters, while the sons will be turned into a counting-house or lawyer's office at seventeen or eighteen years old, and will be made to work for their living, with little or no money help from their fathers. It is not therefore altogether surprising that in their own estimation young ladies on the other side of the Atlantic have, as they themselves would phrase it, a much more "lovely time" than their cousins here. From their childhood they assume the position of the greatest importance in society. When they are seven or eight years old they go to "dancing schools," or classes, where they meet boys two or three years older than themselves, and from that time forward they are thrown into constant association with the other sex. It

is quite true that American children are generally abominations, and this early making little men and women of them is no doubt one of the causes, but still it must be acknowledged to have some good effects too.

At whatever age you may see an American boy and girl together, you are never pained by that wretched *mauvaise honte* so common in England.

A college boy of fifteen or seventeen in New York will make visits to his girl friends of thirteen or fourteen, and treat them with thorough courtesy. He will have plenty to say to them, and will say it naturally,—not in the least off his ease, and yet not as a general rule forward. It is his ambition to know many of them, to be a favourite with them, and their pursuits and amusements out of school will be in common. These boys go into society at a ridiculously early age, and are often very indifferently educated. Many of them of course are readers, and make up in later life for any early deficiencies, but many are apt to have an extremely low intellectual standard: being quite contented with that amount of knowledge or native smartness that will enable them to succeed in importing fancy dry goods or in selling stocks and gold in Wall Street: and yet with all that there will generally be found a “grace of courtesy” ingrained in them which makes it impossible for them to be otherwise than polite to a lady, or indeed to any other human being.

It would be absolutely impossible to find twelve American gentlemen in an omnibus on a wet day some of whom would not make room for a woman—and do it with grace, as if they had a pleasure in the doing of it. They would always prefer even that a man should come in and stand on their toes with his umbrella dripping over them, than that he should be left out in discomfort. Most of us who take occasion to travel in these not very aristocratic conveyances in London may remember to have noticed the expressions and actions of the five on each side when a lady passenger makes her appearance as No. 11 at

the door—the alacrity to make room and remove her embarrassment as to which side she should choose, and the pleasant welcome given! However, we have rules and regulations as to complements which are conspicuous for their absence in New York. It is outrageous the way in which they fill their omnibuses and cars—exactly like the carts one sees in London streets filled with calves—not only with all the sitting and standing room taken up, but with men hanging on to the platforms, and that under no necessity of exceptional pressure, but as an every-day occurrence. One is apt to hear in this country unfavourable comments on American manners, and it is true that they may often be found not altogether consonant with the highest grace or finish, but a stranger may travel “from Maine to California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico,” with very tolerable certainty that he will never encounter the slightest wilful impoliteness unless he himself gives occasion for it. On the other hand, he will often find excessive courtesy from rough exteriors where he might little expect it, exhibited not in waste of words, but in kindness of action. Even in a California emigrant steamer, an Englishman, busy in taking care of his guns and of his bath-tub and of himself generally, may, if he has the eyes to see and the heart to understand, learn some lessons in chivalry—an accomplishment of by-gone days—from these same rough Western fellows, who may have shocked his delicate sensibility by eating peas with their knives, and by chewing tobacco. Under a glaring tropical sun it will be their first business on arriving at Aspinwall to carry ashore the chairs and other moveables, including babies of women in no way connected with them, helpful to get them good places in the new steamer at Panama—unmindful, till that is done, of their own comfort. Is it, then, this equality of conditions that tends to greater courtesy, greater kindness in manner? Certainly these qualities are noticeable among American men. As for the women, they are very bewitching from their sprightliness, but they are

sometimes spoilt more or less by the attention they receive, looking upon the men merely as providers for their amusement, and they may be a little too apt to regard what they designate "having a good time" as the most important object in life, but still as a rule they appear to make good wives and mothers. And while they are young life certainly is made very easy to them, very joyous, as it naturally should be. Their association with the other sex is encouraged in every direction. Nothing so pleasantly surprises an English gentleman who goes to a New York ball well introduced, as to be asked by half-a-dozen fair maidens of eighteen to twenty years of age, to whom he may have been presented, to call on them any evening. As it is only in most exceptional instances that their papas or mammas add to the crush in a ball-room, he is not likely to have the faintest idea who his new friends may be; but the invitation having been given in the frankest, kindest manner, he naturally takes advantage of it, and on the first occasion will probably be introduced to the parents and the rest of the family. But on all future occasions he is more likely than not to find the young lady quite alone. Not that she will deliberately so contrive it as to be alone. It would be truer to say that no one else will deliberately contrive that she should not be alone, and yet so habitual is this custom that there will not be the smallest constraint or consciousness in her manner. She conducts herself exactly as if it was the most natural thing in the world that two young people should be alone together. Perhaps the most common form for the visit to take will be that the young lady receives her friend in an ante-room, while the rest of the family, with folding doors open between, will be proceeding with their ordinary avocations in the adjoining room, precisely as if no foreign element were present. Each girl in the family will have her own distinct circle of acquaintance, both men and women, so that Maria's friends are possibly unknown except by sight to Julia, and papa's and mamma's friends

are quite unknown to both young ladies. In some large houses in New York, where two or three of the girls are in society, each receives her own friends in her own boudoir, where her visitor is shown up straight from the front door, and where she has her piano and her own favourite books and flowers about her. He comes and goes without seeing any other member of the family, and this unconstrained intimacy is apt to tend naturally towards matrimony.

The safety of the arrangement lies in the numbers. For the visitor going out is likely to stumble on another coming in, and the same young lady will walk or ride alone in the park with a different gentleman every day of the week, or will be seen one day perched on one of those marvellous "light waggons," with very scanty room for two on the seat, behind a pair of trotters speeded up to a "two-forty gait" (twenty-two miles an hour); the next day, alongside a different driver, on an English dog-cart with a tandem team; or a third day reclining with a third cavalier among buffalo robes in a sleigh, rattling along under the merry music of its silver bells. In whatever form the men amuse themselves, the companionship of ladies seems to be a necessity for their thorough enjoyment.

And to this may be attributed the lightness of the atmosphere of American entertainments. At a New York dinner there is certain to be a very large proportion of young married ladies and girls recently "come out," and these women are apt to be so beautiful to look on and so coquette (without being flirts at all in the offensive sense of the word), simply so frankly ready to be admired and to be pleased, and so anxious to please, that no man can have time to realize any defects or wants. He welcomes the new sensation of seeing people thoroughly and unrestrainedly enjoying themselves in their own way. It may not be the highest way, but they are there for the purpose of enjoyment, and they do enjoy themselves, and do not consider it necessary to give themselves airs either of frigidity, gushing sentimentality, literary

enthusiasm, or fastness. They are simply natural. Of course in a city of the size of New York there are numerous sets in what may be called "the best society," comprising every tone of culture or want of culture, and it is therefore impossible to give an idea of the average style of conversation. It would not surprise you to find in an average dinner company several men unaware of the existence of well-known recent works, as for instance the "Idyls of the King," "The Spanish Gipsy," or "The Ring and the Book." But at the very same table you might find yourself taken up sharp by a girl in her teens if you ventured to air a doubtful knowledge of Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings, or were to quote Buckle inaccurately. It would probably, however, be difficult to find anything like the number of quiet dinner parties in New York that may be found in London, where various subjects of political, literary, or scientific interest are conversed about with considerable knowledge on the part of the talkers, and where it would be impossible for anyone to circulate without a very fair acquaintance with the current literature of the day. "Shop" is the general bane of average New York dinner conversation among men.

Then there is generally a hearty desire on the part of everyone to have a "good time;" and as hospitality is one of the cardinal virtues of American character, whatever your host has of best in the way of wines and cigars is sure to be forthcoming without stint. There is none of that repression which is the cold blanket on so many English entertainments, where those who consider themselves a little grander socially than their neighbours must always be asserting their supremacy; and where from the butcher to the baronet so many people are always striving to be what they are not, and to force themselves into the society of others whose whole end and aim in life is to avoid associating with them. In New York the lawyer, the banker, the merchant, and the broker all associate on terms of perfect equality as gentlemen; and out of business hours you may

see the young broker without a shilling of fortune, but who is a gentleman, take a position in society that a millionaire banker who may not be a gentleman would give his ears to obtain, and never can obtain. In England there is a very general—almost a universal—impression or reproach that money will do anything in New York; but we who live in so thin a glass house cannot afford to throw stones. Many a railway magnate who may have amassed a fortune—compared with which Hudson's in his palmiest days would have been scarcely a competence—is as rigidly interdicted from any decent society in New York, as Hudson was warmly welcomed in those circles which claim to call themselves the select society of London. It is very hard to say what does constitute the right of *entrée* into good society in New York; but it most certainly is not wealth alone. There seems to be a sort of process of natural selection of all those people who in themselves contribute something to the general enjoyment. For in all their social gatherings enjoyment is the chiefest point considered. This is especially noticeable in a ball-room. The genius of the people goes out much towards dancing. Nothing can be more perfect of its kind than one of their assemblies at "Delmonico's." "Delmonico's" is an institution of New York, a Swiss family of that name having for long been the chief restaurateurs of the city. They have rented a couple of the handsomest houses in Fifth Avenue, and have built a ball-room behind them, which is used not only for these public assemblies, but is very generally hired by anyone wishing to give a large private ball. The suite of rooms is sufficiently handsome; and as four or five hundred people can be accommodated without crushing, there is generally room to move about and to dance. The bulk of the matronizing is done by comparatively few young married ladies, each of whom will take charge of any number of girls who report themselves to her as a matter of form. It is a very pretty sight to see one of these young matrons enter the

salon bleu, the reception room, with half-a-dozen girls in her train, each carrying from one to half-a-dozen bouquets of exquisite flowers. They have a rare faculty for dressing well—understanding how to wear their fine things, and having in general a perception of the harmony of colours, aided by a liberality in allowance attained by a diversion of much that English fathers devote to the hunting and shooting proclivities of their sons. A ball-room presents a rich, brilliant appearance, like a gay parterre of flowers. Dancing has been elevated almost into an art, and it is very rare to see either man or woman who does not dance really well. Pace and endurance are not so much cultivated in America as grace: and the whole room does not set to dancing, or rather jostling one another at the same moment. Rows of respectable but uncalled-for papas and mammas consuming valuable air and space are unknown. The young girls are consequently the lords of the ascendant, and they look as if they felt it as they are entitled to do in a ball-room.

Quadrilles and lancers are never danced, having gone out of fashion as completely as stage coaches. Waltzes and galops alternate till twelve o'clock, when the favourite German cotillon, with its many fanciful, pretty, and graceful figures, commences and lasts till any hour in the morning. Dancing young ladies seem to be divided into two sets: one of which dances everything except, and the other nothing but, "the German."

The men having been taught dancing from their infancy, and having kept it up ever since, seem to enjoy a ball as much as the women, and the women are radiant. The universality of flower-carrying adds very much to the effectiveness of their appearance. It is extremely rare to see any lady quite bouquet-less; and it is a pleasant custom and a natural one that a man should send to any woman or to many women whom he admires, or to whom he may be indebted for civilities, flowers either in baskets for their boudoirs or in bouquets to swell their triumphs at a ball. They express a sentiment as

lightly as it can be expressed, without having any undue weight attached either by giver or receiver. The sending of the flowers is good for the man, in that for the moment he has thought of some one's pleasure besides his own: the receiving of them is good for the woman, because it puts her in charity with all men and women. The drawback is the want of moderation apt to characterize things American. The cost of a choice ball bouquet is ten or twelve dollars, so that a belle may often be seen entering a room with ten or twelve pounds sterling worth of flowers in her hands, as five bouquets will be no unusual number. As they will all be cast out next day, the waste of money is excessive and reprehensible, for the sentiment cannot be measured in dollars. Baskets of flowers of course run to much greater excess, twenty pounds or forty pounds being often paid in winter for handsome ones.

Even in their club life, the New York men seem to aim at including the other sex. They have a Four-in-hand Club, which certainly belongs as much to the ladies as to the gentlemen, so far as regards the uses to which it is put, and the pleasures derived from it. The Club House is beautifully situated on a knoll overlooking the Hudson, some eight miles from the city, and was built for the purpose of giving dinners and dances. The view from it up and down the river is lovely, and many a pleasant ladies' dinner (always including unmarried girls) is given there in the long summer afternoons. In the winter time, dances with thirty or forty couple, and the return home in a sleigh behind a gentleman whip slightly exhilarated (of course by the keen frosty air), and doing his honest sixteen or eighteen miles an hour, with the moon shining out cold and clear—no "nebulous hypothesis" as we are accustomed to in this little isle—and the bright stars (much more steadfast than the driver), and the solos and the choruses accompanying the joyous ringing of the silver bells, leaves a pleasant—very pleasant—impression on the mind of him who, through the storm

of the singing, may still be listening to a still small voice very near him.

Another pleasant innovation is the custom of giving theatre or opera parties. Any unmarried young lady or gentleman can select a matron and ask half-a-dozen or a dozen of their friends to go to the theatre or opera; the entertainment being generally prefaced by a dinner, or followed by a supper and an impromptu "German" at Delmonico's. You very rarely turn into any theatre in New York without seeing a party of young people enjoying themselves in this way. It is, perhaps, as pleasant a way of passing an evening as any other, to dine at half-past six and go to the opera afterwards. If unfortunate in your right and left at dinner there is the chance of a new deal subsequently, and, that again failing, there is always the piece to look at, with closed eyes perhaps if the light is strong! It will be understood that the opera is a much cheaper amusement in New York than in London, and in itself inferior in fully equal proportion. In fact, there is nothing first-rate about it except the toilettes of the ladies in the audience.

But whether a young lady prefers the constant society of a gentleman or gentlemen at her theatre parties or in her walks, her rides, her drives, or her church-going, the point that makes her life in America different from any European experience is that she is free as the air to dispose of herself as she thinks best. It can scarcely be said that any part of the mode of life described above is likely to contribute much towards making people wiser: in fact, a disposition towards mere enjoyment is apt to be much condemned by superior people who are impressed with the many difficult problems in life which have to be solved, and in the solution of which they themselves may be aiding. But it must be remembered how few of us are superior, or have any intention—even granting we have the ability—to apply our leisure time to schemes for the improvement of ourselves or of our fellow-creatures: and if we don't get the amusement to which we, rightly or

wrongly, think ourselves entitled in one way, we will attempt it in another. Pretty constant social intercourse is good for the great mass of young people, even if a little frivolity be superinduced. But if ladies and gentlemen are to associate together, let their proper relative positions be maintained. Don't let us get and keep the wrong side uppermost. However inferior New York society may be in its intellectual development, on one point it may take its stand—that a man of thirty unmarried is looked on as a helpless, hopeless bachelor, and no girl dreams but that she will be married should she so desire it.

And notwithstanding the luxury in which these young ladies are brought up, it is a common thing to see them marry men without a shilling of fortune except their brains, and, after having been surfeited with every kind of attention and amusement, take up their quarters in a three-pair-back in "Bridal Row" without a murmur, and live for a season on about the cost of the bouquets sent to them in a previous season. As far as an outsider can judge, they make contented, loving, and faithful wives; and perhaps, after all, they cannot more worthily fulfil their destinies. No form of life can be more beautiful than that often practised by English girls, of devoting a great part of their time and attention to visiting the poor and to ministration in Sunday schools, where the motive is pure benevolence, a strong desire to alleviate misery or to root out ignorance, apart from any selfish idea that such conduct will ensure their own future benefit: but, on the other hand, one often sees a character wholly devoid of that talent for real benevolence, wasting a life in a public exhibition of charity, while the poor whom she has always with her at home suffer from a spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction which might be relieved by a little natural romance, for which nature has fitted her, if circumstances had only been more favourable. For all such—

"Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryliss in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nœra's hair?"

It would, however, be assuming too much to maintain that there is any necessary incompatibility between the two forms of living. It is quite possible that the same young lady who may sport with her (male) Amaryllis in the shade from four to six in the afternoon, may have been doing good work from ten to four. The records of the Sanitary Commission during the war showed wonderful achievements on the part of American ladies, and of these New York claimed no small share; and the splendid charitable institutions of the city itself bear witness that these duties are in no way neglected.

It does not follow that work will not be well done because play is well done. And although the walks and the rides, the drives and the dinners, the croquet parties and the evening parties, of ordinary young people may seem to be matters of very trivial interest or importance, it must be remembered that the sum of these small daily incidents powerfully affects the disposition, the manners,

and the bearing of whole sections of society. We in England are too apt to think that because the best specimens of our own countrywomen and countrymen show types that are very rarely equalled and never excelled—so that the words English lady and English gentleman convey, and convey rightly, to our mind quite a distinct and different notion from mere “lady” or “gentleman”—therefore we are entitled to believe that our average Briton holds something of a superior social rank to all foreigners. But when the choice specimens have been culled out, the fact is that, owing to our inequality of condition, the residuum in Great Britain is of a dull, pompous, selfish, ungenial nature, and may learn something from much-maligned New York—a city whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths we may hope will be paths of peace, notwithstanding the too great smartness of Yankee lawyers and the blatant nonsense of the *New York Herald*.
J. W. C.

ALFONSO THE WISE, KING OF CASTILE.

BY MARY WARD.

THE thirteenth century was for the Christian states of Spain a time of rapid political growth. The famous battle of the Navas or plains of Tolosa, in 1210, had struck a blow at Moorish dominion in the south of the peninsula from which it never recovered. Valencia, the Cid's lost conquest, was regained on the one hand, and Leon was permanently united to Castile on the other. The campaign of victory which the energy and vigour of Alfonso VIII., sovereign of Castile alone, had begun, was carried on triumphantly by the political sagacity of Ferdinand the Saint, owner of Leon also; sagacity, which for the first time in Christian Spain made a Christian king the master and not the slave of political opportunity. The battle of 1210 opened southern Spain to the Christians. Andalusia was conquered in 1236, and Ferdinand the Saint entered Cordova. The mosque of Cordova became the cathedral of a Christian bishop; and ranged in the strange pulpit, covered with arabesques, and lately echoing to the voice of the mufti, a Christian choir sang *Te Deum*. Cordova had been at once the seat of Mohammedan Empire in the West, the treasury of Arabic science, and the philosophical centre from which alone Europe drew that imperfect knowledge of Aristotle, by which every department of mediæval thought was for so long shaped and tested; and the fall of Cordova was the fall of Mohammedan Spain. It had been no ordinary capital. Mohammedanism, in the outset so rude, so fervent, so physically irresistible, had in Spain striven to place its empire on a fresh basis, and to put forth other and wider claims to dominion than the sword and the Koran. Cordova was the home of philosophers, botanists, astro-

nomers, at a time when France, according to modern theory, had only just begun to exist. Her *savants*, men of the young Arab faith and race, found themselves, strangely enough, in the position of apostles of antiquity, handing on the civilization of Greece to the schools of Paris. Unthanked and unowned, Cordova was at one time the sun and centre of European culture; and though in the thirteenth century other towns had surpassed it in splendour and military importance, the old ineffable tradition clung round it still. When it fell into the hands of the Christians, Islam must have seemed to have lost its *raison d'être*, and to have resigned with this symbol and memento of its best life every guarantee for the future. The conquest of Seville followed, and Ferdinand the Saint expelled its inhabitants, and repopled its streets with orthodox. Fresh annexations were made year by year, and the choice for the annexed populations lay between exile and the Church's penalties for heresy. At the accession of Alfonso X., Christian Spain might have fairly thought that fifty more years at the most, would see the last infidel sail dipping into the Mediterranean distance. We hear no more of the ancient glitter and prestige which in the days of the Cid made a Spanish knight think it no disgrace to fight for a time in the ranks of the nation's enemies. The moral effect of Islam was gone. The original impulse of conquest and fanaticism, which had vibrated so long in the Spanish Morisma, was dead, and it seemed impossible that a thing so lifeless could long be suffered to hamper the vigorous growth of Christian Spain. But success fertilized the native seed of Spanish indolence, and weak

kings and over-powerful nobles distracted Christian effort; and, as all know, it was not till three hundred years after the battle of Tolosa that Spain drove out the last miserable remnant of a powerless people. The Alhambra became a palace of the kings of Castile; but even then the disappearance of Islam was only a political and a religious disappearance. Still in the streets of Saragossa, where once the great dynasty of the Beni-Houds held Christian Aragon in check, you come upon groups which would not be out of keeping in Damascus; and in the language which every peasant talks the commonest words betray, half-pathetically, an Arabic origin.

Within these gradually extending boundaries, the Spanish mind had been rapidly and healthily developing. Between the dates of the Poem of the Cid, and of the accession of Alfonso X., a period of almost exactly one hundred years, the literature of the country had passed out of its infancy, had lost its purely objective character, and contented itself no more with outsiders. The Poem of the Cid was simple, because nothing else than simplicity was then attainable. Life, complex as it may seem at first sight to have been, was really simple; that is, ruled by a single dominant impulse. The pressure was intense, but it was in one direction—the direction of unwavering hostility to the infidel invaders. Circumstances threw the country and its literature into the heroic stage. But towards the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries, hope and moderate tranquillity began for Spain. She found time for other works than rough epics and monkish legends of St. Mary the Egyptian, and worthless rhymes on the Adoration of the Magi; bound up with these we find a rhyming history of Apollonius, prince of Tyre—sure sign of leisure and security in author and audience. Presently, from the monastery of San Milano, Gonzalez Berceo, the first named Spanish poet, began to pour legend after legend, and poem after poem. There is an exquisite little passage in the opening of

one of his longest poems, the *Miracles of the Virgin*, which accurately mark the transition time through which the literature is passing. He is describing the Virgin under the allegory of a garden. The introduction of allegory of itself of course marks the second period of a literature; but independently of this, the piece is so detailed, so purposely suggestive, so full of a subdued and finely finished colour and music, that one is tempted to believe, for the moment, either that the Poem of the Cid must be much earlier than 1150, or that some later hand has been at work here. But compare it with other passages from Berceo, and the genuineness of both matter and form appears at once. In the “Lament which the Virgin Maria made on the day of her Son’s Passion,” the poet puts into the mouth of the Virgin lines whose grave, unembarrassed flow and restrained tenderness produce that effect of simplicity without crudeness after which the best of modern art is perpetually striving. Between this and the best passage from the scene of the Cortes, in the Poem of the Cid, the gulf is immense. Berceo is by no means a great poet; you may wade through twenty or thirty pages of Sanchez’ edition without finding a line worth noticing: still somewhere in the old monk’s dull and unequally developed nature there lay hidden capacities which the date of his birth denied to the older author, naturally the more richly gifted of the two. For a man writes not only according to the soul within him, but according to the pressure of intelligence around him, and his thoughts will be such as his age allows him, and his method of expression such as his age will understand.

So far the development of the national genius was undisturbed. In the thirteenth century, however, three foreign influences at least were at work on Spain: that of the Troubadours driven southward by the storm of the Albigensian crusade, a long-lived influence, whose extent and force can hardly be rightly estimated till we reach the fifteenth century, and attempt to pene-

trate into the literary life of the court of John II.; that of Arabic literature, brought to bear by the conquest of Cordova, and chiefly to be traced in the court and writings of Alfonso X.; and that of the Trouvères, soon to be lost sight of in the overmastering enchantment of Italy and Dante.

Our subject obliges us to concern ourselves chiefly with the second of these. The age of the *Cantares de Gesta* was over: in the fourteenth century the *Divina Commedia* was to change the whole mind and course of Spanish literature, and the gap between is filled with the figure of Alfonso X., surrounded by "wise men from the East."

"King Alfonso was a man of great sense," writes the Jesuit historian Mariana, "but more fit for a scholar than a king; for whilst he studied the heavens and the stars, he lost the earth and his kingdom." Mariana's account of him throughout is marked with a certain distrust and vague dislike, which one may suppose explained, either by the popular traditions of Alfonso's unsoundness in theological matters, or by the natural contempt of the practical man for failure. And that Alfonso's political career was a failure cannot be denied. He was proclaimed at Seville, his father's conquest, under the happiest of auspices. The Guadalquivir, so long a Moorish river, flowed along its whole course through Christian territory. Seville, Cordova, Jaen, Valencia: in the contemplation of such a line of conquests, how distant must have seemed the day when Alfonso VI. entered Toledo in triumph, and how amply avenged the long exile in the Asturias! Alfonso, already skilled in war and distinguished for his learning, ascended his father's throne with all the prestige which belongs to the son not only of a conqueror, but of a saint. It was a moment of natural enthusiasm for the throne, justified by the high character, both for military and literary attainment, borne by the new occupant of it. Yet in the very first year of his reign we find Alfonso debasing the coin at

Seville, and by the act sowing the seeds of that universal mutiny and discontent which overwhelmed and humiliated his old age. This proceeding, often repeated throughout his reign, has been treated by all his historians as the gravest blot upon his career. Was it a piece of thirteenth-century political economy, the result of a sort of theoretical alchemy, or merely an unwise expedient for the relief of practical necessity? It is impossible to determine. That the people never forgot it, and that they revenged themselves by leaving the king in great measure to fight his own quarrel with his undutiful son and rebellious nobles, is very evident. Against the effect of so practical a wrong his reputation for learning never made head: the villager, unable to make his little hoard of gold go as far as he had calculated, was not likely, in the face of such an evil, to take much interest in the astronomical merits of the author of it. The enthusiasm for Alfonso as a *savant* belongs to a later date in Spain. During his lifetime it was reserved for foreign countries, untroubled by the king, to recognize and reward the efforts of the philosopher. To such recognition we owe the famous incident which connects his name with general European history. Four years after his accession, in 1256, three out of the seven Electors of Germany—Trèves, Saxony, and Brandenburg—meeting inside the walls of Frankfurt, elected Alfonso X. emperor; while the Archbishops of Mentz and Cologne, and the Count Palatine, finding the gates of the city closed against them, encamped outside, and proclaimed Richard of Cornwall. As to the casting vote of Ottocar, king of Bohemia, opinions are divided: whether he registered it on the side of Alfonso or not the fact remains the same, that Alfonso never became emperor; that if the imperial functions were discharged at all between 1256 and 1272, they were discharged by Richard of Cornwall, and that the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg, in 1272, removed the crown of Charlemagne for ever out of his reach. Al-

Alfonso owed his election to several causes, not all complimentary to him; but there seems no reason to doubt the profession of the Electors, that they were principally influenced in their choice by the wide-spread reports of his learning. If it was so, learning never earned a more worthless guerdon. For twenty years Alfonso hankered after the proffered yet unattainable prize. Had he been a popular and secure ruler, we may well believe that he would have put forth all the resources of Castile to claim it. But he was distracted on the one side by the perpetual revolts of Granada, a rising kingdom, which the genius of a Moorish soldier of fortune had built up upon the ruins of the older Mohammedan states, and on the other by the discontent of his poorer subjects, the mutiny of his nobles, and the schemes of his second son, Sancho. Nor was this all. The Pope enlisted on the side of Richard of Cornwall, yet by no means wishing to offend the author of the *Siete Partidas*, offered him a tithe of the ecclesiastical revenues usually applied to the repairing and restoring of churches, provided he would relinquish all claim to the Empire. Alfonso, always needy, felt keenly the attractions of the offer, but could bring himself neither to reject it, nor to accept the condition upon which it hung. During the whole of his transactions connected with the unlucky election of 1256, there is not a trace of decision or of dignity. We find him in 1275, three years after the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg, undertaking a winter journey to France, for the purpose of meeting the Pope at Belcaire, and pleading his rights. He sets forth his claim to the Empire with all the arguments he can muster, in the presence of Pope and Cardinals, but in vain. The Pope thoroughly understands that Rudolph is not a man to be trifled with, and stands firm; "but," says Mariana, "being a meek man, and understanding how to appease generous spirits, he embraced and kissed 'the furious monarch,' and so pacified him."

In the autumn of 1276 Alfonso returned to Castile, master indeed of a

tithe of the ecclesiastical revenues, but emperor no longer even in his own eyes. He found the kingdom in confusion; his eldest son dead; the Moors, aided by reinforcements from Africa, marching northwards; and his second son Sancho claiming the succession against his brother's children. The Moors were easily repulsed, but from this year until his death Alfonso's life was a succession of troubles and humiliations. To win back Sancho he took the succession from Ferdinand's children, and so offended Philip III. of France, their grandfather, and ran the risk of a French invasion. In 1280 he once more debased the coinage, and by this act of short-sighted folly destroyed his last hold upon the sympathies of Spain. Sancho, who considered his father only as an obstacle in his path, took advantage of every mistake, made friends with Granada, and secured Castile by large promises of a better order of things. When, in 1281, Alfonso summoned a Cortes at Toledo, Sancho summoned a counter one at Valladolid, in which his father was publicly deposed. Alfonso, forsaken by Church and State alike, made one last desperate effort to recover his ancient supremacy. To this period of his life belongs the famous and touching letter quoted in Ticknor's well-known book. It is addressed to Alonzo Perez de Guzman, at the court of Morocco, asking for help in men and money from the king of that country.

In it he speaks of his sad and fallen state. His prelates, instead of making peace, have fomented discord. Since those of his own country fail him, none can take it ill that he applies to those of Benamarin. He therefore entreats Guzman to obtain help and money for him from Aben Jusef, who is allied and at peace with him. If fate allows, Alfonso will amply recompense Guzman for his good offices; if not, urges the philosopher-king, loyalty and charity are their own reward.

"Therefore, my cousin, Alonzo Perez de Guzman, so treat with your master and my friend that he may lend me on

my richest crown, and on the jewels in it, as much as shall seem good to him ; and if you should be able to obtain his help for me, do not deprive me of it, which I think you will not do ; rather I hold that all the good offices which my master may do me, by your hand they will come, and may the hand of God be with you. Given in my only loyal city of Seville, the thirtieth year of my reign, and the first of my misfortunes.

“THE KING.”

At last the Pope excommunicated Sancho and his adherents, and popular sympathy turned a little towards the aged and forsaken king. But Alfonso, shut up in his “only loyal city,” received the submission of various towns and vassals, which the excommunication brought about, with a certain apathy and hopelessness. There is nothing more dreary than the history of his last days, as the old chronicle of his life relates them. A false report gains ground of the death of Sancho, and the news reaches Seville.

“It came to Don Alvaro,” says the chronicle, “and so to the king Don Alfonso. And he saw that it was said in the letter that the Infante Don Sancho, his son, was dead. And he was much troubled, insomuch that he would not show it before those who were there, and withdrew into a room by himself, so that no man dared go in to him. And he began to weep for him very bitterly ; and so great was his sorrow, that at last he said concerning him many grievous words, declaring that the best man of his lineage was dead.”

His attendants, indignant at his grief, break in upon him, reproaching him with the indulgence of such weak lamentation over the death of a rebel and a perjurer. It is Joab and David over again. And Alfonso, broken in mind and body, seeks to pacify them and to hide his own emotion.

“Master Nicholas,” he said, addressing their spokesman, “I am not weeping for the death of the Infante Don Sancho, but I weep for my miserable old age.” Sancho, however, recovers from the fever which had attacked him, and journeys

to Avila as healthy and as pugnacious as before. Alfonso is told of the mistake, and “it pleased him.” For he had entered upon that border-land where neither pleasure nor pain have any life or keenness, but are shadows like all else. “He fell ill in Seville, so that he drew nigh unto death And when the sickness had run its course, he said before them all that he pardoned the Infante Don Sancho, his heir, all that out of malice he had done against him, and to his subjects the wrong they had wrought towards him, ordering that letters confirming the same should be written—sealed with his golden seal, so that all his subjects should be certain that he had put away his quarrel with them, and desired that no blame whatever should rest upon them. And when he had said this, he received the body of God with great devotion, and in a little while gave up his soul to God.”

So died Alfonso of Castile, having, as it seemed, made a failure of his life. Never upon the face of it was any man more unsuited to his position, or more incapable of doing the work assigned to him. We fancy him perhaps under other circumstances—a student in some monastery, like Berceo ; a professor of law at Salamanca ; a great troubadour, free to catch and revel in every passing nuance of emotion. To what a roundness and completeness we imagine might have grown the nature which fate appears to have so stunted and mutilated. But as we pass beyond his life, through his writings into the later life of Spain, we are gradually persuaded that our first impression was wrong, as was the first impression of his countrymen. During those twenty years, which appear at first sight one long contemptible hankering after a doubtful gain, Alfonso created Spanish law, endowed and enlarged the Universities, regulated the unwieldy growth of municipal privilege and custom throughout Spain, and by his banishment of the hitherto omnipotent Latin from all public acts, and his great prose works in the vulgar tongue, produced effects, both upon the language and literature, which among other Romance peoples had been

the fruits of the united efforts of several generations, and gave such an impulse to the mind of Spain as Chaucer gave to England a century later. All this was done in a curious, loitering, uneventful way. These works were not the offshoots of an illustrious life; they came into the world stamped with an unfavourable birth-mark, with no glitter, no prestige, shrouded like their author in a cloud of mean and harassing circumstances. They had to win their way upwards from the rank and file of human efforts by their own intrinsic merit. And it was not until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when Spaniards, conscious for the first time of the riches and capabilities of the national life, sought to trace its developments to their several sources, that Alfonso's labours were at last approached, sifted, and understood by men in whom the political temper of the Spain of his day was altogether dead.

Four years after his accession, on the eve of the Feast of St. John, the code of the *Siete Partidas* was begun. This great work, which forms to this day the groundwork of all Spanish law, and which, creeping in from Florida, has found its way into the law-courts of the United States, was undertaken in obedience to a dying injunction of St. Ferdinand, who had himself begun upon it. It was finished in ten years, but did not receive full authority as law till after Alfonso's death.

It is not, however, as a code of laws that we are concerned with the *Siete Partidas*. Its foundation, general tendency, and completeness as such—these are not literary questions, and must be judged of by those qualified to consider them. It is in the wide and general culture which the book reveals, in the many influences that we discover to have been at work upon it, in the curious historical evidence afforded by its pages, and in the thousand-and-one points which throw light upon the character of its author, that the ordinary reader finds legitimate working-ground. When we think of how few literary Spaniards consider the knowledge of Arabic essen-

tial to the study of the past history of their country; when we remember the stir created quite recently in Spain by the publication of a series of mere extracts from Arabic MSS.—MSS. chosen from hundreds of others which remain to this day uncatalogued and unknown in the depths of the Escorial—does it not at least appear remarkable that at a time when, as a Spanish king victorious over but not yet rid of the ancient oppressors of his race, he might have justifiably neglected and repelled the genius and skill of a people whom he still feared, Alfonso should have drawn his principal work equally from Christian and Arabic sources, and should have considered no part of it complete without illustration from, or reference to, the learning of the East? In the "*Chronica General de España*" Arabic literature has left still more definite traces. It is a little startling to find in the fourth part of this chronicle the objections of modern critics to the history of the Cid, anticipated and justified by a king of Castile born about 120 years after the hero's death. But M. Dozy has explained the puzzle. We know now that nearly the whole of the fourth part is nothing more than a translation from an Arabic history of the Cid, which has been lost, and which very naturally places the conquerors of Valencia in by no means the most favourable of lights, and we do not need M. Dozy's help in restoring for ourselves the Arabic lament over Valencia, which Alfonso has handed down to us in token of an unusual sympathy with a hostile literature.

The following passage is taken from the third part of the *Siete Partidas* which relates to the duties and privileges of the king:—

"Vicars of God are the kings, each one in his kingdom, placed over the people to maintain them in justice and in truth. They have been called the heart and soul of the people. For as the soul lies in the heart of man and by it the body lives and is maintained, so in the king lies justice, which is the life and maintenance of the people of his lordship. And as the heart is one, and from it all the other members receive dignity and worthiness so that they may become one with it, so those of the kingdom, though they be many, because

the king is one, must be one with him, to serve and aid him in all those things which he has to do.

* * * * *

"Thought is the manner in which men consider things past, present, and to come. It is born in the minds of men and ought to be engendered without anger, without great sadness or much desire or with violence, but with reason and concerning things which breed honour and avert ill. And let the king guard the thoughts of his heart in three manners: firstly let him not desire nor greatly care to have superfluous and worthless honours."

It is curious to compare what follows with the facts of the writer's life:—

"Superfluous and worthless honours the king ought not to desire. For that which is beyond necessity cannot last, and being lost and come short of turns to dishonour. Moreover the wise men have said that it is no less a virtue for a man to keep that which he has than to gain that which he has not; because keeping comes of judgment, but gain of good fortune. And the king who keeps his honour in such a manner that every day and by all means it is increased, lacking nothing, and does not lose that which he has for that which he desires to have,—he is held for a man of right judgment, who loves his own and desires to lead them to all good. And God will keep him in this world from the dishonouring of men, and in the next from the dishonour of the wicked in hell."

We can do no more than mention the "Septenario," a work which anticipates the "Tesoro" of Brunetto Latini; the "Book of Hunting;" the Treatise on Chess (is there any kindred between this and the one printed by Caxton?); the "Fuero Castellano," which was intended to regulate the curious and unequal growth of municipal privilege and custom in Spain; the "Gran Conquista d'Ultramar," of which there is a splendid copy in the British Museum, which belonged to Charles II.; and those other smaller works which, under the title of *Opusculos Legales*, have been recently published by the Spanish Academy.

As we have said, the sixteenth-century editions of all these works have put Alfonso clearly before the world a man and author. Moreover, they have provided materials for foreign criticism, of which it has not been slow to avail itself. The Germans have gone to work upon Alfonso, and the result of their

gründlich investigations has been a little disheartening.

True, they say, the man did good work; that he strongly influenced for good both the social and political civilization of Spain cannot be denied; therefore, as the servant of human progress he claims our most serious attention: but as a man he is in our eyes undone by one fatal error,—as a philosopher and follower of truth, he is for ever discredited by the book of the "Tesoro."

What then is this book of the "Tesoro," upon which Alfonso's reputation for honesty, and therefore for greatness, undoubtedly hangs? Among the MSS. of the National Library there may be seen a small parchment folio consisting of about ten leaves, and closed with a curious double lock. The character in which it is written *appears* to be that of the fourteenth century, and no less than sixty-two paragraphs of the book consist of unintelligible cyphers. It opens with a prose preface, from which we will quote a few lines:—

"Book I. of the 'Tesoro.' Written by me, Don Alfonso, King of Spain, *who have been Emperor*, since after many great mercies which the Lord God hath bestowed upon me—of which the greater were the knowledge of His holy faith, of natural things, and the kingdom of my fathers,—the better to sustain this last, He hath of His own good pleasure given to me the high good and possession of the philosopher's stone, for I sought it not. This great treasure became known to me in my poverty, and I made it, and with it increased my wealth."

Then follow a series of verses, *de arte mayor*, in which the author relates how he imported a *savant* from Egypt who possessed the secret, how it had been imparted to him, and how zeal for the good of his countrymen had led him to open to the world this great and divine mystery. The receipt itself is given in cyphers, which have never yet been explained, and which, as Ticknor remarks, were probably never meant to be explained. In the opening verses it is said, that not wishing to give such great power as the knowledge of the secret would impart to an unlettered man, the author has imitated the Theban Sphinx,

and has put forth truths under the guise of cyphers.

The whole thing is a delectable compound of ignorance, superstition, and knavery. In neither thought nor expression is there a trace of dignity or cultivation, and we know that Alfonso of Castile possessed both. The evidence, external and internal, has been examined in detail by Los Rios and other critics. It was noticed by Sanchez as early as 1775 that the character of the MS. was suspicious; that it had the appearance of having been formed by detached strokes of the pen, as if in laboured imitation of a thirteenth or early fourteenth century hand. The MS. has been carefully examined more than once since 1775, and, says Los Rios, there is no modern palæographer who will not declare it to belong to the latter half of the fifteenth century. The note upon it which fixes the ownership of it upon the famous Marques de Villena is written in the same suspicious character, and there can be no doubt that it saw the light long after his death, its author attaching to it the names of a king sufficiently famous and sufficiently far removed, and of a well-known patron of letters so universally credited with a knowledge of the black art, that after his death the greater portion of his priceless library was handed over to the king and burnt by the common hangman.

Notice also the expression in the Prologue, "who have been Emperor." At the close of the MS. belonging to the Biblioteca Nacional we find the following notice of date:—"May God be praised. This book was written in the year of our Salvation, 1272." Now, although it is true that Rudolph of Hapsburg was elected emperor in 1272, we know that it was not till 1276 that Alfonso relinquished his long-cherished dream, and gave up the style and title which all his efforts were unable to confirm and substantiate. But such an expression would come naturally enough to the half-educated author of the fifteenth century; aware of one fact only, the fact of Rudolph's election,

and in his anxiety to avoid anachronisms, stumbling into a fatal one. The date too, "in the year of our Salvation," has an odd ring about it. Till the end of the fourteenth century Spain counted from the Era of Cæsar; when the year of Our Lord was mentioned at all, it was always placed after the year of the Era, and spoken of as that of "*The Incarnation*," the form "of our Salvation" being of much later date.

Add to this the penalties decreed against magic and alchemy in the *Partidas*; the assertion that if a king desires the thing which may not be, and attempts to do by art what according to nature cannot be done, "as does *el Alquimia*," he will be considered a man without understanding, and will waste both time and money; and the denunciation of those "who make alchemy *ficiesen alquimia*, deceiving men, and making them believe that which according to nature cannot be."

So far indeed from encouraging the popular superstitions of his time, Alfonso stood in a strangely advanced position towards them, and deserves to be placed side by side with our own Bacon, as one of the first genuine and modest inquirers after scientific truth. Compare with the false "Tesoro" the true "Tablas Alfonsinas." They are crude, no doubt. They have that curious element of mystery and fancifulness which enters universally into mediæval science; but they are what Roger Bacon was dreaming of, and their merit was attested by their rapid popularity. It is with a rare delight that the English student of Alfonso finds in the "Frankleine's Tale" of our own Chaucer a mention of the king's scientific work:—

"His tables Toletanes forth he brought,
Ful wel corrected that ther lacked nought."

This is an undoubted reference to the Alfonsine Tables, which, from the place of their compilation, were frequently called the "*Tabulæ Toletanæ*." Dorigen sets her lover, Aurelius, the task of clearing the coast of Brittany from rocks, so

"That they ne letten ship ne bote to gon."

Aurelius, in despair, applies to a clerk of Orleans, a noted magician and astrologist; and, with the aid of the "Tables Toletanes," the magician produces an illusion which frightens Dorigen out of her senses. It cannot be denied that the connection in which his great work is mentioned, is scarcely as complimentary to Alfonso as one might wish it to be; still it affords a curious proof of the wide-spread popularity to which it had attained within a hundred years of his death. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was translated into Latin, and printed frequently in a mutilated form in France, Italy, and Germany. Our own days have seen a superb edition of it issued by the Spanish Academy. And the *Tabulæ* well deserved their mediæval fame, and their modern reprint, not only as the crude embodiment of patient labour and long research, but as the product of an almost premature enlightenment of mind. For the successors of Averrhoes and Avicenna, driven out of Seville and Cordova by the father, had returned to their old haunts at the invitation of the son. With them, too, had come the famous Rabbis, depositaries of learning which had not been able to hold its own against the energy and splendour of Mohammedan science, and which had gradually sunk into a supplementary place. In Toledo, the conquest of Alfonso VI. and the most Christian of cities, Alfonso had gathered together a great council of the wise men of all nations, composed principally of Arabs and Arabic Jews, but containing also representatives of the learning of France and Italy. Here for many years he maintained them at the public expense, while the necessary data for the compilation of the "*Tablas Alfonsinas*" were being collected. A permanent meeting sat in Toledo, conducted, when Alfonso could not be present, by a famous Rabbi, while detachments of *savants* established themselves in different parts of the town and its neighbourhood for the observation of the heavenly bodies, and the drawing up of tables. "This was

the first time," says the Spanish Royal Academy of History, "that in barbarous times the republic of letters was invited to contemplate an academy of learned men occupied through many years in rectifying the old astronomical calculations, in disputing about the most difficult details of this science, in constructing new instruments, in observing by means of them the course of the stars, their declinations, ascensions, eclipses, longitudes, and latitudes."

Compare with this Roger Bacon's despairing dream of what might be, as we have it in the "*Opus Tertium*" sent to Pope Clement IV. in 1267. Mathematicians,¹ instruments, tables, all are requisite, he says, and he despairs of all three. Good mathematicians are not to be had, except at vast expense, such as could only be borne by the Pope or some great prince: the same complaint applies to instruments, and to the compilation and certifying of tables. Such tables, perfectly done, would be worth a king's ransom. He himself has often attempted their composition, but in vain. The work is too vast and costly for any but the great. Before it could be undertaken it would at least be necessary that

"Ten or twelve boys should be instructed in the ordinary canons and astronomical tables; and when they knew how to work at them, then for a year to discover the motions of each planet singly, for every day and every hour, according to all the variations of their motion."

What would he have said had he known of the council of *savants* already assembled at Toledo, "under a great prince," working not for one year, but for many at this very thing?

Yet, as we read the account not only of such public acts as these, but of Alfonso's private life,—of his maintenance in his palace at Burgos, of which twenty years ago remains were still to be traced, of Arabic *savants*, men who professed not only Averrhoes but the Koran,—we wonder no longer at the popular suspicion of his orthodoxy.

¹ It must be remembered that Bacon included under the general term of mathematics, geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and music.

"Had God Almighty consulted me about the solar system, it would have been better done," he is reported to have said, and the authenticity of the speech has been a ground of contention for centuries. It is more than probable that he never made it, but it is very natural that Spain should have supposed him capable of it; for Alfonso's religion, deep and genuine as it was, was of an altogether different type from that of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is not represented by the First Book of the *Partidas*, to the compilation of which all sorts of political causes contributed; it is not to be judged of by the Prologue of the forged "Tesoro;" it runs into quite other moulds, and is preserved to us in quite other shapes. It is in the "*Cantigas á la Virgen Maria*," mentioned in his will, and sung over his grave at Toledo for hundreds of years, that we get at the heart of Alfonso. These little pieces, some of them full of a sunny lyrical buoyancy, others fancifully sad and grave, and others simple narrative, which only the genius of the narrator saves from baldness and awkwardness, betray to us the real inner nature of the great author of the *Partidas* and of the "*Grande y General Historia*." The language in which they are written is as it were a confidence in itself, and appeals to one. It is Gallician, and we are reminded by it of the writer's childhood in Leon, and of the early years among the Asturias, far away from Seville and Cordova, and the busy, disputant South. We have no details of this childhood of Alfonso, but from these Gallician *cantigas* we can well believe that it had memories for him which remained for ever sacred. It was tended and trained, no doubt, by the beautiful Beatrice of Suabia, his mother, whose statue stands near that of her son in the cathedral of Toledo. Her form is full of grace and dignity; she averts her modest, tender face while she holds her hand to receive her wedding-ring from her husband. There is a fanciful poetry about the conception of the mediæval sculptor which takes hold of the imagination. There in the

cathedral of Toledo the three have stood for centuries—father, mother, and son—the parents for ever exchanging the symbol of their love, thus made immortal: the son standing a little apart, unnoticing, extreme youthfulness in face and figure, the countenance slightly upraised, eyes and lip smooth and untroubled, almost smiling; one hand holding the fastening of the long upper mantle, which falls to the feet in large calm folds; the other grasping a sceptre, upon the top of which perches a dove.

One should read the *Cantigas* with this statue in one's mind. With wars in Granada, rebellions, imperial elections, and treaties, they have nothing whatever to do. There are signs of warlike enthusiasm, it is true, traces of that natural and inevitable patriotism which was the birthright of every mediæval Spaniard; still their general tone presupposes one of those happy elevated moods of the mind in which material confusions and distractions are lost sight of, and the delight of the soul in the strength and purity of its own emotions expresses itself outwardly in a certain grace and serenity. Take, for instance, this welcome to May, the month of Mary, which we reproduce in a faint English copy, preserving the metre of the original:—

"Welcome, O May, yet once again we greet thee!

So alway praise we her, the Holy Mother,
Who prays to God that He shall aid us ever
Against our foes, and to us ever listen.

"Welcome, O May, loyally art thou welcome!
So alway praise we her, the Mother of kindness,

Mother who ever on us taketh pity,
Mother who guardeth us from woes unnumbered."

"Welcome, O May! welcome, O month well-favoured!

So let us ever pray and offer praises
To her who ceases not for us, for sinners,
To pray to God that we from woes be guarded.

"Welcome, O May, O joyous May and stainless!

So will we ever pray to her who gaineth
Grace from her Son for us, and gives each morning
Force that by us the Moors from Spain be driven.

“Welcome, O May, of bread and wine the giver !
 Pray then to her, for in her arms, an infant,
 She bore the Lord ! She points us on our journey,
 The journey that to her will bear us quickly !”

There is little depth or subtilty of thought in this ; but how fresh it is, how entirely without effort or affectation ! There is nothing strained, not an epithet too much, and the allusion to the Moors completes the whole effect of spontaneity. The more serious poems,—such as litanies, confessions of sin, legends like that exquisite one of the nun who leaves her convent for the sinful world, and coming back years afterwards broken and repentant, finds the Virgin in her place, wearing her forsaken dress, and fulfilling her deserted duties, till she should return to resume them, when, without a word of upbraiding, they are given back to her, and she, heart-broken with love and gratitude, confesses to the amazed and wondering sisters, her flight and her long absence, and dies in an ecstasy,—all are characterized by the same fresh simplicity. Not that the book is faultless ; here and there the evil influence of the Troubadours has crept in, producing lines so curiously meaningless, and versification so ingeniously unnatural, that we smile and acquit Alfonso of what is his only in name.

The “Querellas,” a poem, of which only two stanzas remain to us, was written within a year or two of his death. It was meant to be a lament over his misfortunes, and is not without dignity, though wanting in the delicate individual flavour of the *Cantigas*. Great

efforts have been made of late years to recover the remainder of it. Spain has been searched for it, but in vain. If it exists at all, it must be looked for now rather in Paris or Vienna, than in the Escorial.

Alfonso of Castile is not to be described in a few pages. He is not like the Cid, a man of one impulse, and that an easily comprehensible one. His character is full of indications, of half-growths and complexities. You class him perhaps in your mind as a philosopher, and he is one ; then why not more indifference to this world's gains and prospects ? But he had the volatile and quickly-moved humanity of a child, and the crown of Charlemagne pleases him like any other bauble. He appears at one time a king jealous of his rights, enumerating with bitter pride those who had knelt at his feet and done him homage ; while later we find him directing that he should be buried near his parents on a lower tomb, his head to their feet, because of his unworthiness. And there they rest together, Ferdinand the Saint and Alfonso the Wise, father and son, difficult as it is to realize that the same age produced both : the one a noble and adequate representative of the best and most characteristic influences of his day ; the other bewildered by dim ideals for the realization of which the world had not yet provided the means, his force wasted perpetually in untimely aspirations. Not wholly anything, whether for good or evil, it is difficult to understand and represent him ; but our sympathy with him perhaps transcends that which we are able to accord to the Saint.

CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE days that followed passed, as such days will pass, outwardly very like those which had preceded the downfall of Christina's hopes and the wreck of her happiness. She had never again referred to the letter she had received, and her mother dared not speak of it to her. Mr. North had been told, of course; and although he had been bitter in his resentment at the moment, it seemed as if increasing weakness had diminished his powers of memory, and after the first day it often seemed to Mrs. North as if it had passed away altogether from his mind.

As to Christina, she was pale and silent, but she moved about the house as usual: she waited upon her grandfather and cared for his comfort; she took her share in the night nursing and would never own that she was tired; she met Mrs. Oswestry without embarrassment; and she was kind and friendly in her manner to Mr. Warde when he came to see her grandfather: she was not exactly repellant or ungracious, but yet, for some reason or other, they none of them dared to speak to her of what had occurred.

She had made no answer to Walter Cleasby's letter. What could she say? She told herself that that page of her life had been closed for ever, and she would not speak of it again. She bore herself bravely, and those about her could only guess at what was passing within her.

Walter hung about the place in the hope that he might meet some one of whom he might venture to ask what was passing at the White House. At

first he had a faint hope that he might receive some word in answer to his letter: he had even thought that it was possible she might consent to see him; but three days passed and he heard nothing. He knew that he had brought it upon himself; even now he did not wish it undone, but the suspense was hard to bear. He tortured himself by conjuring up twenty different solutions of her silence: and then again sometimes he thought that it was pride and resentment which prevented her from making any sign, and he tried to be thankful that it should be so. It would make it easier for her if her indignation should master all else.

Mrs. North had written very briefly and coldly, simply acknowledging his letter, and intimating that under the altered circumstances no doubt he had done wisely in breaking his engagement; but she made no mention of Christina. Miss Cleasby had called at the White House to inquire for Mr. North; but she had only seen Janet, who answered her shortly, and from whom she was too proud to ask more than the doctor's opinion. So the days passed wretchedly at the Park, and Walter, harassed by business matters and growing desperate in his anxiety to hear of Christina, could no longer keep up any pretence of indifference, but made his sister uneasy by his restless manner and altered looks.

She was driving through the village on the fourth day in her pony carriage, thinking of it all and with a cloud of anxiety on her usually serene face, when it suddenly cleared and was replaced by a flush of eagerness, as she caught sight of Mr. Warde coming out

of a cottage, and trotted the pony up to him.

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" she said, almost breathless in her impetuosity. "Oh, Mr. Warde, you are my good angel! you will be able to tell me what I want to know."

"I am sure I shall be very happy if I can be of any use," he said, pleased and surprised at the appeal, but in truth feeling as if his position as Miss Cleasby's good angel was, however delightful, slightly embarrassing.

"I suppose you have heard of our misfortune?" said Augusta, leaning forward and allowing the pony to proceed at a foot's pace whilst Mr. Warde walked beside the carriage.

"Yes; I was very sorry to hear of it," he said, looking at her with grave interest.

"We do not want to publish it at present," Augusta went on, "because, you see, it is so disagreeable to have everyone talking about you; and when we are gone——"

"Then you are going?" he said, with something of regret in his voice.

"Of course we are going, but that is not what I wanted to talk about. Mr. Warde, you go to the White House, I know; you will forgive me if I am doing wrong, but you cannot think what a relief it would be to know something about——about them," said Augusta, hesitating to pronounce Christina's name.

"Christina has spoken to no one," he said, understanding what it was that she wished to know and replying with the straightforwardness natural to him. "Her mother tells me that since that first evening when she forced her to it, she has not opened her lips upon the subject. No doubt it would be better for her if she could be open; but I do not see who has a right to break through the reserve she chooses to maintain. She looks very pale, but she goes about the house as usual."

There was a controlled displeasure in his manner. Augusta felt that he was blaming Walter and could not refrain from taking up his defence.

"Walter could not have done otherwise," she said. "I feel, Mr. Warde, that you are blaming him. He has suffered also, but it has not been his fault."

"I have pronounced no judgment upon him," said the Vicar. "It is not for me to judge; but I have been very sorry for Christina, and very sorry for you all."

"But the part which touches her is the worst," said Augusta. "It is sad for my brother also; but it is not the money which matters so much."

"You do not yet know how much money does matter," he said, gravely. "You have been all your life accustomed to riches. It requires a long apprenticeship to understand either the privations or the blessings of poverty."

"And you think I am not capable of it!" she said; and he saw to his surprise that she was hurt by the inference she had drawn from his words.

"I had no right to say so,—I had not intended, I had not meant to judge you," he answered; and for the second time in his life he felt the embarrassment which no one but Miss Cleasby had ever produced in him.

"I think a little wholesome admonition would do me good," she said. "You see, Mr. Warde, I cannot trouble Walter; and he is younger, and so I have no one to go to when I want a little advice. I might ask Lady Bassett, but then she would never keep our counsel; and, besides, I know exactly what she would say beforehand. Do you think you could imagine yourself a Ritualist just for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Warde, and think that I am a High Church young lady come to you for ghostly counsel?"

"Those preliminaries are not necessary," he said, recovering himself.

"We will leave them out then," she said; "and indeed it is upon very worldly affairs that I want to consult you. I suppose you know that we have lost, not only some money, but everything; it does not matter how, only it has not been Walter's fault; and now he wants me to go and live with our Uncle Robert, who is a banker in

London. He is kind enough; it is kind of him to ask me, and I cannot bear to vex Walter by refusing; but I certainly do dislike it most particularly. I cannot bear to be always dependent. He is my uncle; but it is not as if I knew him well, and I know he will be as much bored as I shall be. Now what do young ladies do when they have no means, or next to none, and want to support themselves in a way that will not hurt their relations' susceptibilities?"

"If I had adopted the character which you assigned to me," said the Vicar, "I should answer at once: enter a sisterhood."

"I should not mind it so very much," said Augusta, after a pause, "if I might take Don with me."

Mr. Warde was growing perplexed; he would have thought that she was laughing at him: but when he looked at her, he could not but believe in her earnestness. There was a touch of humour about her mouth, but there was no doubt that her difficulties were real enough, and that they weighed upon her.

"It is so difficult for me to judge," he said; "I wish I could help you, but I know so little about these things. Of course I was not serious about the sisterhood. It must be very hard for you, to leave your brother and this place."

"Yes;—rather hard!" she said; and he saw to his surprise that her eyes were wet with tears. She had been striving to keep up Walter's spirits for the last three days: she had been taking last looks at her familiar haunts and endeavouring to reconcile herself to the change, and her naturally strong nerves had been so far tried as to make them susceptible to what at another time would have made little impression upon them.

"I wish I could do anything," he repeated in his perplexity. He said it with such grave anxiety that Augusta could not help laughing, even whilst for some reason she felt provoked.

"I don't know why I care so much," she said; "it is very ridiculous. We won't talk about it any more. Thank you for letting me burthen you with all my troubles. I have taken up a great bit of your time; but you know I said I should look upon you as a friend if I ever was in any trouble, and you see it came before we expected it after all, and took me a little by surprise."

She said it softly, and turned her fine face towards him and held out her hand.

"It is for me to thank you," he said.

"No, no," she answered, colouring as she spoke; "but I hope you will let me know if you do chance to hear of any favourable opening for me. Good-bye, and thank you." She shook the reins and the little pony carriage was soon out of sight in the winding road. She felt a little dreary and desolate. The only friend she had at hand had been unable to give her any assistance, and she felt now that it had been unreasonable and foolish of her to ask it of him: and then something in the tone of his parting words had made her uncomfortable. She wished that she had not spoken.

She went straight into the drawing-room when she reached home, thinking to find her brother and give him the small piece of comfort she had been able to extract from Mr. Warde: at least Christina was not ill, but able to occupy herself as usual, and this would be something of a consolation to Walter: but he was not at home, and she had only time to write a hasty note to be sent after him in case he should be detained long in Overton, when the door-bell rang, and she prepared to receive some unconscious visitor with outward composure. Then came the sound of steps across the stone hall which she seemed to recognize, and Lewis opened the door and announced Mr. Warde. She had risen at his entrance, and now stood still before him in her amazement.

"After I had parted from you," he

began almost before the door was shut, "I thought of another alternative. You said that I might come if I thought of anything, and you have only to say, No. Miss Cleasby, is it possible that you would let me take you to my home?"

She liked, and respected, and honoured and trusted him; and yet she did not know what to say. She sank down in a chair, and could as yet hardly open her mind to any other feeling than that of blank surprise.

"I never thought of it before," he said; "I knew that you were different from other women; but there was a barrier, and when it was partly knocked down it still seemed impossible at first. If it seems so to you now, as I feel it must, you have only to say, No."

"But I find it almost as difficult to say No as to say Yes," she said at last, almost as if speaking to herself.

"Then do not say anything at all. It is an important decision. I can wait."

"But, Mr. Warde, it will not be any easier by and by, and perhaps you might help me a little. It is not only myself that I am thinking about. I am *not sure* that I care for you; but I am not *at all* sure that you care for me."

He paused a moment before he answered, and she sat still and expectant, with her eyes fixed upon his face. He did not shun them.

"I do care for you," he said, in his manly voice, from which the momentousness of the occasion had taken away all shadow of embarrassment. "I knew before that there was no one else like you; but I did not understand it at first; after you left me, it came upon me quite suddenly, like an inspiration."

"That is very curious," she said, with a soft little laugh.

"I do not know that it is curious. But I can understand that the thing seems impossible to you. If it could have been, it would have been a great happiness to me; if it is not to be, I can live without it; only do not deceive

yourself by thinking that I do not care."

She did not, she could not deceive herself now; she understood that the man was throwing all the force of his strong nature into the effort to maintain a self-control which should neither disturb nor hurry her decision; and she too could be generous: "I may be deceiving myself, but I almost think that I do too," she said, in a low voice, casting down her eyes.

Then, self-controlled and humble though he was, he knew that he had won. "Thank Heaven," he said, and a sudden flush of triumph lighted up his face.

"That is rather premature," said Augusta, just glancing at him from under her eyelids. "You see, Mr. Warde, as you said just now, this is an important decision: I don't know whether we should either of us act in this way if we were quite in our right minds. You say that you were inspired, and I think I must wait until I am inspired too."

He had been very forbearing; he had warned her that she had better take time to consider, and she had rejected his warning; he felt that she had gone too far with him to go back, and that she would never know her own mind better than she knew it now.

"There is no need to wait," he said more impetuously; "it is an important decision, but I believe that if you wish to give me your answer, you can do so now. If you tell me that you want time to consider, I will wait; but if you can say Yes or No, it will be kinder to say it at once."

"Even if it is No?"

"Yes, even if it is No, it is still better that it should be said at once."

There was a pause, and then she rose up suddenly and held out her hand to him.

"I cannot say No," she said, colouring and smiling; "so if you are in such a hurry——"

"You need say nothing more," he answered, and his voice touched her by

its expression of earnest and supreme contentment.

"It is very good of you to care so much. I do care for you," she said gravely.

And at this point Lewis suddenly interrupted the interview, coming in with a little pink note from Lady Bassett. Augusta came down to the realities of common life as she read it.

"Dear Augusta," the note said, "I am so very sorry. I wonder if it is really true that you have lost everything. I could not be happy without writing to you; I thought you were going to have a little peace and quiet, and you know how fond I am of you and of poor dear Walter. What shall you do? If it would be any little comfort to see your poor old friend who is so sorry for you, you have only to write a word to say so to your affectionate

"CAROLINE BASSETT."

They were waiting for an answer, and Augusta sat down at her table and wrote a few hasty lines, apologizing to Mr. Warde as ceremoniously as if he were still nothing more to her than the Incumbent of the parish.

She was grateful for Lady Bassett's kindness, but just now she did not want to see her.

"Dear Lady Bassett," she said, "it is very kind of you. It is quite true. Walter and I will come over to see you some day before we leave.

"Yours affectionately,
"AUGUSTA CLEASBY."

The interruption had been trivial enough, but it had sufficed to bring down Augusta's mind from the serious altitudes to which it had for a time ascended. For the moment she had been carried away by his earnestness and her own feelings, but she was now again capable of looking at the external aspect of the case, and, in spite of everything, she could not help being amused at the situation.

"Have you ever thought that I may

be a rather inconvenient possession," she said, after a short silence during which he had been indulging in visions of future happiness such as had never before presented themselves to his practical imagination; "it is very strange and new, and I don't understand it at all myself; but have you ever thought what you will do with me now that you have me?"

"That is to come," he said, with unruffled serenity. And now she felt the gravity of the situation with a sudden pressure; but instead of yielding to it, she threw it off with a flight of levity which was hardly natural.

"Yes, there is a great deal to come," said Augusta; "but now I want to talk to you a little about the things that are *not* to come. There are to be no talks with the schoolmistress about the children; there are to be no visitings of rheumatic old women; and I am not to be expected to scold the cook if the mutton is over-done. There is also one other little condition which I should like to make. Dear Don has been accustomed to the best society; he abhors cats; so, if there is one in the house she must take her leave; and he, of course, will live in the drawing-room as he does here."

"It is rather late to make conditions," said the Vicar.

"But it is not too late to go back: I have said that I like you—next best to Don; but I have not said——"

"You have said quite enough to make me very happy," interrupted Mr. Warde, "so happy that nothing you can say now can make any difference to me."

"I am very happy too," she said; "I did not think that anyone would care for me now as you care for me." Then she paused for a moment, and added, thinking of Christina, "It is not so new to you as it is to me."

"It is as new; it has never been the same before," he said, answering her look.

"It is very new, and rather strange. I did not mean all that I said just now; but you will forgive me if I cannot help

laughing a little; it would not have been so odd if you had not been a clergyman. Of course you did not think I meant all I said. I cannot go back now."

"No, thank Heaven!"

"But I wish you would not be in such a hurry. That is the second time you have said it, and these premature thanksgivings make me feel a little afraid of myself. In a week we shall know more about it, and then we can have a special one in church, if you like,"—and just at that moment, in time, perhaps, to spare her a reproof, the clock struck seven, and she broke off suddenly. "You must go," she said; "Walter will be coming home and I must see him alone."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AUGUSTA's note had reached Captain Cleasby in Overton. It was a relief to him. At least Christina was not seriously ill; and as to the rest, perhaps it was best that there should at present be no communication between them.

He met his sister looking more like himself than he had done for the past week, and went up and kissed her, though he was not usually demonstrative.

"Thank you, Gusty," he said, gratefully; "you have taken a load off my mind." Augusta looked at him rather strangely, in a way he did not understand, but she made no direct answer; and during dinner nothing passed between them upon the subject. Afterwards, sitting with her in the drawing-room, he said abruptly—

"How did you hear?" for in her note she had made no mention of Mr. Warde.

"I was out driving, and in the village I met Mr. Warde," she said, somewhat hesitatingly. "I thought he had probably been with Mr. North, and so I asked him."

"Had he seen her?"

"Yes: and he said what I told you,—

that she was going about as usual, and he seemed to think——"

"I don't care what he thinks," interrupted Walter; he had introduced the subject himself, and yet he felt as if he could not bear to have it discussed or to hear what other people thought about it; "he is not a man of any discernment; if he has seen her, she is not ill, and that is enough."

"You do him injustice, Walter."

"If I do, it does not matter. Look here, Gusty: this is what Uncle Robert says to me to-day; but it is more for you than for me. He seems anxious to be kind, and he is coming down here for a day or two, so it will not be quite like going to a stranger."

"No," said Augusta slowly; "but, Walter, you must not be angry if I say that I think perhaps I may not go to Uncle Robert after all."

"Not go to him! Nonsense!" he said; "what else can you do? You know, Augusta, I cannot keep you with me; and what are you to live upon unless you go to him? I don't say it is what I could have wished for you, but I don't see what else can be done. Whatever you do, don't go in for pride and independence. There is nothing to hurt your pride, if you were as proud as Lucifer, in accepting an uncle's hospitality. Of course it would be different if you were a man; but if there is one thing that is detestable it is an independent woman."

"It is not only pride, Walter."

"Then what preposterous notion is it?"

"I think of marrying Mr. Warde," said Augusta, with her eyes on the ground.

He was worried and sad, and even a little indignant, but yet he could not help laughing.

"Don't be so silly," he said; "really one would have thought the last week would have taken the capacity for making jokes away from us. I am sure Lewis would be scandalized if he heard us laughing. Have you noticed the lugubrious and sympathetic tone in which he announces dinner?"

And then she saw to her dismay that neither his laughter nor his incredulity was feigned, but on the contrary quite natural and spontaneous.

"I did not mean it as a joke," she said. "It may seem odd to you at first, but, odd or not, it is true. I met him this afternoon, and then he came here afterwards and I accepted him."

"What nonsense is this?" he said, but could no longer remain unmoved, or altogether incredulous.

"It is just this, Walter, that I have accepted him. I should be so much happier, dear Walter, if you could say you do not mind."

"It is inconceivable!" he said, in his vexation and anger, walking away to the window. "Oh, Gusty, why could you not have waited? If you were so averse to going to Uncle Robert, I would have contrived something else. Anything sooner than this should have happened."

"It was not only because of Uncle Robert," she said, falteringly.

"Then what was it? If you must have married, why not have taken someone else? You know Algy Fielder only waited for a word of encouragement to be at your feet. I did not wish it before; he was not worthy of you; but at least you would have been safe and prosperous with him. And after all, he is a gentleman, and handsome, and devoted to you."

"He is not capable of real devotion; he does not understand it. But, Walter, you say I have often been unjust to you, and now you are unjust to me. It is not Uncle Robert,—it is not because of what has happened,—it is not that I wanted a home."

"Then what is it?" he said, more softly.

"It is because I care for him," she said bravely, looking him full in the face.

"Nonsense!" he said, "what do you mean? You don't understand what you are saying: do you mean to say that it is with you as—as it is with me?"

"Not as it is with you, Walter. No,

there are different ways; but I do care for him."

He paced the room once more in his perplexity, and then he came and sat down on the sofa by her.

"Gusty," he said, almost jealously, "do you mean to say that he comes first?" It was not his nature to be exacting. A month ago he would have parted with her gladly if he had liked the man who had taken her from him, or even if he had considered it a good marriage for her in a worldly point of view; but now it would have been hard to part with her to anyone: she was the one thing which remained to him. The Cleasbys were not a demonstrative race, but these two had been together all their lives, and now a common misfortune had made them cling closer to each other. Yes; now it would have been very hard to part with her to anyone, and to Mr. Warde it was almost an impossibility. Her heart was aching at the thought of the parting, and she clung to him and cried—

"Next to you, Walter,—next to you!"

"That is but a poor consolation," he said. But yet it was a consolation; he was still sad and perplexed, but her impulsive words had taken away the soreness from his heart.

"I ought to be glad, I suppose, that you are happy, Gusty," he said; "but you cannot expect me to say that I think him worthy of you. If you consented from an impulse of gratitude or anything of that sort, do not be ashamed to confess it; it would be better than to be forced to repent afterwards. Just think how different it will be from anything to which you have been accustomed."

"I have thought; I have thought of it all; and if it were not for you, I should not hesitate a moment to say that I am quite happy. It is only that I cannot bear to think that I am shutting myself off from you."

"You could not do that, Gusty," he said, in his old fond tones.

They sat together silently for a few

minutes after that, each knowing that however near they might seem to be to each other now, nevertheless a separation was inevitable. The old love, the old bond could not indeed be done away with; but yet after she was married it would never be the same again.

"Good night, Gusty," he said at last; "forgive me if I have not been all that a brother should have been to-night. But it was an unexpected blow, and I am very tired."

Yet he was not a man to fight against the inevitable. He felt that she had a right to choose for herself, and however great a disappointment her choice might be to him, by the next day he had made up his mind to make the best of it.

"Am I to see him to-day?" he said. "I suppose he will come up here. I must write to Uncle Robert, and perhaps you had better write too. I believe he will be secretly relieved, but he will make heroic efforts to disguise his satisfaction; and I don't suppose he will find much difficulty in reprobating you when he finds you are giving him up for the sake of a poor country parson."

"I will write," said Augusta; and then she added, rather pleadingly, "You will be kind to him, won't you, when you see him?"

"I must, I suppose," he said; "but I shall find it rather difficult. However, if I admire nothing else in him, I admire his audacity. I believe if he had had the chance he would have proposed to the five wise virgins in rotation. But there, Gusty, I have said my say, and I shall be very happy to see him, if you will send him into my study when he comes."

Augusta Cleasby and Mr. Warde were the only actors in the little drama who were able at this time to extract any comfort or happiness from the circumstances by which they were surrounded. Walter had barely time to transact the necessary business; leisure had hitherto been to him a necessity of life, but now he left himself no moment of relaxation and often sat up over his

papers until late in the night. To his sister's remonstrances he replied that the business must be transacted, and he was impatient to be done with it all: but she guessed that he dreaded to leave himself time for regrets. The lawyer came down to see him, and Mr. Waltham the younger, to whom the estate had been mortgaged; and Walter, always courteous and apparently coldly indifferent, excited their wonder by his unconcerned manner. In truth, though it was a pang to him to part with the property which he had looked upon as his own and the home which he had been learning to love, and the countless accessories which belong to wealth, all this appeared of small importance by the side of the far harder renunciation which he had felt himself called upon to make.

Ten days had passed in interviews with lawyers and business correspondence; and now the affairs had been put in order, and it only remained to select the few pieces of personal property which the Cleasbys had determined to retain, and then the estate, the house and everything it contained, was to be put up to auction.

"We must go away first, Augusta," Captain Cleasby had said; "people have been very kind and considerate, but we could not stay on here much longer: and as Uncle Robert has written so kindly, and wants you at least to go to him for a month or two and be married from his house, I think it will be much the best thing for you to do. He will come down two or three days before the sale, and he wants to take you home with him."

"And you will come too, Walter?" she said, entreatingly.

"I shall be in London? yes; but I shall not go up on that day, I think. I shall stay until the last."

Then, though her heart was beating with apprehension and agitation, she forced herself to ask another question: "And afterwards, dear Walter?"

"Afterwards? Why should we talk about that?" he said; "sufficient to the day——" and then he paused, and felt

that she must know some time, and that it might be best if he could bring himself to say it.

"Afterwards, I shall not be in London," he said gently, but in the tone of a man who has taken an irrevocable resolution; "I did not like to put it all upon you at once, Gusty; but I have for long made up my mind that I could not remain in England."

"Why did you not tell me before?" she said, trembling; "it was cruel to keep this until the last. I cannot part with you."

"Be reasonable, Gusty," he said; "I cannot live in England. Even if I could support myself in London, it would be a miserable existence, and it would do no one any real good. You could not be with me, and I could not be at Overton. No, Gusty, our ways have lain together so far, but they are diverging now. You are entering upon a new life, one that you have chosen for yourself, and I too must make a new beginning."

Then she burst into tears and exclaimed, "I will come too! I cannot let you go."

"And you will leave Warde behind?" he said, smiling sadly. "No, Gusty, you are much too fond of me, but you cannot do that."

Yet even in the midst of his trouble he was partly comforted by the love which had prompted her unreasonable proposition. He had made up his mind. When he was in London, when first the blow had fallen upon him, he had come across an old college friend who had taken a farm in South America, and was going out in a month or two to settle upon it. He was rather dreading the inevitable solitude of his life, and when he found that Cleasby was only anxious to escape from England and had no settled plans for the future, he used every argument to induce him to be his companion. And Walter yielded easily to his persuasions. He cared very little where he went, only it was a necessity to him to escape from the country and all old associations, and if possible to fix his

fate before returning to Overton, so as to preclude all discussion. He had always liked Mr. Leslie; he was clever, original, taciturn, and eminently gentlemanlike; he would not in any way jar upon him; and as he was starting with a very small capital, Captain Cleasby's services would amply compensate for any obligation he might incur at the beginning. All this had been settled even before he returned to Overton, but he had postponed the necessary disclosure, dreading Augusta's opposition and dismay. It was over now, and it only remained to break the other tie, which was closer than even that which bound him to his sister. He had already indeed broken with Christina, but he could not feel that all was over until he had seen her once more. Sometimes his dread of a meeting was so strong that he thought it would be better for them both that they should never look upon each other again. And then he felt that this was impossible. All this time she had sent him no word, she had made no sign; he knew nothing of what was passing at the White House; and the desire to speak to her again, to see her, and hear her voice, conquered his dread. He felt instinctively that she would not refuse to see him. He did not desire to be forgiven: he said to himself that it would be better for her that she should not be able to forgive: but at least they must meet once more.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTINA had in truth maintained a more complete silence than Walter Cleasby knew. She had not only given him no word or sign, but she had also held so impenetrable a shield before her that even those with whom she lived could know nothing of what she felt. They only saw that she was quieter, sadder, colder, and more composed than she had ever been before. Her manner was gentler, and her thoughtfulness for her grandfather more apparent than it had

been; she could even smile at times; but yet even Mrs. North, who was not a sympathetic observer, perceived that there was nothing spontaneous about her. She did not speak as she had been used to do, upon the impulse of the moment; her smile was no longer the sudden, vivid flash of youth and happiness; it was slow and sad and indifferent. She had never been used to occupy herself steadily, but now, after her hours of attendance upon her grandfather were over, she would sit long, working silently, in the parlour. And all this time she asked no questions, she gave no confidence, she referred in no way whatever to what had taken place. One day her mother gathered courage to make in her presence some casual remarks upon the Cleasbys' misfortunes; but she seemed as though she had not heard, and made no answer.

Yet it was not pride and resentment, as Walter had imagined, which kept her silent. She had been cruelly wounded; she had been bitter and indignant, but this had long passed away. Something far deeper, something which he could hardly have comprehended, made it impossible for her to speak until she should have fought the battle with herself. For it was no longer against her fate, but against herself, that she was fighting; and strange as it may seem, incredible as it would have seemed to him, he did not at this time hold the first place in her thoughts. She had awakened to a sense of what her life had been—to a bewildered knowledge of something beyond and above her, against which she had sinned, in ignorance perhaps, but yet in wilful ignorance. She had imagined that she could shape her own destiny; she had resisted it; she had fled from it; she had thought that she had conquered it; and then at last she found that it was pressing upon her, and that there was now no way of escape. She had stretched out eager hands to grasp her happiness; she had not meant to be cruel, but yet she had thrust aside everything which came in her way; and, after all, her hands re-

mained empty. She had allowed herself to be bound to Bernard, not knowing what she was doing, and then, when she found out her mistake, she had not brought herself to make a free confession, but had, in her fear of discovery, fled from herself and from the judgment to come, and taken a desperate step by way of securing her safety, and all the time had told herself that it was her duty. She knew that she could not care for Mr. Warde; but then he did not care for her, and she had thought to bury her past. That step she had retraced; the happiness which she had conceived herself strong enough to renounce had shown itself to her eyes, and had constrained her to acknowledge that she could not of her own free will leave it behind her. There had followed a time when the present was yet more beautiful than the future, when each hour brought its own tribute of perfect happiness; when her past sins and sorrows shed only at moments a shadow across the path of light which she was treading; and then suddenly darkness had fallen upon her, and despair and misery; but in her darkness an unearthly Light had shone. She saw things as she had never seen them before; objects took unaccustomed forms; the shadows fell in strange places; and her eyes were sometimes dazzled by the heavenly splendour. Her own desires and hopes and aspirations faded into insignificance; she was no longer struggling against her fate; she recognized with horror and remorse that she had been fighting against grace, fighting against God; her human instincts were still strong within her, and, though outwardly cold and calm, she was fighting in her silence a fierce battle with herself. But at least she no longer thought that she could mould her own fate; she was no longer even crying for deliverance; only that she might be able to accept what had been sent; and dimly through the mist of her past sins and present perplexities the consciousness of the Divine Power made itself felt, and at this despairing moment of her life shed peace upon her soul.

Yet this could not last for ever. After about ten days of silence and a hardly-won resignation, she was recalled to her individual misery; and human instincts and feverish longings crowded her heart and pressed upon it, so that it seemed the sharp pang of recollection gave her physical pain as she saw the well-known handwriting upon the note which Janet brought to her:

"Can you see me?" it said; "I know I have no right to ask it, but yet I think that you will not refuse me; it is for the last time. You need never hear of me again—this once, Christina, and then I will ask nothing more."

"The man is waiting for an answer, Miss Christina," said Janet, standing before her. Then Christina started, and rose up trembling, and went to the table, and would have written her answer, but her hand shook so that she could not hold the pen.

"Tell him, yes," she said; and when she was left alone, she sat gazing at the letter with a passionate yearning which frightened her. Was it all to come over again? Had it all been in vain? Was her old life and her old love still so strong within her? She put down her head upon the table, and, for the first time since the blow had fallen, burst into passionate long-drawn sobs.

It was not until the first rush of irrepressible misery had spent itself that she recollected all the difficulties which stood in the way of a meeting. Her mother would not, she knew, understand the instinct which made it impossible for her to refuse to see him. Her grandfather would never give consent to his entrance into the house; and yet she felt that she could not go to the Park. She went into the passage and called Janet.

"Janet," she said, low and hurriedly, drawing her back into the room and shutting the door, "go to the Park and ask to see Miss Cleasby, and say that I will see Captain Cleasby at five o'clock this evening. Go at once, but first see if my mother is in grandpapa's room, and ask her to come to me here."

She was left again for a few minutes alone—only for a few; but in that time she had recovered some outward composure, and it was only by the strain in her voice and by the nervous tension of her clasped hands that she betrayed her inward agitation when Mrs. North came in answer to her summons.

"What is it, Christina?" she said, nervously; "I am sure I have had so many shocks lately that the least thing is enough to frighten me. What has happened now?"

"It is only this, mother, that I must see Captain Cleasby here this evening."

"Your grandfather will not allow it: it is impossible, Christina: your own pride ought to tell you that it is impossible. He is going away; all that is over; he is going out of the country, and you need never hear of him again. You ought to be glad that it is so. It is for your own good not to see him now: he has no right to ask it."

Christina put her hands up wearily to her head, too much oppressed to make any answer; and Mrs. North thought that she was wavering, and continued the stream of her discourse.

"You must see that it is better not," she said; "I know how generous you are, and you would always sacrifice yourself; but in this case you would be sacrificing yourself to no purpose. You can do him no good."

"I have said that I will see him, mother."

"Then I will write," cried Mrs. North; "you shall not be troubled, but he shall not come here, or see you again. I will write to him."

"No, mother," said Christina, suddenly rising up—a tall figure, with a pale face that looked paler in the dusky room and eyes that had grown intense in determination: "No, mother, you shall not do that. It is only this once that I must choose for myself; afterwards I will do as you please; but I must see him this evening: if not at this house, I must see him somewhere."

Mrs. North looked at her, and dared say no more. She understood that

nothing which she might say would be of any avail.

"As you will," she said, with tears; "and if it must be, it had best be here; only your grandfather must not know. He has grown so nervous, and he must not be agitated; you had better go to him now, Christina, or he will wonder at your absence."

It is thus that custom and the imperative demands of daily life come to supersede to all outward appearance our keenest agonies and bitterest pains: thus it is that we pass the cruellest moments of our lives—moments which we can never live over again, moments which seem to us as years, whilst we are apparently occupied in the discharge of some trivial duty or in the pursuit of some unprofitable pleasure. Christina sat in the subdued light of the sick-room, and read with a steady voice to the old man, who lay dying upon his bed. She read of wars and commerce and the state of the country, in the low, unhurried, monotonous voice which suited him, and the hands of the clock crept slowly on, marking the moments which made her life; and the shadows deepened, and her grandfather slept. She sat motionless, with her dilated eyes fixed upon the clock. She watched the minutes as they passed, she watched the hour drawing nearer; and yet, when at last the clock in the hall told out its five strokes, she started and shivered, and could hardly control herself so as to avoid any sound which might disturb the old man.

The next instant Janet softly opened the door, and signed to her, and then she knew that Walter Cleasby was in the house.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHE was to see him now, and for the last time; that was the one thought which, as she passed out of her grandfather's room, had in Christina's mind overpowered everything else. She had lived long enough with her misery for it to have become an accustomed thing

and part of herself. It was not like disappointment or regret; she seemed to have known it all along, and she would not have done other if she might. It was only that he never had understood, and now she knew that he never would understand.

She could not have felt anger; and even her sorrow was for the moment forgotten in her love. The happy days she had left behind her for ever, his words and looks when he had been her lover, the first moment of incredulous dismay, the letter which had brought her the tidings, the gradual bitterness of realization, the burning tears she had shed, the struggles of her sleepless nights, the despair which had closed her in, and the calm which she had so hardly won—all this, which she had thought to have remembered for ever, so long as she should live, was forgotten now: forgotten in the parting which lay before her.

She did not pause to look back; she gave no thought to what she should do or say; but swiftly and unhesitatingly she passed along the narrow passage. She pushed open the half-shut door, and then she knew nothing but that she was standing once more face to face with Walter Cleasby.

Darkness had gathered outside, and a storm was rising. The candle on the table was flaring in the draught from the window. Christina came forward a few steps, and then she stood quite still. She did not speak, or even try to speak; neither did she give any sign or cry. She let him take her hands in his, but they were passive in his clasp. There could be no ordinary greeting; and as to the rest, it seemed to her that everything was over, and that there remained nothing more to be said or done. She could see him quite distinctly by the light of the candle on the table, and she looked at him with wide-open, tearless eyes; but her mouth did not quiver, nor did her hands tremble in his.

"Christina," he said, "I thought you would say Yes. They have told you.

I should have gone down with a much lighter heart if I thought you had been quite clear of the ship."

He waited for an answer, but she made no attempt to speak; she hardly heard him.

"I have been waiting to come for days," he went on; "but it was better not until I knew there was no escape. Our course has been a rough one; you will do best to forget it. One month, Christina, ought not to cloud your whole life."

Then again he paused, but nothing broke the stillness—a stillness which was becoming intolerable to him. He had known that he would have much to bear, he had known that it would be painful, but he had not known that it would be like this. He had imagined how it would be; he had thought of her in her passionate grief and indignation; but there are depths which no storm can stir, which know neither tears nor lamentations.

He dropped her hands and staggered back against the wall, for a sort of giddiness had come over him.

"Are we to part like this?" he said; "is this to be the end? Am I to carry away this memory, and never see your smile again?"

It was not cruelty or selfishness; it was but the natural longing and the fleeing from the pain; it was rather an entreaty than a reproach, and it was not made in vain. What was it that even at that moment enabled her to thrust her misery aside? Was it the memory of the past? was it the pity, was it the love with which, God help her, she loved him still? Suddenly, as she stood looking at him, the intensity of her gaze wavered, the colour rose in her face, she threw her head a little back with the old proud freedom of action he knew so well, and the smile which he had longed after illuminated her face. The outline was altered; there were the dark lines of watching and sorrow under her eyes, and they themselves had a pathetic look of hopeless longing, giving unconscious

expression to the unquenchable yearning for what she had lost; but yet misery had not dimmed, even now, the charm of her winning smile, nor changed aught of the sweetness that hovered round her mouth.

How was it, that at that moment he seemed all at once to recognize what he had lost—lost by his own fault? As she stood there, so like to what she had been and yet so changed, with that look of glorified trust more radiant than even in her days of happiness, everything else was for once swallowed up in the thought of his own pain.

"Christina," he said, and the name came like a cry from his lips; "Christina, must we part even now?"

He had not meant to say it. He had thought that he had conquered, and that no such question could ever again pass his lips; yet now the possibility he thought he had put far from him presented itself again irresistibly to his imagination. He had done the thing deliberately; he had imagined that he was doing it for her sake; and yet now, when he stood face to face with her, a misgiving flashed across him whether he were indeed doing it for her or for himself. He had not feared to look into his motives; he had thought that he was acting upon a right principle; he had looked at the future and counted the cost. Yes, it was for her sake. But was it for her sake alone? Some power external to himself, whose promptings he could hardly comprehend, called upon him at this moment to thrust his principles aside, and he cried out in obedience to the commands of a divine instinct, and asked if there was no retreat open to him.

It was but a moment; the smile had faded quickly away, but the effort Christina had made had done something to lighten the iron weight which was pressing upon her heart, and silent tears rising from the very depths of her desolation rolled slowly down her pale cheeks. She could not now go back; his words, born, as she knew, but of the impulse of the moment, could not undo

what had been done. Had she not already had enough to bear? Why should this also be laid upon her? why should he, as it were, put the sword into her own hand to strike the fatal blow? And this when she would have given her life that she might still be his, and encountered gladly everything that the future might bring, to be able to say, "Take me with you;" and yet she could not do it.

"You have said it." This was the first time she had spoken, and he started and trembled at the sound of her voice.

He had said it—was it that alone which made an escape impossible? had he indeed closed the gates against himself? It seemed all at once as if the cherubim with the flaming sword, who barred his backward path, was but an image of himself; and if so, was there not even now a possible salvation? Was it not open to him now to say, "Christina, forgive me; I cannot live without you?" He had almost said it, he had almost thrown himself at her feet; but by one supreme effort he grasped again his hardly-won resolution. It was a momentous crisis in both their lives; not because their love was slipping from them, not because a girl's heart was breaking, but because he was, for the last time, shutting his heart against the love and the life he might have won—and was with them casting his salvation behind him. The command which must one day come to us all had come to him: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" and he had chosen, not God, but Mammon. As he turned again to speak, his good angel drew far from him.

"You are right," he said; "it is best for you: perhaps it is best for us both. You will try, Christina, say that you will try, to forget."

"It will not hurt me to remember," she said: but nothing was so sad as the sweet ringing voice which would yet be gay if it might.

He walked away from her to the window. The wind was blowing in the creepers, and their long tendrils

swept against the panes. There were wavering shadows on the grass, and a pale moon showed herself among the driving clouds. Christina had sunk down on a low couch by the fire, and bowed her head in her hands. There was a long silence. He had meant to spare her all the pain that he might; he had meant to comfort her, but the sense of his powerlessness oppressed him so, that it was some minutes before he could speak again.

"It seems impossible to us now," he said, at last, and he came and sat down by her; "but you know, Christina, people say that time heals all sorrows, and even you, my queen," and his love stirred within him at the old fond word, "even you may find that it is true."

She looked up, but as she would have spoken the words died upon her lips. He forgot, in their present nearness, the barrier which he was raising up between them; he forgot that they were henceforth to be strangers; for the moment he forgot all except her misery and his own.

"Christina, speak to me," he said. "We cannot part like this. Tell me my love has been a curse, but speak to me." She turned her pale face towards him, and her sad, wondering eyes met his.

"Walter," she said, softly, holding out her hands. She said only the one word; but after that he could not doubt that he was forgiven.

"Oh, Christina," he said, "is there nothing I can say or do? It would be easier for you if you could think it was not I, but our unlucky fate. Is there nothing I can say?"

"Not now, Walter," she said, but very gently.

He was right; if she could have only thought that it was not his doing, all the rest would have been as nothing; but she could not see the necessity which had shown itself so clearly to his eyes; she only knew that she could not make him understand. He rose again as she spoke, and turned from her; and as he turned she thought that

her words were driving him away, and at the thought that the parting was coming so quickly upon her she started up too, and reached her hands after him, with a low cry, which could not be repressed. It was the first sign which she had given, and the appeal was not in vain. It restored his nerve, and forced him to summon up self-control.

"You will let Gusty come and see you sometimes," he said gently. "It has been hard for her too. Christina, my loved one, I have brought nothing but misery upon you; do not let me hear that it cannot be undone. Think that I am dead. It will be the same, only that I am leaving paradise behind instead of entering upon it."

"Where, Walter?" she said, with a trembling longing to know where he was going.

"To London, now, for Gusty's marriage; and then to America."

"To-night?" she said; and a faintness came over her as she uttered the word. He saw that she could not bear much more; that she was physically incapable of the continued strain; that it would be best if the end should come and yet that she should not know it.

"No, not to-night," he said; "to-morrow evening I shall see you again." But he could not deceive her by such a pretence as this; as they stood together in the silent room, with the storm raging outside, and the candle-light full upon his pale face, she could not but read the truth in his eyes. Silently she put her hands in his, and solemnly, in the stillness, they kissed each other for the last time.

She stood motionless as he turned away, as the sound of his receding footsteps echoed on the stones, as the door was shut behind him; and then, though the wind was roaring in the chimney, she heard him tramp across the garden and swing the gate behind him. Trembling, she sank down on a seat and shivered from head to foot.

Janet, coming in an hour later, found her still there, a crouched-up figure

beside the dying embers in the grate. Christina looked up, roused at her entrance, and clutching at the table to help herself, rose slowly to her feet.

"My head aches, Janet," she said; "say that I am gone to bed." But when she tried to cross the floor she staggered, and would have fallen if Janet had not thrown her arm round her.

"Why, Miss Christina," said the woman, "you ain't fit to walk upstairs. You rest here a bit till I fetch you a drop of wine and get your bed warmed; you're perished away with the cold," and she put Christina back into her chair, and, kneeling down before her, began to rub her cold hands in hers.

"Don't call anyone," said Christina; and then she lay back, unable to say more, her soft masses of brown hair falling about her, shadowing the deathly paleness of her face. Janet understood as well as if she had been told what had happened; she called Captain Cleasby hard names in her own mind as she busied herself about Christina; but she had her own views about the proper means to be employed for her restoration, and she had no desire to call in Mrs. North, to make a work "and worrit the life that was left out of her," as she said to herself. She had known Christina since she was a little girl, and in her stern way she was fond of her; but she neither liked nor respected Mrs. North. She lighted a fire in the bedroom, she warmed the bed, and then, when Christina had swallowed the wine she brought her, she put her strong arm round her and almost carried her upstairs.

"There, my dear," she said, when she had, as she expressed it, made her all comfortable, and had shaded the candle which stood on the little table at the foot of the bed so that it should not dazzle her eyes—"there, Miss Christina, if you was to sleep a bit I should say it would be the best thing for you, and I won't say nothing more to Mrs. North than that you've got a headache and want to be quiet. I'll bring you some arrowroot or something by and by."

Christina was lying motionless upon the white pillows with her eyes shut, but she opened them when Janet spoke to her.

"Thank you, dear Janet," she said, with a strange little smile which brought tears into Janet's eyes.

She went away, leaving Christina, as she hoped, to sleep. Nor had her efforts been made in vain. The strain upon Christina's mental and physical powers could not continue unabated; she must lose consciousness before she could again face the suffering. For some time she lay with her large dark eyes fixed upon the opposite wall, but at length they closed softly, and she slept.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN Christina awoke, it was early morning. The storm was still raging outside, but the rain had ceased. Gradually, as she lay alone in the darkness, the events of the day before came back to her mind, and she recoiled from them, and pressed her face upon the pillow, suppressing a moaning cry which the recollection awakened. Was it all over? No, not yet; for a yearning had seized upon her so forcibly that she was powerless against it. She must see him once more, if only she could gather sufficient physical strength for the effort. She raised herself in the bed, and felt with a thrill of excitement that she was strengthened by the past hours of sleep. She would lie still, and then later she would be able to do it. She lay motionless whilst the slow hours passed, and gradually the grey light of morning crept into the room, and then there was a stir in the house, and Janet came to light her fire and bring her breakfast. Her grandfather had passed a restless night, she told her, and Mrs. North had been sitting up with him, and now she had gone to rest. Christina drank the cup of coffee which Janet brought her, and tried to eat, but could not. Inaction was becoming intolerable. The stillness

of the house oppressed her. She said she was much better, almost well, and dressed herself in spite of Janet's remonstrances. She walked to the window and looked out on the dreary November landscape, gathering her resolution and shaping her purpose. Her grandfather was dozing, and her mother still in her own room: there was nothing to hinder the accomplishment of her desire.

It was still early when she went down into the kitchen. The fire had been lighted, and the wood was blazing and crackling, but everything else was chill and comfortless, and a cold autumnal mist was hanging over the world outside. Christina shut the door behind her and walked across the room.

"Janet," she said, hoarsely, laying hold of the woman's shoulder as if to steady herself, "hush, speak gently, I don't want to disturb anyone. Janet, you will do something for me. Go up to the Park and tell me—what time—it will be? You understand," she said; but in truth the woman was frightened and bewildered, and made no answer—"what time Captain Cleasby will leave?" said Christina, forcing herself to speak plainly; and Janet, alarmed at her looks and manner, could give no denial.

Of course she could do it, only some instinct made her keep her errand a secret from Mrs. North.

When she came back, Christina was waiting for her at the gate. There was something so desolate in her attitude as she stood there in the cold wind, which whirled the dead leaves about her feet, that Janet would have given some expression to her fears and compassion but for the almost cold determination on her face.

"By the half-past four o'clock express from East-down station, Miss Christina," she said.

Christina went back into the house without further questionings. She went back into the house and shut herself up in her room, and sat there without moving, with her watch in her hand,

waiting with feverish impatience for the moments to pass, yet feeling that each was putting further from her that which had constituted her life. The time when she could look upon his home and feel that he was there was slipping from her; he was even now so near that a word from her might bring him to her in a few minutes, and yet so far that no such word would ever reach him again. Her past and future were forgotten in one absorbing desire. If only she could see him once more; not face to face, not to ask any question or answer any appeal, not for any word or look that might be directed to herself. All that was past: there was nothing more to be said—they had parted, and parted for ever. But yet she yearned to look upon him once more, if only for one moment; she longed for it as she might have longed to see him after death; and if he had been dead, could he have been more completely separated from her than now? She told herself again and again that he would have been nearer to her then. Then it would have been so inevitable, and he would have had nothing to do with it; but now it had been his will that they should part. He had done it gently, she knew that he had done it with pain and grief; but yet he had done it, and did not wish it undone. "If he had died," she said to herself again and again, "he would still have been my own." And yet she had not wished that it might have been so. She wished that he might still be prosperous and happy, and she knew that life was dear to him. He was suffering now, but he would not suffer always; and for herself, she thought that she could bear it, if only she could look upon him once more. In the bewilderment of her grief and pain, when the spirit of acquiescence had found no place, when as yet she could not grasp the whole extent of her misfortune, her mind settled upon this one point as the only thing that yet remained to be desired—the only object which could be of any moment; the thing in the whole world which mattered anything to her.

She could not have borne that he should speak to her: she could not have spoken to him again except under compulsion. But she did desire to see him once more, and the desire had superseded everything else, so that it seemed as if she lived for it alone.

When she saw that it was one o'clock she went downstairs, knowing that it was the dinner hour. She smiled a little when they asked her how she was, and rallied her on her unusual punctuality. She did not notice her mother's agitation, nor the nervous flush upon her face; she did not perceive that even Mrs. Oswestry's composed manner was different from usual. She was striving in the strength of desperation to appear as if all was as usual with her, but it never occurred to her that they might be pre-occupied with something of so engrossing an interest that it had for the time thrown her into the background, even at this crisis of her life.

"I think that I shall go out this afternoon," she said; "it is so long since I have been out of the house."

"Yes, you had much better go out," said Mrs. North, eagerly; "certainly it will do you good; you have been shut up too long: it is that which makes you so pale."

"It is a miserable day," said Mrs. Oswestry, doubtfully, looking towards the window.

"Christina never minds that," said her mother, quickly: and when Christina had left the room she added fretfully, "I wish, Margaret, that you would not make objections. She had much better be out of the house. Every additional person makes an additional fuss, and if there is to be a scene, we shall manage it much better without Christina."

Mrs. Oswestry made no answer, but she sat thoughtful, thinking for the moment not so much of the interview which was coming between her father and the sister who had so long been divided from him and from them all, but rather of the girl for the first time going out to face again the desolate world.

It was only four o'clock when Christina turned out of the gate of the White House and took her way across the heath; but the grey masses of low-hanging clouds had already obscured the wintry daylight, and a mist was rising from the ground. She knew the narrow footpath which led across the heath; she could see already the lights of the station twinkling in the distance, and she walked with the unnatural rapidity of excitement, hurting her feet against the stones, stumbling over the obstacles in her way, yet taking no heed of anything but of the lights in the distance which led her on. She had formed no distinct plan, but she thought that she would see him and yet that he should not see her. She understood why he had chosen to start from the little station at East-down; he was not known there as he was known at Overton. This circumstance was favourable also to her purpose: in the darkness no one there would recognize her.

The train was not due for ten minutes or more when at last she reached the white palings which enclosed the line; she turned in and sank down wearily on a bench upon the platform.

"Any luggage, if you please, Miss? Where are you for?"

Christina shook her head, and after an instant gathered her breath to speak.

"I came—to rest," she said; "I am not going anywhere."

The man gazed at her, surprised, and then suddenly a compassionate look awoke upon his hard, weather-beaten face. Christina got up hastily, stung by the surprise and unable to bear the compassion. She pushed open the door of the tiny waiting-room and went in. The porter followed her, but put no further questions. He was a kindly man, and he had perceived that she shunned observation. He put coals upon the fire and stirred it into a blaze. He was not without experience, and had determined in his own mind that she was not only weary but in trouble. Christina sat down upon the chair he had put for her, but she did not think

of drawing it near to the fire, or of making any attempt to warm herself, though her lips were white and her hands cold and trembling. After a few minutes had passed, she stood up, and, leaning against the wall for support, placed herself so that, standing in the shadow of the room, she commanded a view of the platform. Then she waited. Presently she heard the sound of wheels; luggage was brought on to the platform; an old woman with a basket was waiting for the train, holding a little boy by the hand. She could hear her talking to him through the badly closed window. Another minute and other wheels grated upon the gravel; the horse was suddenly pulled up, and her heart stood still as Walter Cleasby came on to the platform.

He walked along it smoking a cigar, with his hands thrust into his pockets. By the gaslight outside she saw him clearly. He was pale and worn, but his look told rather of past than of present suffering. She felt instinctively that for him the worst was over; he was entering upon a new life—a life which he had in some sort chosen for himself; the pain, which with her had but begun, he would, when he left Overton, make a not altogether unsuccessful effort to put behind him. He turned into the station and she heard him ask for his ticket, and shrank closer into her corner and trembled with an unreasonable fear lest he should enter the room and discover her presence. Then he walked out again and entered into conversation with the porter. It was but a natural, trivial incident, yet his friendly unconcerned tone cut her to the heart. It was horrible to see him so near and so unspeakably distant; yet she would have held the moments if she might, and felt a sickening dread of the instant when he should pass for ever from her sight. The red lights showed themselves in the distance, slow and steady and irresistible in their approach; and the rush of the engine grew nearer and nearer. Walter threw away his cigar and turned for a moment, looking back at the station, so that, al-

though he did not know it, he was face to face with Christina. Was it instinct? was it that curious sensation of being watched which brought a shadow across his face, or was it the memory of pain and the pang of regret? Her sad, longing eyes looking out of the darkness, rested for the last time upon his fair, distinguished face. She saw the slight contraction on his forehead and the flash of pain across his sensitive mouth. Her straining eyes followed him until the door was shut, and even then she remained gazing out into the night after the long line of carriages had passed into the distance, and the sound of the swift-rushing wheels had died away.

For the time she was lost to all consciousness of her surroundings. She had fallen back into her chair and sat with her eyes looking vacantly before her, her hands hanging down by her side and her hair pushed back from her face.

Her friend the porter came and looked at her, and went away shaking his head, to take counsel with the ticket collector. "I'm afeard the poor young lady may be out of her mind," he said, in his perplexity; "and then again it may be only a long journeying and distress of mind." The other man could offer no solution of the enigma, but his experience was more available, inasmuch as he had been married for ten years to a nervous and hysterical wife. "A glass of water is allays of use to 'em," he suggested; "they can drink it or put it on their heads; it's what my missis is allays the better for—if I was you, Jim, I'd take her a glass." Fortified with this practical advice, "Jim" again went into the little dingy waiting-room and put a glass of water down upon the table before the pale mute face of its inhabitant, muttering some apologies for his intrusion. Christina gave a slight shiver and mechanically put out her hand to take it. But as she would have raised it to her lips it slipped from between her fingers, the glass crashed against the table, broke into fragments, and the water was poured down on the floor.

The shock, trivial although it was, had been too great for her overstrained nerves, the shattered glass set loose the tears which had not flowed for the pains which had wrung her heart, and suddenly she burst into violent hysterical sobs.

"Now don't ye take on so, don't ye, Miss," said Jim, as he went down on his knees to pick up the pieces; "lie down by the fire now and rest a bit, and I'll get my missis to bring you a cup o' tea as ull be better nor that cold water."

Christina had still strength enough left to exercise some self-control; she lay upon the miserable little hard sofa and stifled the sobs which might have in some sort comforted her if only she could have given way to them, while the kind-hearted porter made his way to the little cottage on the other side of the road and brought his wife and the cup of tea which she had been keeping hot for him. Christina had in some sort recovered herself; the sobs which had alarmed him had given place to a strange composure, which he rejoiced at in his ignorance, and by the time Christina had swallowed her cup of tea she was able to stand and declare that she was quite equal to the walk across the heath.

"I have been very troublesome," she said with a smile; "how good you have been to me, you kind people! I shall come and see you another day and thank you better. No; I would rather go alone. I know my way quite well."

"However we could let her go alone, Jim, is what I can't understand," said the porter's wife to her husband afterwards; "my mind misgives me that it weren't what we ought to ha' done; but there, she seemed strong enough when once she was on her feet."

It was true that Christina had turned out of the little station walking firmly with her face against the wind. She had felt the necessity of avoiding companionship. Now that the first excitement was past, she began to dread recognition, feeling vaguely that she had perhaps been wrong in what she had

done, desiring at least that it should not be known. The effort she had made for self-control had for the moment braced her nerves and given her strength ; but after the first two hundred yards her steps began to flag. The darkness had deepened, the mist had turned to driving rain. The great level heath was spread all round her. She wandered from the path, entangling her feet in the heather, and often stopping from utter weariness to gather breath to proceed. It was only a mile from East-down to the White House, yet it was more than an hour from the time she had left the station before she came out upon the road, and, dead to all consciousness except that of physical pain and weariness, dragged herself up the steps which led to the garden. She passed slowly along the pebbled walk and saw the firelight shining from the windows. At least she was at home again. It was not that she wanted help

or sympathy ; she could not have understood it if it had been offered to her ; she hardly knew what it was that she had suffered ; her mental powers were benumbed, and with them her capacity for mental suffering ; but she felt that she was cold and wet and trembling and had a half-conscious longing for shelter and light and warmth. She opened the hall door for herself ; she saw the firelight glowing in the kitchen, and went towards it, utterly insensible to all but her physical needs. The kitchen was empty. Christina, creeping towards the warmth like a wounded thing, sat down on the floor before the fire, leaning her head back against the cushioned arm-chair which stood beside it. And the crickets chirruped on the hearth in their unconsciousness, and the kettle was singing, as the fire blazed fitfully and the shadows danced upon the wall.

To be concluded in the next Number.

TA'ABBET-SHURRAN AND HIS COMPANIONS; OR, PRÆ-ISLAMITIC BRIGANDS.

BY W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

A FEW months' experience of Arabia Proper suffices to teach the traveller of our day that the terms "Arab" and "Bedouin," though not unfrequently used as if convertible, are by no means such in reality. It may further teach him, if he knew it not before, that "Bedouin" and "robber" are also not necessarily synonymous; that the latter designation is no less ill-sounding to the ordinary Arab ear, than it would be to the European; and that the class which it represents is amenable to whatever penalties Arab law and society can inflict, much as it would be in more civilized lands of juries and police-force. Nor is this, so far as Arabia itself is concerned, a recently introduced order of things, due to comparatively modern influences, social or political; on the contrary, a retrospective view of the national annals, even when carried back to the first day-dawn of præ-Islamitic history, presents no other aspect; and full five centuries before the appearance of the Meccan lawgiver, we find the thief, the robber, and the brigand already paled off from and at war with established order and right; already marked with the outlaw's brand, and subject to all its sternest consequences. And yet, in spite of these facts, it cannot be denied that, in these same earliest times, the great peninsula bore, as it still, and to a certain extent not undeservedly, bears, an evil name for the number and the audacity of its robbers. The cause is inherent, and not far to seek.

A population much too scanty in proportion to the geographical extent of the land it occupies, as also, though from different reasons, one notably over-

crowded, must always render the efficacious protection of individual life and property a difficult task, even for the strongest and most energetic administration; and the difficulty will, under a weak or negligent rule, amount to absolute impossibility. Thus, for example's sake, the open spaces of the lonely Campagna, the wild glens of Albania or Koordistan, the parched sierras of Central Spain, and the defiles of Southern Greece, have long been, and, bating external influences, may long remain, under the feebleness of decrepit or malformed Governments, Papal or Turkish, Spanish or Hellene, the dread of the wayfaring merchant and the defenceless tourist. In lands like these, the town gates are often the ultimate limits of security. Indeed it is not, as we all know, many centuries since, that scantiness of inhabitants, combined with a defective, because an incipient, organization, rendered large tracts of France, of Germany, and of England itself, dangerous travelling for the unarmed and unescorted.

But nowhere, perhaps, in the old world at least, does there exist an equal extent of land in which all the sinister conditions that favour brigandage are so perplexingly combined and aggravated, as in Arabia Proper. There, for distances measured, not by miles but by degrees, vast expanses of stony, irreclaimable desert, of pathless sands and labyrinthine rocks, place utterly disproportionate intervals of enforced solitude between the watered valleys and green slopes where alone anything like settled life and social union can make good its footing. A week of suns may not seldom rise and set on the slow-moving

caravan without bringing into view a single roof: indeed, the known life-sparing clemency of the Arab robber is chiefly due, not to any favourable speciality of character, but to this very circumstance of solitude; in other words, to the brigand's certainty that long before his plundered victims can reach help, or even give tidings, he himself and his booty will be far beyond pursuit. "Desert means licence," says the Arab proverb; the wild lands breed wild men; and thus it is that centuries of comparative law and order, the organizing vigour of Mahomet and his first successors, the sceptre of the Caliphs, and the military discipline of the Turks, have each in their turn failed to render the sand-waves of the "Nefood" and the gullies of "Toweyk" wholly safe ventures for the traveller; while even the rigour, amounting almost to tyranny, of the more recent Wahhabee rulers, who avowedly tolerate no spoilers besides themselves, cannot render permanently secure the intercourse and traffic of one Arab province—oasis, I might better say—with another.

But during the latter years of the præ-Islamitic period, when the entire centre of the peninsula, and no small portion of its circumference—that is, whatever was not immediately subject to the rule of the Yemenite kings, and of their or the Persian viceroys—resembled best of all a seething caldron, where the overboiling energies of countless clans and divisions of clans dashed and clashed in never-resting eddies; when no fixed organization or political institution beyond that of the tribe, at most, had even a chance of permanence in the giddy whirl,—open robbers were, as might have naturally been expected, both numerous and daring; nor can we wonder if, when every man did more or less what was right in his own eyes, the list of the colour-blind to the moral tints of "mine" and "thine" should have been a long one, and have included many names of great though not good renown. Indeed, it might almost have been anticipated that the entire nation would have been numbered in the ill-

famed category, till the universality of fact absorbed the distinction of name; and none would have been called robbers, because all were so.

Fortunately the clan principle interfered; and by tracing certain, though inadequate, limits of social right and wrong, rendered transgression alike possible and exceptional. He who, led astray by private and personal greed, plundered, not on his own clan's account, but on his own; who, without discrimination of peace-time or war, of alliance or hostility, attacked the friends no less than the foes of his tribesmen, was, from the earliest times, accounted criminal; while he who, in concert with his kin, assailed and spoiled a common and acknowledged enemy, was held to have performed an honourable duty. After this fashion the Arabs learned to draw the line—in no age or country a very broad one—between war and brigandage; and, by vehement reprobation of the latter, stood self-excused for their excessive proneness to the former.

From such a state of things, where geographical configuration and political confusion conspired to encourage what nascent organization and primal morality agreed to condemn, arose the præ-Islamitic brigand class. This, although recruited in the main, after the fashion of other lands, by idleness, want, and the half-idiocy that has much, if physiology tell true, to do with habitual vice, yet comprised also men who under more propitious circumstances might have led a different and an honourable career. These were they who—having, in consequence of some special deed of blood, sudden mishap, or occasionally sheer innate fierceness of temperament, become nearly or quite detached from their own particular clan and its alliances—led, henceforth at large, a life of "sturt and strife," of indiscriminate plunder and rapine; disavowed by all, hostile to all, yet holding their own; and that, strange though it may seem, not by physical force merely, but also by intellectual pre-eminence. They stand before us in the national records, apart from the great chiefs and leaders

of their age, apart from the recognized heroes, the 'Antarahs and Barakats of epic war, wild, half-naked, savage, inured to hardship, danger, and blood; yet looked upon by their countrymen with a respect amounting almost to awe, and crowned with a halo of fame visible even through the mist of centuries, and under the altered lights of Islam: men to be admired, though not imitated; to be honoured while condemned: a moral paradox, explained partly by the character of the times they lived in, partly by their own personal qualities.

When a nation is either wholly barbarous or wholly civilized, the records of its "criminal classes" are of little interest, and of less utility. In the former case, they form, indeed, the bulk of the local chronicle; but the tale they tell of utter and bestial savagery, the mere repetition of brute force, cunning, and cruelty, is alike purportless, tedious, and disgusting. On the other hand, among nations well advanced in civilization, the ban laid on exceptional rebels against the reign of law is so withering, and the severance between them and the better life of the land so entire, that nothing remains to a Jack Sheppard or a Bill Sykes but stupid, hateful, unmeaning vice, unfit either to point the moral of the novelist or to adorn the tale of the historian.

But between the two extremes of barbarism and of culture, the records of most nations exhibit a middle or transition period, when the bonds of society, though formed, are still elastic; while public morality is already sufficiently advanced to disallow much that public order is as yet too feeble to repress. In such a period the highway robber is apt to be regarded with a sort of half-tolerance, as a relic of the "good old times;" and even becomes in the estimation of many a sort of conservative protest against the supposed degeneracies and real artificialities of progress; a semi-hero, to be, metaphorically at least, if not in fact, hung in a silken halter, and cut down to the tune of a panegyric. On these frontier lines between order and anarchy, in this twilight between licence

and law, flourish Robin Hoods, Helmbrechts, Kalewi-Poegs, and their like; equivocal celebrities, brigands by land and corsairs at sea; feared, respected, and hated by their injured contemporaries; more honoured by later and securer generations, and ultimately placed on pedestals of fame side by side with their betters in the national Valhalla. And what the era of King John was to England, the "Interregnum" to Germany, the days of Sueno and his peers to Scandinavia, that were to Arabia the two centuries that preceded the appearance of Mahomet, but chiefly the former. Heroes had ceased to be robbers, but robbers had not wholly ceased to be heroes.

A more special reason for the peculiar and prominent rank held in præ-Islamitic Arab story by these wild rovers of the desert, is to be sought in the intense vigour and activity of the prevailing national spirit, of which these very men were an ill-regulated and exaggerated, yet by no means an unfaithful, representation. To the physical advantages of strength, fleetness, quickness of eye, and dexterity of hand—all objects of deliberate and systematic culture in Pagan Arabia, no less than in Pagan Greece—they added many of the moral qualities then held in the highest esteem by their countrymen: patient endurance, forethought, courage, daring, and even generosity; while some of them in addition attained lasting fame for excellence in poetry, then, as now, the proudest boast of the Arab. Thus it was that although rapine, bloodshed, and, not rarely, treachery, might dim, they could not wholly eclipse the splendour of their better qualities and worthier deeds.

Such was the classical præ-Islamitic brigand, as portrayed to us in the pages of the Hamasah, of Abou-l-Faraj, Mevdanee, and others; not indeed the full image, but the skeleton and ground-plan of his race: a type in which the Arab character, not of those ages only but of all succeeding generations, is correctly though roughly given; untameable, self-reliant, defiant, full of hard

good sense and deep passion, a vivid though a narrow imagination, and a perfect command of the most expressive of all spoken languages; while at the same time these very men, by their isolation, their inaptitude for organized combination, their contempt for all excellence or development save that of the individual, their aversion to any restraint however wholesome, and above all their restless inconstancy of temper, give the measure of Arab national weakness, and too clearly illustrate that incoherent individualism which ruined the Empires of Damascus, Bagdad, and Cordova, and blighted even in its flower the fairest promise of the Arab mind.

Their muster-roll is a long one; but at its head stand eminent three names of renown, illustrated by records of exceptional completeness. These are Ta'abbet-Shurran, Shanfara', and Soleyk, men each of whom deserves special mention, because each represents in himself a peculiar subdivision of the great brigand class.

"Ta'abbet-Shurran," or, "He has taken an evil thing under his arm," is the composite appellation by which Arab story recognizes its robber-hero of predilection. His real name was Thabit, the son of Jabir; the clan of Fahm, to which he belonged, formed part of the great Keys-'Eglan family, the progeny of Modar; and accordingly of "Most-'areb" (that is "adscititious Arab," or, in mythical phrase, of Ismaelitic), not of "Aarab," "pure Arab," or of Southern and Kahtanee origin. The Fahm Arabs, nomad once, but tamed down by the process of the suns into semi-agriculturists, still, as in the century the fifth of our era, when Ta'abbet-Shurran lent his sinister lustre to their name, frequent the wild and secluded, but well-watered gorges that lie immediately behind the mountains of Ta'if and Aseer, south-east of Mecca, somewhat apart from the main lines of Arab land communication; and while they have secured a practical independence by nominal acquiescence in the political or religious phases of their more powerful neighbours, scarcely bear themselves a trace of the many

influences that have again and again remodelled the not distant capital of the Peninsula. A few earth villages with low yellowish walls, a somewhat larger number of black tent-groups; here and there a scraggy enclosure of palms, melons, and vetches, or a thinly verdant patch of pasture; a fair allowance of goats and camels, of rock and sand between; lean dusky men in long shirts and tattered cloaks, striped or black; near the houses some muffled women in dark-blue cloth, and glass arm-rings; some very brown and naked children, seemingly belonging to no one in particular,—such is the land and tribe of Fahm, rich in blood and genealogies, miserably poor in all besides, and a fit nursing-stock for robbers, even now.

How the Fahmite Thabit, son of Jabir, came by the denominative sentence which has almost superseded his original name in his country's literature, is variously related. According to one account, he had gone out while yet a mere boy on some lonely errand, probably to look after some stray camel, and had advanced far into the desert, when suddenly he saw what seemed a large goat perched upon a rock before him. At his approach the thing darted away; the lad followed, and being fleet and sure of foot, soon overtook and captured it. But to bring it home was no easy matter, for the brute, not content with kicking and struggling, took to becoming heavier and heavier every minute, till Thabit, whose strength had only just sufficed to carry it up to the limits of the encampment, was forced to let it drop. But hardly had it touched the ground than, in full view of all the horrified bystanders, it assumed its proper form, that of a Ghawl, or demon, and vanished. "Ta'abbet-Shurran" ("He has brought a mischief under his arm"), said the clansmen one to another; and this henceforth was Thabit's name. In this story is adumbrated what the Greeks, like the Arabs, would have called the "dæmon" character of the man himself. Another and a more prosaic version substitutes for the goat-ghawl, Thabit's own sword, which he

was in the habit of thus carrying no less persistently than Louis Philippe his umbrella, and which certainly wrought mischief enough, as we shall soon see.

On details like these, historical criticism would be a mere waste of learning and ingenuity; the general truthfulness of a portrait is more to our present purpose than the minute precision of a photograph. All annalists agree in representing Ta'abbet-Shurran as an essentially "wild man"—clever, talented even, but irreclaimable; a born rebel to all social law and custom; one of the *ferce natura* whom the literature of modern times is wont to paint in somewhat rounded contours and prismatic colours, but whose real lineaments stand out harsh and vigorous in one of the son of Jabir's authentic poems, where his own ultimate hero-ideal is thus portrayed:—

"Nor exults he nor complains he; silent bears
whate'er befalls him,
Much desiring, much attempting; far the
wanderings of his venture.
In one desert noon beholds him; evening
finds him in another;
As the wild ass lone he crosses o'er the
jagged and headlong ridges.
Swifter than the wind unpausing, onward
yet, nor rest nor slackness,
While the howling gusts outspeeded in the
distance moan and faulted.
Light the slumber on his eyelids, yet too
heavy all he deems it;
Ever watchful for the moment when to
draw the bitter faulchion;
When to plunge it in the heart-blood of the
many-mustered foemen,
While the Fates bystanding idly grin to see
their work accomplished.
Loneliness his choice companion; and the
guide-marks of his roaming—
Tell me, whither guide the mazes of the
streaky spangled heavens?"

"As the dawn, so the day," says an Arab proverb; and the circumstances under which Ta'abbet-Shurran quitted his family and tribe while yet a mere boy, give a tolerable insight into what his character even then was, and what an after career might be augured for him. The "frightful, desperate, wild, and furious" of Shakespeare's young Richard is no less applicable to the former stage of Ta'abbet's life, than "daring, bold, and venturous" to the latter. To West-

ern ears the tale may sound a strange one; but to those who have passed a day among the tents of Wadee-I-Kora, or a night on the gravel-strewn plains of 'Aared, it has little startling, and nothing incredible.

The mother of Ta'abbet-Shurran, left a widow by the death of her first husband Jabir, while our hero and his four brave but less celebrated brothers were yet mere children, had married again, and this time her choice had fallen on a man named 'Amir, of the tribe of Hodeyl; a clan famous alike for warriors and poets, the latter of whom have bequeathed to posterity an entire volume, or *Divan*, of verses, oftener studied than understood, even by Arab commentators and critics. 'Amir himself was a poet; and some by no means contemptible performances of his in this line have come down to us. Second, or even third and fourth marriages have never involved any discredit in Arab opinion, whether Pagan or Mahometan; nor would the merry wife of Bath have needed much argument to make good her case, had her pilgrimage been to 'Okad, or Mecca, instead of Canterbury. The only inconveniences a buxom and well-to-do Arab widow needed, or, for the matter of that, still needs carefully to avoid, were family jealousies and clannish dissensions: the relict of Jabir ran her matrimonial ship in its second voyage on both these rocks. Hodeyl, though a neighbouring, was not a kindred clan to Fahm; and Ta'abbet-Shurran, or, to give him his domestic name, Thabit, who was the eldest and fiercest among his brothers, soon learned to look on his stepfather as an intruder, and on his position in the household as an abiding insult. When 'Amir (so continues the narrative) saw the lad beside him growing up with evident signs in his face of a hatred which he took no pains to conceal, he said one day to his wife, "By heaven, this youngster's manner causes me real uneasiness: our marriage is the cause; had we not better separate at once before worse happens? Divorce is a less evil than bloodshed." But the woman, who seems to have liked the company

of her new husband better than the children of her old one, answered: "First try if you cannot clear the fellow out of the way by some stratagem." 'Amir accordingly waited his opportunity, till when a convenient time came he said to the lad, "Are you disposed to accompany me on a raid?" "With all my heart," was the ready answer. "Come along, then," said 'Amir. So they set out both of them together; but 'Amir purposely omitted to take any provisions with them for the road. They journeyed on all that night and the next day, without once halting, till the second evening closed in, by which time 'Amir made certain that the lad must be well-nigh famished for want of food. Thus thinking, he led the way in a direction where enemies were likely to be, till at last there appeared the gleam of a fire burning at some distance in front. 'Amir then stopped and said to his stepson, "Halloa, boy! we are short of food, and must get something to eat; go over to where you see that fire, and ask the folk who are cooking by it to give us a share of their meal." Thabit answered, "What, man! is this a time for eating?" "Time or not, I am hungry," 'Amir rejoined, "so off with you, and bring me some supper." Thabit made no further answer, but went. As he neared the fire he saw two of the most notorious ruffians in the whole land sitting by it; they were in fact the very men into whose hands his stepfather had designed that he should fall. When the reflection of the fire fell on the lad, the ruffians saw him and sprang up to seize him; he turned and ran; they followed; but he was lighter of foot than they, and kept ahead, till looking over his shoulder he observed that one of his pursuers had outstripped the other; then suddenly turning on the nearer of the two, he closed with him, and laid him dead at a blow. This done, without a moment's pause he rushed on the other, who stood bewildered, and disposed of him in the same manner. He then walked leisurely to the fire which they had lighted, and there found some unleavened bread baking under

the cinders; this he took, and brought it, without tasting it, to his stepfather, saying, "Eat—may it choke you!" But he himself refused to touch a morsel. 'Amir said, "Tell me all about it, and how you came by it." The lad answered, "What is that to you? eat, and ask no questions." So 'Amir ate, but more from compulsion than appetite, while his fear of the young devil increased every instant, till, unable to contain his curiosity, he again begged the boy, adjuring him by all the rights of companionship to tell him the whole adventure. Thabit did so, and the result was that 'Amir now feared him worse than ever. After some hours' rest they again went on, and soon reached the pasture grounds of the hostile tribe, whence they succeeded in driving off some camels, and then turned homewards with their booty, taking, however, a distant and circuitous way to avoid pursuit. For three successive nights on the road 'Amir said to his stepson, "Make choice which half of the night you would best like to keep watch over the camels; as for me, I will take charge of them for the other half, while you sleep." But Thabit as regularly answered, "Make your choice yourself; it is all one to me." Free thus to arrange matters according to his own liking, 'Amir used to sleep during the first half of the night, while his stepson sat up and kept guard; at midnight 'Amir rose and relieved the lad, who then went and lay down for a few hours; but when Thabit seemed once to be fast asleep, 'Amir took the opportunity to lie down and go to sleep also; so that in fact he never kept watch at all. Thus passed three nights. On the fourth and last—for they were now nearing their own land—'Amir thought that the lad must certainly be overcome with fatigue and drowsiness. So he lay down as usual and took his fill of sleep, while Thabit remained keeping good watch till midnight came, when it was 'Amir's turn to rise and guard. This he did, till after a while he saw the lad to all appearance sound asleep, when he said within himself, "Surely the fellow must

now be tired out, and hard of waking ; now or never is the time to get rid of him altogether." Not feeling, however, quite sure whether his stepson's slumbers were in reality as deep as they seemed, he thought it best to try an experiment first ; so, taking up a pebble from the ground beside him, he flung it to some distance, when lo ! hardly had the stone touched the sand, than the lad started up bolt upright, with "What noise was that ?" 'Amir, feigning surprise, answered, "On my life I do not know ; but it seemed to me to come from the direction where the camels are. I heard it, but could not make it out clearly." Hereon Thabit went and prowled about, searching on all sides in the darkness, till, having discovered nothing, he returned and lay down. A second time the stepfather waited, long enough as he thought ; then took a little pebble, smaller than the first, and jerked it away. It fell a long way off ; but no sooner had it struck the plain, than the boy was on his feet again, exclaiming, "What was that ?" "Really I cannot say," was the answer : "this is the second time I have heard it ; perhaps one of the camels has got loose." Instantly Thabit began prowling hither and thither in the dark night, but of course could find nothing on which to fix his suspicions ; so he returned to his place and laid him down once more. A third time 'Amir waited till a full hour had passed, and then took up the very smallest pebble he could find, and flung it away with all his force as far as possible. But the result was all one ; up leapt the lad, fresh as at first, only that this time he asked no questions, but, setting off without a word, searched thoroughly on all sides around ; then returned, and coming close up to his stepfather, said, "Fellow, I do not like these doings of yours ; so I give you now fair warning, the next time I hear anything more of this kind, by God you are a dead man." With this he went a little apart and settled himself again to sleep ; while 'Amir, as he himself afterwards told the story, passed the remaining hours of darkness wide awake, and in mortal

fear, lest by some accident any one of the camels should really stir, and the lad jump up and kill him. Next day they reached the tents of Fahm ; but Thabit, who guessed rightly enough that a plot had been laid against him, and that his mother had been privy to it, would not remain any longer in the family, but took to the desert. 'Amir also shortly after found his position in the tribe, who had got an inkling of the matter, an unpleasant one ; so he divided his goods with his wife, and, divorcing himself from her, returned to the pastures of Hodeyl.

However, Thabit, or Ta'abbet-Shurran, as, in compliance with his Arab chroniclers, I shall henceforth call him, became subsequently reconciled with his mother ; and often when weary, or hard-pressed by pursuers, availed himself of the temporary repose and shelter of her tent. With his own tribe too, the men of Fahm, he always remained on friendly terms, though he took no part henceforth in their public affairs ; nor was he regarded by them as entitled to their protection, much less assistance. But for all others whatever, he was simply an outlaw and a robber ; while the clan of Hodeyl, which he had early learned to hate on his stepfather's account, was, his whole life through, the special object of his depredations.

There is a region which, while it belongs to none of the three great provinces of Western and Central Arabia—to Hejaz, that is, Nejd, or Yemen—yet forms a kind of junction-tract between them, and is in consequence traversed by most of the great Arab routes that lead from all directions to the old centre of commercial and social activity, the territory of Mecca. From the earliest times down to our own, this borderland has been a favourite resort of highwaymen ; partly on account of the frequent opportunities of plunder afforded by passing travellers and caravans, partly from its own topographical peculiarities, which seem to mark it out as a fitting repair for brigands and outlaws. It is an intricate labyrinth of valleys, narrow and winding where

they first descend from the rugged ranges of Jebel Aseer on the west, but widening out as they approach the low level of the great desert or "Dahna," and assuming the form of long shallow gullies where they rise again towards the table-land of Nejd. Westward the hills are frequently wooded with "Ithel," the Arabian tamarisk, with "Rind," or wild laurel, with "Sidr," a pretty dwarf acacia, besides the spreading "Markh," and other large semi-tropical trees; while under the shade of these coverts numerous wild animals make their lair: wolves, foxes, jackals, hyænas, and especially the small but ferocious Arabian panther, black-spotted on a light yellow ground, the terror of the herded gazelles, and sometimes of the hunter also. In other places the rocks are precipitous, bare, and inaccessible to all but the wild goats that browse on the occasional tufts of thin grass or dwarf shrubs springing from their clefts. The valleys, where narrow, form water-courses in the rainy season; and even in the heats of mid-summer not unfrequently shelter deep pools, protected from sun and wind by some overhanging rock: little patches too of cultivation occur here and there, marking the permanent establishment of a few families, or a moderate stretch of green justifies the presence of some herdsmen's tents. But nowhere do the conditions of the land allow of anything like real populousness; and the abruptness of the local barriers tends to divide the scanty inhabitants into small, almost isolated clusters, while by the same fact it detains them in a state of semi-barbarism, scarcely, if at all, affected by centuries of comparative civilization around.

Further on however, where these valleys enter the "Dahna," the prospect is dreary indeed: rock and sand, the latter light and ever shifting, the former abrupt and rugged, or spreading into miles of continuous stone-sheet; the whole appearing much as the bottom of the ocean might possibly do were it upheaved and left exposed to

the sun; an imagination not far removed, it may be, in this case, from the geological reality of things. But, jotted as at random through the waste, where least expected amid the utter seeming drought, and discoverable only by long practice and that intimacy with the desert which few but outlaws are likely to acquire, lie small pale green spots, marked out by the wild palm, the feathery "Ithel," and the tangled "Semr" thorn. Here water is to be found when dug for at the depth of a few feet under earth; here also is wood enough for the modest requirements of Arab cookery; here the traveller may occasionally halt at mid-day or nightfall; and here the robber, flying or pursuing, may take a few hours' stolen repose.

This is the land now known as El-Kora, Soleyyel, Bisha', and Aftaj; a land long unchanged, and likely long to remain so, both in itself and in its inhabitants.

On its outskirts west and north spread the pastures of Hodeyl, a tribe once numerous and powerful, and even now not only independent of, but actively hostile to, the powers that be; to the south are the small but many villages of Bajeelah, a Yemenite or "'Arab" tribe, who, with others of their kindred, extend down to the frontiers of rich and populous Nejrán; to the east stretched, in Ta'abbet-Shurran's time, the vast encampments of Temeen and 'Aamir, the chief of all the central "Most'areb," or "adscititious" clans; but these last are now crystallized into Wahhabee provinces.

On all of these, now one, now the other, Ta'abbet-Shurran made his predatory attacks, disregardful alike of national alliance or enmity; sometimes alone, more often in company with other outlaws, to whom he acted as a temporary leader. Many of these raids have been recorded at great length by Arab chroniclers, who have besides preserved to us the verses in which the robber-hero, not more modest in self-praise than the generality of poets, celebrated his own prowess. A few of these anecdotes, rendered as literally as may be, consistently with transferring, or at least

attempting to transfer, the vividness of the original Arab picture to the dissimilar canvas of the European mind—no easy task—will best illustrate the man and those amongst whom he lived.

Once on a time he had led a band of fellow-brigands on an expedition directed against the herds and havings of the Benoo Hodeyl, not far from Ta'if. On their way the party passed beneath a precipice of great height; its face showed far up the entrance of a cavern, above which Ta'abbet-Shurran's practised eyes could detect a swarm of bees hovering. Now, wild honey—for art-made hives and tame bees were yet unknown—was the only substitute possessed by the Arabs of those days for sugar, and ranked accordingly as a choice, almost indeed a necessary, dainty. Ta'abbet and his crew at once postponed their original design on sheep and camels in favour of this rarer booty; and by long and circuitous paths clambered up the mountain till they stood on its brow, right above the caverned cliff. Next, Ta'abbet tied a camel-rope round his waist, while his comrades made fast the other end to the stump of a tree, and, taking with him a couple of empty skins, allowed himself to be lowered against the mountain face, till he dangled opposite to the mouth of the cave, into which he then contrived to swing himself; much like Shakespeare's samphire-gatherer, or a Norwegian in quest of sea-fowl. As he had conjectured, a large store of excellent honey had collected within the cavern, and he proceeded at his leisure to fill the skins he had brought with the desired prize, unsuspecting of any danger from without. But while he thus busied himself, some men of Hodeyl, who, hidden in the brushwood on the upper slope, had watched all these doings, suddenly rushed out on the associates of the Fahm brigand, and drove them off from their post. The Hodeylees, now masters of the position, began twitching the upper end of the rope that girdled Ta'abbet's waist, and thus apprised him of an unfriendly presence.

Without hesitation he cut the cord with his dagger, and then advancing to the mouth of the cave looked up.

"Caught," exclaimed his enemies.

"Caught, indeed!" sneeringly repeated Ta'abbet; "that we have yet to see. Do you mean to take ransom and let me go unharmed?"

"No conditions with such as you," they answered from above.

"Aha! that is your game?" rejoined the robber; "you think that you have already caught me, and killed me, and eaten my honey too, which I have been at such pains to get. No, by God! that shall never be." Thus saying, he brought the skins to the mouth of the hole, and poured out all the honey, so that it went trickling down the face of the precipice in their sight; next he took the empty skins, honey-smeared as they were, and tied them tight against his breast and body; and then, while the men of Hodeyl stood looking on in stupid amazement, let himself slip feet foremost down the crag, with such dexterity that in a few minutes he was safe at the bottom, some hundreds of yards below; and long before his intended captors, descending by the ordinary path, had circled the mountain and reached the other side, was far away beyond all chance of pursuit.

So brilliant an escape deserved to be commemorated by its hero in a spirited poem, from which I will quote a few lines:—

"This my answer to the foemen, when alone
I stood defenceless,
Closed the paths behind, before me, in the
hour of doubt and danger.
'Is it thus the choice ye give me? ransomed
life, and scornful mercy?
These, or death?—not two the offers; one
alone befits the freeman.
Yet a third is mine, ye know not; reason
scarce admits the venture;
Daring prompts it; and the peril bids me
test it to the utmost.'
Iron-hard the rocks, and 'neath them Death
securely waits his victim;—
Harder than the rocks my breast; and
Death askance beholds my safety."

The image of Death enraged at his escape, like that of the Fates idly grinning, their occupation gone, over the

enemies he had slaughtered without biding their permission, was, it would seem, in Ta'abbet-Shurran's wild fancy, more than a mere poetical figure of speech. For him—so the Arab narrative, half credulous, half sceptic, records—the desert was peopled with weird phantom shapes, all horrible, and befitting the guilty imaginings or companion-ship of a man of blood.

Foremost among these was the "Ghowl," a monster half flesh, half spirit; tangible, yet ever changing its form; endowed with speech and reason, but for evil only; hating man, and ever seeking his harm. It may not be amiss here to remark, that præ-Islamitic Arab spiritualism, in the metaphysical sense of the word, seems, like that of the Jews, to have been nearly if not quite exhausted by the sole conception of a Supreme Ruler; all else, whatever is known among other races as soul, ghost, spectre, angel, demon, fairy, sprite, goblin, and so forth, was for them corporeal, or at best quasi-corporeal, and subject, though with certain appropriate modifications, to the principal conditions of animated matter, such as we experimentally reckon them. Nor was Mahomet himself, the Koran to witness, much ahead of his ancestors in this respect. It is not till a later date, when Persian, Greek, and Tatar ideas had infiltrated the national mind, that anything like the Teuton, Celtic, or even Norse spirit appears among the phantasmagoria of Arab literature. As for the "Ghowl," that most popular of præ-Islamitic superstitions, and the nearest approach to a genuine Arab "devil," it was, to complete its corporeality, male and female, and, though remarkably tenacious of life, mortal; but when it happened at last to be killed, its carcase had the faculty—an annoying one for curious investigators—of disappearing altogether, or of presenting at most the appearance of a small piece of burnt leather, or some equally uninformative substance. Masa'oodie, the author whose discursive work, the "Golden Meadows," has procured him the over-flattering title of the

"Arab Herodotus," speculates not quite unreasonably on the matter, and inclines to the opinion that the "Ghowl" of old times was nothing else than some ferocious and ill-favoured wild beast, probably of the ape genus, rarely met with, and exaggerated by excited imaginations into a demon. Thus much is certain, that in proportion as Arab records approach an era of increased population and of freer intercourse between province and province, the "Ghowl" becomes less frequent, and ultimately disappears altogether; while more spiritual conceptions, such as "Jinn," "Hatif" or Banshee, "Ayid" or "haunting-ghost," and the like, take its place. However, even at the present day, the inhabitants of Beja' on the Nubian frontier, and the negroes of Kordofan and Darfoor, have the good fortune to retain their "Ghowls"—"Kotrobs" they call them—of the genuine Arab kind, perhaps their gorillas.

But in Ta'abbet's epoch the "Ghowl," whether demon, ape, or fancy, was no rarity; and a night-long duel between the great robber and one of these unamiable beings in the dreary valley of Roha-Batan, near Kalaat-Bisha', a few days' journey to the south-east of Mecca, may at least claim what authenticity Ta'abbet-Shurran's own verses can give it. The curiosity of the record, almost unique of its kind in its completeness, may serve to excuse the childishness of the subject.

"O bear ye the tidings to all of my clan,
The wondrous encounter in Roha's lone dell,
The fiend-guarded land, where the Ghowl
of the waste
In horror and blackness contested my path.
I said, 'We are kinsmates, our fortunes are
one,
Thou and I; why assail me? in peace get
thee gone.'
It spoke not, but darted to rend me; I
turned,
Upraised in my hand the keen falchion of
Yemen;
Then fearless I struck, and the spectre be-
fore me
Lay shapeless and prone on the earth at
my feet.
'Depart,' so it groaned; but I answered,
'Await,

Not threats can avail thee, nor guile set thee free.
 Slow wore the long night as I grappled the foe,
 Till morning should show me what darkness concealed.
 Then gleamed to the dawn the green fire of its eye,
 The jaws of the panther, the snake's cloven tongue;
 Distorted the foot ;—who the monster would know
 May seek where I sought it, and find where I found."

This last-mentioned diabolical peculiarity, the distorted or cloven foot, reappears in every Arab or negro tale of the kind, from the earliest to the latest. By what law of analogy or derivation this peculiar feature has been selected to identify the embodied power of evil in the popular myths of almost every, if not of every nation, Turanian, Aryan, Celtic, or "Semitic," is a question to which Mr. Tylor alone can perhaps supply a satisfactory answer.

So far, however, as daring and violence carried to an almost preternatural degree are concerned, Ta'abbet-Shurran himself seems to have deserved a place among the worst ghowls of his day. I pass over the long list of plundering excursions that fill page after page of Aboo-l-Faraj, his best chronicler, with lances, swords, and blood ; nor need his adven-

tures in the southern "valley of tigers," where, out of sheer bravado, he passed the night unarmed and alone, nor his cattle-drivings in Nejd, nor his vengeance on the chiefs of Bajeelah, who had, treacherously enough, attempted to poison him, be here related in detail. "What on earth do you want with the doings of Ta'abbet-Shurran?" said his own tribesmen of Fahm, some five centuries later, to the inquisitive 'Omar-esh-Sheybanee, an annalist of some note, when he paid them a visit in their remote encampments, on purpose to learn what memories the clan might still retain of their equivocal hero ; "do you too want to set up for a highwayman?" An answer not wholly without a moral. Nor need we wonder if, where such was the general feeling, Ta'abbet-Shurran, however distinguished for personal bravery and poetical talent, was yet, in spite of these recommendations, ordinarily so attractive, no favourite with those whose goodwill should have been the best reward of his exploits, the fair ones of the land ; nay, he has himself handed down to us in verse the refusal with which a Nedjee girl of high birth met his proposals of marriage ; though he consoles himself with the ungallant reflection that after all he was perhaps too good for her.

Conclusion in the next Number.

WALTER SCOTT AND BURNS.

I do not think the following verses have ever been published; they were given to me many years ago by a son of Sir Walter Scott's valued friend, Mr. Robert Shortrede, of Jedburgh, with the following account of the circumstances under which they were written:—

Mr. Shortrede went one day into his sitting-room, where Sir Walter was waiting for him, and found Sir Walter with a volume of Burns in his hand, reading the letter which contained the famous lines of Bruce's address to his men before Bannockburn. As he closed the volume, Sir Walter said: "I always

thought that the opening of those beautiful lines, as you read them by themselves, was too abrupt, and that if Burns had not sent them in a letter to a friend, he would have introduced them with some sort of description of the scene, or of the circumstances under which they were spoken."

Mr. Shortrede at first questioned the soundness of this criticism, but after some discussion, asked what kind of introduction his friend would have? Sir Walter rejoined, "Why, something of this kind,"—and taking a pencil, wrote on the fly-leaf of the volume of Burns the following lines:—

"By Bannockburn proud Edward lay;
The Scots they were na far away,
Just waiting for the break o' day,
To show them which were best.
The sun rose o'er the purple heath,
And lighted up the field of death;
When Bruce wi' soul-inspiring breath
His soldiers thus address:—

"'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' &c."

H. BARTLE G. FRERE.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1872.

THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.¹

BY W. G. CLARK.

I.

TOWARDS the close of the fifth century of our era the Roman Empire of the West formally came to an end by the resignation of the puppet-monarch who, by a strange irony of fate, bore the name of Romulus.

A certain number, or rather an uncertain number, of centuries which followed, are known in history as "the Middle Ages." Such designations, necessary though they be, are apt to be misleading unless we bear in mind that they are merely conventional terms, adopted for the convenience of the historian, who must mark out his portion of the boundless field, and fix somewhere his point of departure and his goal. But in using them, we must remember that there are, in fact, no breaks in the long chain of cause and effect; no pauses in the activity of man, any more than in that of nature; no cataclysm and re-creation, but endless evolution; old forms decaying and new forms growing, in obedience to laws which the faith of Science holds to be eternal and immutable, like their Divine Author, even though the complexity of the phenomena may baffle her efforts to classify them and refer them to their causes. The hidden forces

which wrought during the Middle Ages, silently and gradually changing the life, the language, and religion of the nations of Western Europe, had been as actively at work for centuries before, undermining and corrupting the whole system, political, social, and religious, of Imperial Rome; and the fall of the last Augustus was an event only important as furnishing a convenient epoch for the conclusion or the beginning of the historian's survey. It is not so easy to agree upon an epoch at which the Middle Ages may be supposed to cease. It may be convenient, with some writers, to fix upon the year 1400, which has the advantage of being a round number, and therefore easily remembered. If we want a date which has a more serious justification, we must first inquire what great event, or events, had the most influence in turning the thoughts and energies of men into new channels, and in remoulding their social and political life after a new pattern. Shall we say the revival of classical literature and art? or the growth of a national literature among the several nations of the West? or the destruction of feudalism? or the change in warfare brought about by the use of artillery? or the invention of printing? or the discovery of America? or the Reformation? It is obvious that the historian would choose by preference

¹ Two Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Literary and Philosophical Institution.
No. 153.—VOL. XXVI.

one or other of these events as the point of contrary flexure, marking the end of the mediæval and the beginning of the modern world, in reference to his own special theme, according as he was writing upon forms of government, or military tactics, or letters, or commerce, or art, or religion. And it is equally clear that our modern life is the product of all these in combination, together with many minor events which escape our notice, and many occult forces which defy our penetration.

Again, the Middle Ages may be said to have terminated at different times in different countries, according to their advancement in the arts of war and peace. For example, the national literature of Italy owes its rise to the Sicilian poets at the court of Frederick II., at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and to Brunetto Latini and the predecessors of Dante at its close, a hundred years before Wicliff and Chaucer created a literature in England. The origin of French and Provençal literature is still earlier than that of Italy, while the latter country unquestionably takes the lead of all in the revival of classical learning and art. Germany claims the invention of printing, but a national German literature can scarcely be said to have existed before the time of Luther. The Reformation, which really reformed England, Scotland, and North Germany, and profoundly affected France, never gained a serious hold on Italy. In England the civilization begun by Chaucer and Wicliff was quenched by cruel persecution and disastrous civil war, so that the historian of mediæval England could not fitly end his task before the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485. The "*Canterbury Tales*" belong to modern literature, but the Wars of the Roses to the Middle Ages.

On the whole, we cannot say when the Middle Ages ended, but we may use the term as a convenient notation generally intelligible. We know what "spring" and "winter" mean, though we cannot say when the one begins and the other ends. We may fix March 21st as a convenient date, though many a

spring-like day may come before, and many a wintry day after. And the snow may lie thick upon the highlands long after the violets and primroses of the valleys have stolen into bloom.

For us the Middle Ages mean specially the period which elapsed between the decline of ancient learning and its revival.

But from this point of view the Middle Ages are commonly called by another name which is more questionable—"the dark ages." Now this might mean the ages which are dark to us, with respect to which we are in the dark. As a humble confession of ignorance this would be unobjectionable, only we might have to extend the term to other ages. But it is generally used with a feeling of complacent superiority on the part of the scholar towards people who wrote barbarous Latin and could not read Greek, or on the part of the enlightened Protestant towards benighted Papists. I know not who invented the phrase, but the feeling of contempt which prompted it is very conspicuous in the Italian literature of the Renaissance, and in the French and English literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. When John Evelyn sees a great cathedral, he condescendingly says that it is "Gothic, but fair." The very word "Gothic," which to us expresses the most beautiful style of architecture, was first applied in contempt. The term "dark ages" is frequently used by Gibbon (*e.g.* iii. 346), who despised them more for what they knew than for what they did not know, more for their devotion to Christian theology than for their indifference to ancient learning. I believe it was Doctor Johnson who said—"I know nothing of those ages which knew nothing," and thought his ignorance a proof of wisdom. But for the last fifty years or more, a great reaction has been in progress, due to many confluent tendencies of the age, most powerfully helped forward in Britain by the genius of Walter Scott, but felt in all the nations of Western Europe; and now men are ready to adore what their fathers would willingly have burned.

Our architects build houses for us after a mediæval pattern, "with windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing," with battlements and loopholes highly suitable for bow and arrow practice against an assailing enemy, but not otherwise useful. And one great writer, in his "Past and Present," contrasts the thirteenth century as an age of manly earnestness and honest sincerity with our nineteenth century as an age of shams, hypocrisies, and make-believes. Let us guard against exaggeration on either side. To affirm that these Middle Ages had no light of reason and conscience for their guide, no culture and no art, is to slander Christianity and natural religion, to ignore the evidence of extant monuments and of history; to say on the other hand that we must look to them as guides and examples, not only in art, but in politics and religion, is to deny the great consoling doctrine of human progress proclaimed by the poet:

"Yet, I doubt not, through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

Even in the darkest period of the dark ages the light of ancient literature and ancient civilization was never wholly extinguished. Successive hordes of barbarians first wasted and ravaged and held to ransom, then conquered and settled in Italy, France, and Spain, but they ended by learning the language and adopting the manners of the conquered. In Britain, indeed, the Angles and Saxons swept away all trace of Roman culture, but then in all likelihood Britain had never been so completely romanized as France or Spain, and its invaders bore a far larger proportion to the native inhabitants. In Italy, France, and Spain, the conquerors, chiefly of Teutonic origin, like those of Britain, and belonging to a race naturally tenacious of old customs, were forced by their paucity of numbers to learn the language of their subjects, into which they imported their own vocabulary so far as it concerned war and the chase. But while they learned the Latin language, nothing

could make them learn the Latin grammar. The cases of nouns and the declensions of verbs were in great part lost, and the result was a debased jargon, available for the ordinary intercourse of daily life, but scorned by all who had any pretensions to learning, and held to be utterly unfit to be a vehicle of accurate reasoning or lofty eloquence. Centuries were to elapse before these vulgar tongues shaped themselves into Italian, French, and Spanish, each having its own special forms, and each becoming the vehicle of a literature stamped with the characteristic genius of the people.

But side by side with this popular language, a more classical Latin maintained its ground, chiefly by the influence of the Church. The rich and varied ritual, the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, and the voluminous works of the Western Fathers, were all in Latin, which if not pure, according to the standard of Cicero or Quintilian, yet observed in the main the old rules of grammar and syntax. Latin was the language of the Church, which never lost its hold on the Roman provinces of the Western continent, which speedily reconquered Britain, and by and by extended its sway far beyond the limits of the ancient empire. Besides this, the Roman civil law, the noblest and most enduring monument of ancient genius, continued to maintain itself as the rule of civic life and the bond of social order. Here and there, if temporarily abolished by violence and compelled to yield to the customary law of barbarian conquerors, it re-asserted its claims, proved its right to rule men by its reasonableness and its completeness, and has been the basis on which every legislator of the continent has founded his code, from Theodosius to Napoleon. Everyone who studied law must needs acquaint himself with Latin, and that not superficially but accurately, so as to discriminate between the meanings and shades of meaning which each word bears according to its context. Again, all sacred and all profane literature in Western Europe was written in Latin. And the amount was enormous. If any-

one will take the trouble to glance over the footnotes and the indices to Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, or Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, he may convince himself that even in the darkest and most troubled times there was no century, scarcely a decade, which did not contribute some work still extant to theology, philosophy, or history. These works may now be obsolete and unreadable; but to become obsolete and unreadable is the lot of all, except the happy few in whom genius is combined with a favourable opportunity and good fortune. They prove at all events that learning was never extinct, because the authors wrote in a language very different from their mother-tongue.

Not only the laws and language, but many other traditions of the old Empire, survived its fall. Cities continued to be governed by the old municipal regulations; the "potestas," or magistrate, remained in the "podestà," and the petty princes who seized upon separate provinces, sought for a kind of sanction for their usurpations by taking the titles of Duke, Count or Viscount, which the later Emperors had granted to the officers who exercised authority in their name.

Amid the incessant wars, restrictions and vexations, which the division into small principalities brought upon the people, they looked fondly back to the time when the whole empire was united under one strong central government, as to a golden age; and hence it was that Charlemagne found enthusiastic support when in his own person he revived the Holy Roman Empire.

Rome was in the eyes of men a Holy City, quite as much because the Cæsars had reigned there as because it held the tombs of the martyred Apostles. It was, indeed, the longing for unity and peace, such as the popular imagination believed to have been realized in Imperial Rome, the *Pax Romana*, which enabled the Popes to found their spiritual empire. It was from sound policy and not in mere vanity that they transferred to themselves the title of Pontifex Maximus, which had belonged to the

Emperors, and thus invested their ceremonies and decrees with the authority of the most venerable pagan tradition.

Nor were the material monuments of the ancient empire without their effect upon the imaginations of men; especially during the earlier period of the Middle Ages, when these monuments remained almost unimpaired in their colossal grandeur, and before returning wealth and reviving skill enabled men to build structures for themselves almost as colossal and as grand. The military roads which stretched across morass and over mountain, straight to their mark like the purposes of destiny, but now leading from desert to desert; the fragments of bridges of stone which once spanned the mightiest rivers, as the Rhine and the Danube; the untenanted castles and abandoned cities; temples and amphitheatres towering amid the wilderness, where now there were no priests and no worshippers for the one, no combatants and no spectators for the other,—must have impressed men with the belief that they were "piled by the hands of giants for god-like kings of old," and with the feeling that they themselves belonged to a degenerate and inferior race. Especially did the great buildings in Rome itself, the Coliseum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the baths of Diocletian and Caracalla, the Pantheon of Agrippa and the Mausoleum of Hadrian, strike pilgrims from distant lands with awe and wonder. Bede records the profound astonishment with which English pilgrims gazed on the mighty circuit of the Coliseum. Centuries later the same ruins, or rather the ruins of these ruins, inspired Petrarch with his zeal for the revival of the ancient learning, and Rienzi with his plan for the restoration of the ancient polity of Rome. It was among the ruins of Rome that Gibbon first conceived the idea of his immortal history; here Byron found a theme for some of his noblest poetry; and the traveller of the present day, though he has seen and admired the chief architectural monuments of mediæval and modern times, receives from the contemplation of the relics of ancient Rome

an impression different in kind, deeper, and more lasting.

I have already alluded to the fact that the Church, while struggling for supremacy, and after that supremacy was won but not yet fully assured, had the worldly wisdom to compromise with Paganism. When it took possession of the pagan temples it adopted the accustomed holy days, the priestly vestments, the altars, the incense, the chanted ritual, and even a semblance of the sacrifice. The deification which Paul and Barnabas had rejected with horror at Lystra, was complacently acquiesced in. The beneficent attributes of pagan gods and heroes were transferred with their shrines to Christian saints. The Mater Dolorosa took the place of the mourning Ceres, the Virgin and Child were substituted for Isis and Horus, and the Beloved Physician was worshipped in the stead of Æsculapius.

"St. Peter's keys a christened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn."

Even pagan literature was pressed into the service of the Church. A treatise still extant, attributed to the Emperor Constantine, appeals to the oracles of the sibyls and to the famous fourth Eclogue of Virgil as Gentile prophecies of the coming of the Saviour. But when the Church had secured its domination and had nothing more to fear, it showed a very different spirit and became implacably hostile to all that savoured of pagan antiquity, whether in literature or art. Sallust, Cicero, Livy, Virgil, Terence, Horace, had been the text-books in every school. There was very little in these authors from which the most perverse ingenuity could extract an ecclesiastical moral, so the Church never rested till they were superseded by Augustine and Prudentius. Gregory the Great (590—604 A.D.) fulminated his anathemas against all pagan literature, and is said to have scattered to the winds what remained of the Palatine library founded by Augustus. In the eyes of the devout Churchman the gods of the heathen were evil demons, and the heathen

books which recognized their divinity were to be consigned to the flames as impious and heretical.

And yet it is to the Church, though in the Church's despicte, that we owe the preservation of these ancient authors. This is a paradox, but it is undoubtedly true: and it came about through the influence of the monastic orders.

Monasticism is not a product of Christianity. Before the time of Christ in Syria and Palestine and Egypt there were monks and hermits, both communities of Cœnobites and solitary Anchorites, who had retired into the desert, to escape from the temptations of the world, to devote their lives to prayer and fasting, and, by humbling the intellect and conquering the passions, to merit an eternity of reward. If the example of Christ, who found temptation in the wilderness and His field of action among the haunts of men, was opposed to such a course, many isolated texts of the Old and New Testaments might seem to sanction it. It was at Patmos, not at Ephesus, that the Apocalypse was vouchsafed to St. John. The monastic life, which in the earliest ages of Christianity spread widely in the East, was enforced in the West by the authority of Athanasius and the example of Jerome. A more powerful impulse still was given to the system by St. Benedict, born at Nursia in 480, who founded first the monastery of Subiaco and then that of Monte Cassino, which to this day the traveller from Rome to Naples sees two thousand feet above him, like a little city along the mountain ridge. The rule of St. Benedict, which rigidly parcelled out each day between religious worship and manual labour, left no room for profane studies. But gradually the rule was relaxed; pious donations and bequests poured wealth upon the monks; the humble sheds which had sheltered the earliest brethren expanded into the magnificent monastery with its church, refectory, guest-chamber, and a palace for its Abbot. The monks, now lords of wide domains, performed their manual labours by deputy, and amused their

leisure with literary pursuits, reading, copying and collating manuscripts, among which the proscribed works of pagan authors found a place,—furtively, it is true, and under protest, but thus acquiring the additional flavour of forbidden fruit.

Again and again reformers arose,—Benedict of Aniane, Odilo of Cluny, Gualberto of Vallombrosa, Hildebrand afterwards (Pope Gregory VII.), Hugh of Cluny, Stephen Harding of Cîteaux, and Bernard of Clairvaux—who endeavoured to restore the rigid discipline of the founder of the order. But there is a saying of Horace which has grown into a proverb, “Drive nature out with a pitchfork, still she will come back.” Precisely what had happened at Monte Cassino happened at Cluny, Cîteaux, Clairvaux, and Fountains, and the Benedictine writers by their numerous quotations seem to have been proud of the learning thus surreptitiously acquired. Among the rules of the Abbey of Cluny, where silence was enforced, or supposed to be enforced, there is a code of signs by which the monks were to make their wants known. If one wanted a book from the library, he was to make a motion with his hand as if turning over the leaves. There were special signs to indicate that he wanted a missal or a psalter, or a theological treatise; but if he wanted a profane work written by a pagan, he was to scratch his ear like a dog, “*quia nec immerito infideles tali animanti comparantur.*”

This may remind us how St. Jerome in his retreat at Bethlehem endeavoured to cure his mind of its hankering after classical literature by submitting his body to repeated flagellations, the very method which in our public schools is applied, quite as ineffectually, for the opposite purpose.

There was not a single monastic order which did not speedily lapse from the austerity of its founder's rule. The disobedience and worldliness of the Benedictines especially took the noble form of a devotion to literature. In spite of St. Benedict and St. Bernard, the brethren of the Benedictine convents

vied with each other in the formation of splendid libraries, of which that of Monte Cassino remains to this day, not indeed intact, but still rich in treasures both sacred and profane. And the French Benedictines have preserved even to our own times the noble tradition of their order.

The eleventh and twelfth centuries were marked by a great revival of Latin classical literature under the guidance of Lanfranc, Anselm, Gratian and Irnerius, and a famous but now almost forgotten Englishman, John of Salisbury. Flourishing schools were founded at Bec and Chartres, at Monte Cassino and Salerno; and from this period we may date the beginning of the great Universities, Bologna, Paris, Oxford. At each of these places there were schools of immemorial antiquity, but it was at this time that they acquired corporate rights and independent self-government. “*Universitas*” means a corporation.

The revival of classical literature was partly a symptom and partly a cause of a great and general insurrection against Papal authority and ecclesiastical prescription, which, led by Abelard and Arnold of Brescia, seemed at one time likely to antedate the Reformation by nearly four centuries. Heresy was rife in all the schools; the most polite of the provinces of France, Languedoc, was in the power of the Albigenses; democratic principles were maintained in every city of Italy, and a Republic was established in Rome itself. But the hour was not yet come. The weight of custom, authority, and tradition, was too strong for the newly awakened forces to move. The old crust of the volcano heaved but did not break, and the imprisoned Titans had to bide their time. Abelard was silenced, and Arnold was hanged; the Roman republic was suppressed by Adrian IV., and the Albigenses of Languedoc were exterminated by fire and sword in the crusade headed by Simon de Montfort.

The vigorous repression of these new heresies in politics and religion was the chief object of the pontificate of Inno-

cent III., perhaps the greatest man who ever filled the papal throne. His reign, from 1198 to 1216, was almost coincident with that of John of England. His task was facilitated by the internal distractions of the great European kingdoms, whose subjects were disposed, by their longing for peace, to welcome an arbitrator who assumed to speak in the name of the Prince of Peace, and by the lassitude and weariness which supervenes upon every intellectual effort, especially when it is premature. But his work was most powerfully assisted by two men, Dominic, born at Calaroga, in Castile, in 1170, and Francis, born at Assisi in 1182. These men were to the mediæval Church of Rome what Ignatius Loyola was to that Church after the shock of the Reformation,—its renovators and preservers. The founder of the Dominicans and the founder of the Franciscans, differing in character, were at one in their faith and zeal, and worked in converging lines towards the same end.¹ Dominic, the eloquent preacher, the relentless persecutor, the virtual if not the actual founder of the Inquisition, whose life was one long aggressive warfare,—Francis, the devout and tender mystic, whose life was one long, self-inflicted martyrdom,—were agreed in denouncing the wealth and luxury, and worldliness and secular learning, of the monks and the clergy. The Church, they said, wholly absorbed in material interests, had left the people hungering for spiritual food; hence the success of the heretical Peter Waldo and his missionaries. The Mendicant Friars caught up the weapons of the heretics, and wielded them in the service of the Church. A few years after their first foundation, there was scarcely a city in Christendom which had not at least one convent of Friars, Preachers, or Minorites. Papal authority sanctioned the fanaticism which it could not control. All over Europe there was a strange outbreak of superstition and fanaticism, of which the successful preaching of the Dominicans and Franciscans was partly a

symptom and partly a cause. In the belief of men Heaven had again bent itself to earth. The miracles of Dominic and Francis, attested by eye-witnesses, rivalled (as their followers boasted) the miracles of Christ himself. Seventy years later, when faith had begun to cool, it was again warmed to fervour by the most signal of all miracles. The house of the Virgin was transported by angels from Palestine to Loreto. No one doubted a fact which was vouched for by competent witnesses, and solemnly affirmed by the Pope. In England the new Saint Thomas of Canterbury had come to be regarded as more powerful than our Lady of Walsingham herself. At this time, too, religious zeal, combined with love of adventure, impelled the noblest of the European youth to join successive Crusades, whence, for the most part, they never returned. Wave after wave they foamed themselves away upon the barren Asian shore, one of the saddest examples of the wasted power and misdirected energy which hindered human progress in the Middle Ages; and not in the Middle Ages alone. While the apostles of ignorance and obscurantism found a congenial audience in every village and hamlet, they attacked the strongholds of learning and free thought, the Universities, by a different method. They drove Truth back to her old cavern, and piled mountains of casuistry upon its mouth. The youthful intellect was diverted from any path which might have led elsewhere than to Rome, by entangling it in the mazes of an endless labyrinth. The Dominican Schoolmen, Albert the Great and Thomas Aquinas, the Franciscans, Duns Scotus¹ and Bonaventura, devoted an energy and industry almost superhuman to the construction of elaborate systems of dialectic, proving as a foregone conclusion the orthodox creed on all subjects of human knowledge contained in the sentences of Peter the Lombard.

¹ Duns Scotus, who died in 1308, is not mentioned by Dante. Albert, Thomas, and Bonaventura (of whom the two last died in 1274), are among the chief saints in heaven. (Par., xiii.)

¹ "Perchè ad un fine fur l'opere sue."

DANTE, *Paradiso*, xiii. 42.

One or other of these systems, or rather the great system of which these were but varieties, triumphed in every university. No wonder that classical learning, which had begun to revive in the two preceding centuries, declined in the thirteenth. I believe that the MSS. of classical Latin authors transcribed in the thirteenth century are much rarer than those of the eleventh or twelfth. Many MSS. of ancient authors were doubtless obliterated then, in order to write on the parchment some treatise of the prevailing scholastic divinity. Nor was it learning alone that was oppressed. All original speculation in philosophy, all original research in science, was sternly prohibited. For this offence Roger Bacon, who unhappily in his youth had been seduced to take the Franciscan garb, was thrown into prison, and released only to die.

It is impossible to estimate how much has been lost to mankind, how long the progress of mankind has been retarded by this diversion of its intellect to a barren and profitless task. What humanity lost, priestcraft gained; a few more centuries of unavenged tyranny and undetected imposture. The spiritual revival, however, produced by the preaching of the friars, was but a fire of straw; the ardent fanaticism which they had kindled sunk into cold indifference, —a feeling not distasteful to the magnates of the Church, whose pomp and magnificence were tacitly rebuked by the poverty of their humblest servants. And soon,¹ over the Mendicant orders themselves, came the inevitable change. To them, as to the first brethren of the older orders, reputation for sanctity brought gifts and donations; worldly possessions produced a worldly spirit. The churches and convents of the Dominicans and Franciscans soon rivalled in splendour those of the Benedictines and Augustinians, and the apostolic missionary degenerated into the lazy monk or the sturdy beggar. The infant literature in the vulgar tongue of each nation is filled with satires upon the

friars, showing how odious they had become to all except the lowest of the people. Many a popular song rings the changes in a ruder form upon the famous burden—

“What baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a jovial friar?”

An attempt to revive the principles and practice of St. Francis produced a dissenting sect of friars, the so-called *Fratricelli*, who instead of being, like the first Franciscans, the devoted servants of Rome, actually denounced the Pope Boniface VIII. as Anti-Christ, and, in the wild views they held as to the immediate reign of the Holy Ghost, anticipated the doctrines of the Fifth Monarchy men of the seventeenth century. And William of Ockham, himself a Franciscan, the greatest of English Schoolmen, dared to turn against the papal supremacy the very weapons of dialectic subtlety which had been invented to defend it. If his fame has been eclipsed by that of his follower, Wicliff, it is because the latter availed himself of a new and more powerful instrument, the native tongue, which in every country of Europe was henceforth to open the way to the hearts of the people.

And this brings me to the first incontestably great name in modern literature, Dante;—a theme infinitely interesting and fascinating, but upon which I must only dwell so far as it is germane to my subject, viz. to point out to what extent his mind was influenced by the recollections of classical antiquity.

Dante, in the beginning of his great poem, represents himself as meeting the shade of Virgil, whom he greets in the well-known lines:—

“Or sei tu quel Virgilio e quella fonte
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume?”

* * * * *

O degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vaghiami il lungo studio e 'l grande amore
Che m' han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.
Tu sei lo mio maestro e 'l mio autore:
Tu sei solo colui da cui io tolsi
Lo bello stilo che m' ha fatto onore.”

The primacy over all the Latin poets of antiquity which Dante here gives to

¹ Roger Bacon, writing about the year 1257, says, “*Novi ordines jam horribiliter labefacti sunt a pristina dignitate.*”

Virgil, had been enjoyed by him throughout the whole of the Middle Ages. He was more copied, more quoted, and more read, than all the others put together. This pre-eminent fame he owed, in great measure, to the fourth Eclogue, which, as I have already mentioned, was interpreted as a prophecy of the coming of Christ, and this won for his poems an exceptional favour among the most rigid theologians. Even Gregory the Great would have hesitated before condemning Virgil to the flames. The learned took him for a prophet, the vulgar for a magician. The custom of consulting the *Sortes Virgilianæ* about future events, began in something more than sport. Even Pope Innocent VI. (1352—1362), himself famed for his knowledge of the Canon Law, thought that Petrarch must be studying magic because he read Virgil (*Petr. Epist. Rev. Senil.* i. 3).

Next to Virgil, Dante knew Statius best, whom he represents as having been secretly baptized, and thus freed from the limbo where the other ancient poets dwelt, suffering the eternal punishment of desire without hope. First among these he places the sovereign poet, Homer, who, however, was but a name to him, for there was then no Latin translation extant. Next to Homer comes "the satirist Horace."¹ Ovid is the third, and the last Lucan. He refers elsewhere to the *Metamorphoses* and the *Pharsalia*. In the 22nd canto of the "*Purgatorio*," he mentions, as dwelling with Homer, Terence, Cæcilius, Plautus, Varro, Juvenal, Persius; and of the Greeks, Euripides, Anacreon, Simonides, and Agathon, a tragic poet of the second rank, also mentioned by Chaucer, and known in the Middle Ages because he had been quoted in the *Ethics*, *Rhetoric*, and *Poetics* of Aristotle. Pindar, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Theocritus, are not named; nor of the Roman poets, Lucretius, Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, or Martial. Apart from the poets, are a motley group of philosophers, Greek, Latin, and Arabian,

gathered round their sovereign, Aristotle, "*il maestro di color che sanno*." Next to him, in front of all the rest, are Socrates and Plato. It is worthy of note that Petrarch, in the next age, assigned the first place to Plato, and the second to Aristotle, thus marking a direct advance in the knowledge of Greek philosophy. In Dante's mind Aristotle was the master of Plato. Seneca is mentioned, and Cicero, strangely placed between Orpheus and Linus. He nowhere names Sallust, or either Pliny or Tacitus. Of Greek he knew nothing, and, with the single exception of Aristotle, no ancient Greek author had in his time been made accessible in a Latin version. In Latin his reading had been more varied than select or critical. In an Italian work, the "*Convito*," he mentions, as the best prose writers whom he knew, Livy, Cicero, Frontinus, and Paulus Orosius—a strange medley. His own Latin style is what we should expect from this judgment. It is the flowing, facile Latin which was the common language of educated men, Churchmen, and Schoolmen all over the world, contemptuously nicknamed by the scholars of later days "*Dog Latin*." Happily for the world, since it was in the enforced leisure of exile that he wrote his great poem, but unhappily for himself, Dante's life fell upon evil days, when Italy was split up into a multitude of petty states, and each state torn by factions,—Neri and Bianchi, Guelphs and Ghibellines. Dante became a Ghibelline, because he looked upon the restoration of the old Roman empire, in the person of a Teutonic sovereign, as the only possible salvation of his distracted country. The empire of the Cæsars, as he conceived it to have been,—strong to enforce peace, repress faction, and punish crime,—was his ideal. Hence it is that, in the deepest depth of Hell, suffering tortures worse than the worst of those he had devised for the blackest guilt, he places Brutus and Cassius, the murderers of the first Cæsar, side by side with Judas, the betrayer of Christ. In his treatise, "*De Monarchia*" (which, alone with the *Divine Comedy*, is mentioned in the

¹ Does this phrase imply that Horace's Odes were unknown to Dante?

epitaph on his tomb, said to have been written, in anticipation of death, by himself, he claims for the Emperor, as successor of the Cæsars, unbounded temporal authority, leaving to the Pope unbounded spiritual authority as the vicergerent of Christ. He quotes Livy and Lucan to prove that God wrought special miracles in the founding of the Roman empire, and cites, with as much reverence as if it were a text of Holy Writ, the famous line of Virgil:—

“Tu regere imperio populos, Romane,
memento.”

Dante's life of disappointment closed in 1321, when the prospect of a restoration of peace in Italy, under a strong central authority, such as he had dreamed of, seemed further removed than ever; when the supreme power, or rather the shadow of supreme power, was divided between a Pope who had removed for security to Avignon, and an Emperor who was not strong enough to force his way to Rome.

Petrarch was born in 1304, seventeen years before the death of Dante. The two men whose names were to be associated for ever as the fathers of Italian poetry, never met in life. Petrarch's parents were Florentines, of the Ghibelline faction, and were living in poverty and exile at Arezzo, when their son was born. When he was eight years old they removed to Avignon, then the residence of the Popes; and there, for the best part of his life, he resided, in the city or the neighbouring Vacluse, hard by the fountain of Sorgia, which his genius has made as famous as Horace's fountain of Bandusia, and which, like it, is annually for his sake visited by pilgrims from all parts of the world. His name dwells in the affectionate remembrance of men because of the exquisite poems which he wrote on the life and death of the lady whom he called Madonna Laura. I have to speak of him here as a man of learning, yet I cannot forbear to glance for a moment at the more captivating phase of his life, “the love which never saw its earthly close,” a theme which has

been to many a poet the source of his purest and most powerful inspiration. In the Romances of Chivalry, every hero devotes himself to the service of some fair lady, who, by the gift of a glove or a knot of ribbon, or by an approving smile, amply rewards him for all that he has done, or suffered, in single combat, in battle or in tournament, for her sake. After the pattern of these romances, the young knight fashioned his life. Don Quixote with his Dulcinea was only ridiculous because he came too late, when the old order had changed and given place to the new.¹ The Madonna in heaven, the type of all womanly beauty and purity, must needs have her counterpart on earth. This ideal love did not in the least clash with the love a man bore to his wife, the mother of his children. Dante saw his Beatrice for the first time at a children's party, when he was nine and she eight years old. He rested content with the memory of her golden hair and mild angelic eyes. When they grew up, he married somebody else, and she married somebody else. The real Beatrice on earth was but a passing fancy; the object of his perpetual adoration was the ideal Beatrice who guided him through Paradise. Petrarch saw Laura in church and fell in love, not with the lady, but with her image, as it dwelt in his mind. One of his biographers tells us that when all Avignon was ringing with the sonnets he wrote in her praise, the Pope offered to make him rich with ecclesiastical benefices, and a dispensation to marry, but the poet refused, because he could not write verses about his wife.² That passion, indeed, cannot be very deeply seated, whose outbreaks admit of being parcelled into fourteen lines each, nor

¹ The famous line, “Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,” is founded on a misconception. He smiled Spain's chivalric romances away. The chivalry had gone long before.

² Vita, per Hier. Squarzacichum; Sig. 4, v. “The Pope,” he says, “was Benedict, who succeeded Clement.” The real order of succession is Clement V., John XXII., Benedict XII. (1334—1342), Clement VI.

can that mind be much disturbed which is capable of an endless play of fancy and the combination of intricate rhymes. The poet is like the actor, who, if he really felt the emotions he portrays, could not portray them half so well, and who must be master of himself if he would be master of his audience.

Of these poems Petrarch, in after days, speaks thus contemptuously—"vulgaria illa juveniliū laborum meorum cantica, quorum hodie pudet ac pœnitet." It was upon his Latin works in prose and verse that he built his hopes of eternal renown. When at the age of thirty-seven he was crowned as Laureate in the Capitol of Rome, it was rather, as I gather from his own account, because of his Latin poems, his *Bucolics* and his unfinished epic *Africa*, than because of his poems in the vulgar tongue. It was as an imitator of Virgil that his fame had spread to Paris; it was his *Africa* that he submitted to the judgment of the accomplished King Robert at Naples. This was a special favour. The poet never, while he lived, allowed a copy to be taken. This affectation of mystery made the poem talked about all the more. Was Petrarch in this also deliberately imitating Virgil, who left the *Æneid* unfinished at his death?

With Petrarch, Laura was but a transient fancy; learning a lifelong passion. His father had destined him for the law, but, like the "clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross," he turned with loathing from the dry text-books of his profession, to study with ardent enthusiasm the ancient Roman orators and poets. So, when Walter Scott was supposed to be qualifying himself for an advocate in Edinburgh, his heart was with Thomas the Rhymer, or the moss-troopers of the Border. As Scott, when his genius had free scope, became the reviver of the Middle Ages, so Petrarch became the reviver of Roman antiquity. But the work of Scott affected only the fancy and the imagination; that of Petrarch gave the first impulse to a movement which changed the whole course of education, and finally revo-

lutionized the creed of half Europe. And the movement has not spent its force yet. Petrarch tells us how his father one day detected him in the indulgence of his truant spirit, dragged his darling books one after another from their hiding-places, and threw them all on the fire, from which, relenting at the sight of his boy's tears, he rescued Virgil and Cicero's *Rhetoric*.

It is to Petrarch's zeal, in all likelihood, that we owe the preservation of several of Cicero's half forgotten works; among them the priceless "*Epistolæ ad Familiares*." With this view he travelled first in France and then in Italy, diving into the dusty recesses of convent-libraries, and drawing thence treasures of ancient wisdom more precious than rubies. He instituted inquiries for the same end in England and Germany. His position as the acknowledged chief of literature, at once the most popular poet and most powerful critic of his time, caused his enmity to be feared and his friendship sought by Pope and cardinals, by kings and nobles; and the most acceptable present which could be made to him was the gift of an old manuscript. Hence the library which he collected was probably for Latin classical literature the richest of its time. His fame, and its fame, reached even Constantinople. At that date some of the learned men of the East knew Latin; none of the learned men of the West knew Greek. Petrarch himself had learned a little, but, as it would seem, very little. His teacher was a certain Barlaam, a native of Southern Italy, or, as it was anciently called, *Magna Græcia*, where some traces of the old language still lingered; first a monk of the order of St. Basil, then Professor of Theology at Constantinople, and in 1339 sent by the Emperor Andronicus II. to Avignon, to treat with Pope Benedict XII. about the reunion of the two Churches. When Petrarch made his acquaintance in 1342, he had renounced his Greek heresies and come a second time to Avignon, to solicit a bishopric, which he obtained through

the intercession of the poet. Petrarch complains that he taught Barlaam more Latin than Barlaam taught him Greek, and when Barlaam obtained his suit the lessons came to an end, for the Bishop went away to look after the feeding, or possibly the shearing, of his flock. Through him Petrarch had entered into correspondence with a learned Greek of Constantinople, Nicolas Syoceros by name, who in compliance with an earnest request sent him a copy of Homer. Petrarch's delight was unbounded, or rather would have been unbounded if he had been able to read it. "Your Homer," he says, in his letter of thanks, dated "Milan, January 10" (the year not given), "is dumb to me and I am deaf to him. Yet I rejoice at the mere sight of him, and often I embrace him and sighing say, O great poet, how I long to hear thy voice!" Petrarch died with this longing unsatisfied, but, as we shall see, the divine impulse was communicated to others and produced results of which he did not dream. There was then, as I have said, no Latin translation of Homer extant. One of the *Iliad* in hexameter verse, made in the time of the Empire, had long perished.¹ It was not however the only Greek book in his library. He had already a copy of Plato (or some part of Plato), which, strange to say, he found somewhere in the West; *where*, he does not tell us. "*Erat mihi domi, dictu mirum, ab occasu veniens olim Plato Philosophorum Princeps.*" Schoolastics, he goes on to say, might deny this supremacy of Plato, but Cicero himself and Plotinus and Ambrosius and Augustine would admit it.

Petrarch was in constant feud with the Schoolmen of his time. He denounced as a sordid mechanical craft their routine of syllogisms, which led, in one unvarying circle, from premisses taken for granted, because settled by authority, to conclusions equally settled by authority, from which it was heresy to depart; he denounced their system

of education as cramping and narrowing the intellect instead of expanding and enlarging it. He urged the substitution of the "*humaniores literæ*,"—that more human, more humane literature, where the most precious gems of thought were set in the purest style of eloquence. In his eyes the Doctors of the schools were men who kept their young Samsons grinding chaff in the same dark mill instead of arming them to slay the Philistines of ignorance and barbarism. In the view of Dante, the Schoolmen Aquinas and Bonaventura had been when alive the consummate masters of all theological and philosophical wisdom, and were dwelling after death in the ineffable light of Paradise. Petrarch, though he did not dare to speak with disrespect of these canonized saints themselves, attacked their followers as mischievous pedants who fostered real ignorance by making a trade of pretended knowledge. Neither did he spare the professors of the other faculties, the physicians and the jurists. While for himself he claimed to be an orthodox believer, he undermined the very foundations of orthodoxy by assailing the principle of authority.

Living as he did in the immediate neighbourhood of the Popes, and sharing their bounties, he did not question their right divine, but he scrupled not to remonstrate against their wrong government. That he could do so with impunity is worthy of notice. The Pontiffs at Avignon, Frenchmen and men of the world, wealthy and self-indulgent, with no belief of their own, too indifferent even to be sceptical, were not destitute of a certain good-humoured tolerance. And Petrarch had become, as it were, supreme Pontiff in the world of letters, his judgments infallible, and his person sacred. From the intrigues, the grossness and corruption of the papal court he turned with disgust, to find more congenial companionship among his friends of the library, loftier aspirations, and a purer morality in Cicero and Seneca, of whom he might have said in the words of another laureate, Robert Southey—

¹ Some fragments have been edited by L. Müller. Its reputed author is "*Pindarus Thebanus*,"—an absurd pseudonym, or an absurd error.

"My life among the dead is past :
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old.
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day."

His chief ground of complaint against the Popes was that they kept the Church in shameful captivity and exile, away from its own sacred city, Rome. He constantly speaks of Avignon as the Babylon of the West; yet to him, in his heart of hearts, Rome was sacred, not because she had been Christian and Papal, but because she had been consular and republican. Dante's ideal had been the Empire of Augustus; Petrarch's ideal was the Commonwealth of Brutus.

Hence it came that he was the enthusiastic encourager, if not the original inspirer of Cola di Rienzi, a name made familiar to multitudes by the genius of Lord Lytton. The true history reads like romance. Rienzi, a dreamy enthusiast, had wandered and mused among the ruins of Rome, now abandoned by the Popes to misgovernment and anarchy, till his mind became, like those ruins, a medley of recollections, in which regal, republican, imperial, and mediæval times, Pagan and Christian rites, were inextricably blended. But among these fancies one clear definite purpose shone distinctly out,—to suppress the nobles who maintained themselves as petty tyrants, each in his castle with an army of retainers, and to make all citizens equal before one just and impartial law. Rienzi's enthusiasm was contagious, and his eloquence convincing: in unity of purpose the people found a momentary strength, before which the nobles quailed; and once more the Roman Republic was proclaimed, with Cola di Rienzi for its tribune. This was in 1447. Petrarch was in ecstasies. He addressed the tribune in his most mellifluous Italian,¹ and his most grandiloquent Latin.² He sets him above Romulus, Brutus, and Camillus, as rescuing

from slavery a mightier Rome, girding it with defences stronger than walls, and founding a more enduring liberty. But the triumph was short. Rienzi's enthusiasm was doubtless from the beginning tinged with insanity. Drunk with vanity, too often drunk with wine, he thought only of devising incongruous titles and decorations for himself. He called himself not only Tribune but Augustus, he bathed in a vase of porphyry traditionally sacred as the baptismal font of Constantine, he was knighted in the Lateran church, and crowned with seven crowns in Santa Maria Maggiore. The story of his fall, his wanderings, imprisonment, trial, his restoration as Senator of Rome under papal authority, his murder at the hands of the populace who had once crowned and worshipped him, is (as I have said) stranger than all fiction. The Roman Republic established by Rienzi was brief-lived, like that founded by Arnold of Brescia in earlier, or that founded by Garibaldi in later, days; but if the Popes had been able to learn the lesson, they might have read in it a sign that a new power was coming to life, or rather that an old power was rising from its grave, to dispute their authority, and to wrest from their grasp the wills and consciences of men.

The temporary success of Rienzi's adventurous enterprise is significant as a sign of the times. Petrarch's influence wielding only the pen was far more extensive and enduring. When he left Avignon for Italy, he was received in every city with all possible honours both by princes and people. His declining years were soothed

"With all that should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of
 friends;"

and when he finally retreated to end his days at Arquà among the Euganean hills, his solitude was cheered or troubled by admiring disciples from all parts of the world, some of whom sent him their tributary verses or encomiastic orations, and some came in person to recite them. He died at the age of seventy, having

¹ "Spirto gentil," p. 436. (*Rime*.)

² Ep. Hortatoria, p. 595. (*Opera*.)

attained an almost universal fame, such as no man of letters before or since ever acquired in his lifetime. His fame as an Italian poet still survives, if half-eclipsed by the fame of Tasso and Ariosto. His fame as philosopher and Latin poet is gone, or lives only as the memory of a memory, the shadow of a shade. As we turn wearily over the pages of the ponderous folio which contains his Latin works, we ask how it came to pass that these trivial common-places, this tawdry rhetoric, this indifferent Latin, moved contemporary men to tears of enthusiastic admiration. The reason is that he first gave voice and form to the blank misgivings, the secret discontents, the half-conceived aspirations, of his time. The indifferent Latin was of classic purity in comparison with the Latin of his predecessors, the tawdry rhetoric glowed with poetic lustre as contrasted with the dull verbiage of the Schoolmen, the trivial common-places were then new and startling truths. The neglected volume which few try to read and none succeed in reading, contains the spells by which the mighty magician called up the spirits of the ancient dead, and was once venerated as the Gospel of the Apostle of the Humanities. The spirits have delivered their message, have told us all they had to tell, and the good tidings are old news now. Moreover, if we have learned much which the contemporaries of Petrarch did not know, they knew much which we have forgotten,

and many a saying which was pregnant of meaning for them is barren for us. In any case, if our range of vision is wider than theirs, it is well to remember the old simile of the dwarf standing on the shoulders of the giant. Not that I believe the intellectual faculties of one generation to differ much potentially from those of another: the actual results differ according to circumstances. When men are compelled to devote all their energies to self-defence or self-support, to war or the chase, or agriculture, the intellectual fruit is *nil*; when the mental energies are wrongly directed, to the grinding and regrinding of any chaff, scholastic, classical, or scientific, the fruit of such labour is worthless. It may have a conventional value at the time and help a man to buy his bread withal, but to posterity it will be as valueless as a French assignat or a Pennsylvanian bond.

Petrarch's great service was rendered in calling men away from the grinding of chaff to fields of useful labour, from scholastic logic to the study of the Humanities. His work was of immense value at the time; it was done by him and his followers so thoroughly and so well, it has entered so much into our thoughts and feelings, that we cannot conceive how men thought and felt before. But for Petrarch and his successors, modern thought, modern belief, and modern civilization would have been very different from what they are.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WHITE OWLS OF GARSTANG.

*"As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
She looked so lovely, as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly wealth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."*

THIS state of affairs could not last.

"Look here," I say to Queen Titania, "we must cut the Lieutenant adrift."

"As you please," she remarks, with a sudden coldness coming over her manner.

"Why should we be embarrassed by the freaks of these two young creatures? All the sunshine has gone out of the party since Bell has begun to sit mute and constrained—her only wish apparently being to show a superhuman courtesy to this perplexing young Prussian."

"You very quickly throw over any one who interferes with your own comfort," says my Lady, calmly.

"I miss my morning ballad. When one reaches a certain age, one expects to be studied and tended—except by one's wife."

"Well," says Tita, driven to desperation by this picture of Von Rosen's departure, "I warned you at our setting-out that these two would fall in love with each other and cause us a great deal of trouble."

Who can say that this little woman is wanting in courage? The audacity with which she made this statement was marvellous. She never flinched; and the brown, clear, true eyes looked

as bravely unconscious as if she had been announcing her faith in the multiplication table. There was no use in arguing the point. How could you seek to thwart or influence the firm belief that shone clearly and steadily under the soft eyelashes?

"Come," I say to her, "is Von Rosen to go; or is he to hang on in the hope of altering Bell's decision? I fancy the young man would himself prefer to leave us—I don't think he is in a comfortable position."

My Lady appeared a trifle embarrassed—was there some dark secret between these two women?

"A young man," she says, with a little hesitation, "is the best judge of his own chances. I have asked Bell; and I really can't quite make her out. Still—you know—a girl sometimes is in a manner frightened into saying 'no,' the first time she is asked—and there might be——"

She stopped.

"You think the Lieutenant should ask her again?"

"No, I don't," says Tita, hastily, "but it is impossible to say—she had nothing to urge against Count Von Rosen—only that Arthur would consider himself unjustly treated——"

"So—ho! Is that the reason?"

"No, no, no!" cries the small woman, in an agony of fright. "Don't you go and put any wrong notions into the young man's head——"

"Madam," I say to her, "recollect yourself. So far from wishing to interfere in the affairs of these two young people, I should like to bundle them both back to London, that we might continue our journey in peace. As for

the Lieutenant's again proposing to marry Bell, I consider that a man who twice asks a woman to become his wife, forgets the dignity of his sex."

Tita looks up—with the most beautifully innocent smile in her eyes—and says sweetly,—

"You did yourself."

"That was different."

"Yes, I daresay."

"I knew your heart would have broken if I hadn't."

"Oh!" she says, with her eyes grown appalled.

"In fact, it was my native generosity that prompted me to ask you a second time; for I perceived that you were about to ask me."

"How many more?" she asks; but I cannot make out what mysterious things she is secretly counting up.

"But no matter. There is little use in recalling these bygone mistakes. Justice is satisfied when a fool repents him of his folly."

At this moment Bell enters the room. She goes up to Tita, and takes both her hands.

"You are laughing, in a perplexed way. You must have been quarrelling. What shall we do to him?"

"The falling out of faithful friends is generally made up with a kiss, Bell," it is remarked.

"But I am not in the quarrel," says Miss Bell, retreating to the window; and here there is a rumble of wheels outside, and the phaeton stands at the door.

"You two must get up in front," says Tita, as we go out into the white glare of Ormskirk. "I can watch you better there."

By this dexterous manœuvre Bell and the Lieutenant were again separated. The young lady was never loth to sit in front—under whatever surveillance it placed her; for she liked driving. On this cool morning—that promised a warmer day, after the wind had carried away the white fleece of cloud that stretched over the sky—she pulled on her gloves with great alacrity, and, having got into her seat, assumed the

management of the reins as a matter of course.

"Gently!" I say to her, as Castor and Pollux make a plunge forward into the narrow thoroughfare. A handbarrow is jutting out from the pavement. She gives a jerk to the left rein, but it is too late; one of our wheels just touches the end of the barrow, and over it goes—not with any great crash, however.

"Go on," says the Lieutenant, from behind, with admirable coolness. "There is no harm done—and there is no one in charge of that thing. When he comes, he will pick it up."

"Very pretty conduct," remarks my Lady, as we get out among the green fields and meadows again, "injuring some poor man's property, and quietly driving away without even offering compensation."

"It was Bell who did it," I say.

"As usual. The old story repeated from the days of Eden downward. The woman thou gavest me—of course, it is she who must bear the blame."

"Madam, your knowledge of Scripture is astounding. Who was the first Attorney-General in the Bible?"

"Find out," says Tita; and the Lieutenant bursts into a roar of laughter, as if that was a pretty repartee.

"And where do we stop to-night?" says our North-country Maid, looking away along the green valley which is watered by the pretty Eller Brook.

"Garstang, on the river of Wyre."

"And to-morrow we shall really be in Westmoreland?"

"To-morrow we shall really be in Westmoreland. Wo-ho! my beauties! Why, Bell, if you try to leap across Lancashire at a bound like that, you'll have us in a canal, or transfixed on a telegraph-post."

"I did not intend it," says Bell, "but they are as anxious as I am to get north, and they break into a gallop on no provocation whatever."

Indeed, the whole nature of this mad girl seemed to have a sort of resemblance to a magnetic needle—it was continuously turning to the North Pole, and that in a tremulous, undecided fashion,

as if, with all her longing, she did not quite like to let people know. But at this moment she forgot that we were listening. It was really herself she was delighting with her talk about deep valleys, and brown streams, and the scent of peat-smoke in the air of an evening. All the time she was looking away up to the horizon, to see whether she could not make out some lines of blue mountains, until Tita suddenly said—

“My dear!”

“Meaning me, ma’am?”

“No, I mean Bell. Pray keep a firmer hand on the horses—if a train were to come sharply by at present—and you see the road runs parallel with the railway-line for an immense distance.”

“And so should we,” says Bell, lightly. “There is no danger. The poor animals wouldn’t do anything wicked at such a time, just when they are getting near to a long rest.”

Under Bell’s guidance we do not lose much time by the way. The road leaves the neighbourhood of the railway. We drive past the great park of Rufford Hall. The wind blows across to us from the Irish Sea; and at the small village of Much Hoole, where the Lieutenant insists on giving the horses a little meal and water as a sort of soothing draught, we come in sight of the long red line of the Ribble, widening out into a sandy channel as it nears the ocean. Bell catches a glimpse of the smoke of a steamer; and the vague knowledge that the plain of salt water is not far away seems to refresh us all, as we plunge once more into the green and wooded country, by Longton, Hutton, and Howick.

“What is the greatest wish of your life, Bell?” I ask, knowing that she is dreaming of living somewhere along the coast of these islands.

“To see mamma pleased,” says Bell, quite prettily, just as if she were before a schoolmistress.

“You ask for the impossible. Tita’s dream of earthly bliss is to have the cross in our little church turned to a crucifix; and it will never be realized. I think she would rather have that than be made a Duchess.”

“I do miss that dear little church,” said Tita, taking no heed of the charge preferred against her. “There is no feeling of homeliness about the churches we go into up here. You know that you are a stranger, and all the people are strangers, and you are not accustomed to the clergyman’s voice.”

“The fact is,” I tell her, “you lose the sense of proprietorship which pleases you down at home. There, the church is your own. You set out on a quiet Sunday morning—you know all the people coming through the fields and along the roads—and you have an eye on them, to mark the absentees. There is a family gathering in the churchyard, and a universal shaking of hands—you are pleased that all the people are coming to your church. You go in—the evergreens everywhere about you put there yourself. The tall white lilies on the altar you presented to the Vicar; though I paid for them. Bell sits down to the organ—probably thinking that her new boots may slip on one of the pedals and produce a discord in the bass—and you know that your family is providing the music too. The Vicar and his wife dined with you the night before—you are in secret league with them. You know all the people—Lord —’s butler, who is the most venerable person in the place—that squint-eyed publican, who thrashes his wife on the Saturday so that she can’t come on the Sunday—all the other various pensioners you have, who you vainly think are being taught to be independent and economical—and a lot of small boys in knickerbockers and shiny heads of hair, and pretty young ladies with sailors’ hats, blue ribbons, white jackets, and big wistful eyes. You are the presiding genius of the place; and when Bell begins the music—and the sunlight comes through the small and yellow windows in the southern aisle—and when you see the light shining on the mural tablets, with the coloured coats-of-arms above—you ask yourself what other place could produce this feeling of homely satisfaction, and what fashionable London church, with all its money,

could manufacture these ancient blocks of marble—until you think you could spend all your own money, and all your husband's too, in making the small building a sort of ecclesiastical museum."

"I hope," says Tita, with great severity, "I do not go into church with any such thoughts. It is an auctioneer's view of a morning service."

"It is the business of an auctioneer, my dear creature, to estimate the actual value of articles. But I forgot one thing. After you have contemplated the church with profound satisfaction—just as if those old knights and baronets had died in order to adorn the walls for you—your eye wanders up to the altar. It is a pretty altar-cloth—goodness knows how much time you and Bell spent over it. The flowers on the altar are also beautiful—or ought to be, considering the price that Benson charges for them. But that plain gilt cross, with the three jewels in it—that is rather a blot, is it not?"

"Why don't you go to the zinc chapel?" says Tita, with some contempt.

"I would if I dared."

"Who prevents you? I am sure it is not I. I would much rather you went there, than come to church, merely to calculate the cost of every bit of fern or yew that is placed on the walls, and to complain of the introduction into the sermon of doctrines which you can't understand."

"May I go to chapel, please?"

"Certainly. But you are a good deal fonder of going up to Mickleham Downs than to either church or chapel."

"Will you come to chapel, Bell?"

"I am not going to interfere," says Bell, with philosophical indifference, and paying much more attention to her horses.

"I should be sorry to go," I observe, calmly, "for I had half resolved to ask Mr. Lestrangle to let me put in yellow glass in those two windows that are at present white."

"Oh, will you really?" cries Queen Tita, in a piteously eager tone, and quite forgetting all her war of words.

Well, I promise, somewhat sadly. It

is not the cost of it that is the matter. But on those Sunday mornings when the sunlight is flooding the church with a solemn glow of yellow, it is something to turn to the two white windows, and there, through the diamond panes, you can see the sunlight shimmering on the breezy branches of an ash-tree. This little glimpse of the bright and glowing world outside—when our Vicar, who, it must be confessed, is not always in a happy mood, happens to be rather drowsy and even depressing in the monotony of his commonplaceness—but perhaps it will be better to say nothing more on this point.

Why the people of the flourishing town of Preston do not bridge the Ribble in a line running parallel with their chief thoroughfare and the road leading up from Harwich, is inexplicable. A pleasure party need not mind, for the drive is pleasant enough; but business folks might be tempted to use bad language over such an unnecessary injury. The road makes a long double along the two banks of the river, the most westerly bridge forming the end of the loop. First you drive down the left bank of the stream, over fine green meadows, then you cross the bridge, and drive back along the right bank, between avenues of young trees. Perhaps the notion is to give you as much as possible of the green and pleasant surroundings of Preston, before letting you plunge into the streets of the town.

Now, I do not know how it was that from the moment of our entering Preston, a vague feeling of satisfaction and hope seemed to get possession of our small party. We had started in the morning under somewhat embarrassing and awkward conditions, not likely to provoke high spirits; but now we seemed to have a nebulous impression that the end of our troubles had come. Was it because we had reached the last of the large manufacturing towns on our journey, and that we should meet with no more of them? Or was it because of that promise of Queen Titania?—for that kindly little woman, when she is pleased, has a wonderful power of conveying her gladness

to others, and has been known to sweeten a heavy dinner-party as a bunch of wood-ruff will sweeten a lumber-room. Or was it that we knew, in approaching Kendal, we should probably come to a final settlement of all our difficulties, and have thereafter peace?

As we were walking, after luncheon, through the spacious public gardens that overlook the Ribble, the Lieutenant drew me aside, and said—

“My good friend, here is a favour I will ask of you. We come to-night to Garstang, yes?”

“Yes, we shall reach Garstang to-night.”

“A town or a village?”

“I don’t know. Probably a village.”

“I did hope it was not a town. Well, this is what I ask. You will endeavour to take away Madame for a few moments—if we are out walking, you know—and you will let me say a few words to Mademoiselle by herself.”

“I thought all your anxiety was to avoid her.”

“There is something I must say to her.”

“All right; I will do what you ask, on condition you do not persecute her. When she wishes to rejoin us, you must not prevent her.”

“Persecute her? Then you do think I will quarrel with her—and make her very miserable—merely because she will not marry me? You think it will be as it was at Worcester—when that stupid boy from Twickenham did go along the river? Well, all I ask you is to look at these two days. Has there been any quarrel between us? No, it is quite the opposite.”

“Then let it remain that way, my dear fellow. One Arthur is bad enough for a girl to manage; but two would probably send her into a convent for life.”

And the truth was as the Lieutenant had described it. They had been during these two days more than polite to each other. Somehow, Bell was never done in paying him furtive little attentions, although she spoke to him rarely. That morning she had some-

where got a few wild flowers; and three tiny bouquets were placed on the breakfast-table. The Lieutenant dared not think that one of them was for him. He apologized to Mademoiselle for taking her seat. Bell said he had not—the bouquet was for him if he cared to have it, she added with a little diffidence. The Lieutenant positively blushed—said nothing—and altogether neglected his own breakfast in offering her things she did not want. The bouquets given to Tita and her husband were pinned into prominent positions; but no human eye saw anything more of the wild blossoms that Bell had given to Von Rosen. Betting on a certainty is considered dishonourable; and so I will not say what odds I would give that these precious flowers were transferred to a book, and that, at this moment, they could be produced if a certain young man were only willing to reveal their whereabouts.

Everything seemed to favour us on this fine afternoon as we drove away northward again. The road grew excellent, and we knew that we had finally left behind us that deafening causeway that had haunted our wheels and hoofs for days past. Then the cool breeze of the forenoon and mid-day had died down, and a still, warm sunset began to break over the western country, between us and the sea. We could not, of course, get any glimpse of the great plain of water beyond the land; but we knew that this great fire of crimson and yellow was shining down on it too, and on the long curves of the shore.

The western sands could not be much more level than the road that runs up by Broughton and Brock-bridge, but it takes one through a sufficiently pleasant country, which is watered by a multitude of brooks and small rivers. It is a rich and well-cultivated country, too; and the far-stretching meadows and copses and fields seemed to grow darker in their green under that smoke of dusky crimson that had filled the sky. It is true, we were still in Lancashire, and there was still present to us a double line of communication with the manufacturing towns we had now left behind.

At certain places the road would run by the side of a railway-line; and then again we would find a canal winding itself like a snake through the grassy meadows. But a sunset is a wonderful smoother-down of these artificial features in a landscape; and when the earth-banks of the railway-line burned crimson under the darkening sky, or when an arm of the canal caught a flush of flame on its glassy surface, the picture was rather helped than otherwise, and we bore the engineers of this favoured land no deadly grudge.

A sunset, by the way, was always favourable to Bell's appearance. It lent to those fine and wavy masses of hers a sort of glory; and the splendid aureole was about all of his sweetheart that the Lieutenant could see, as he sat in the hind seat of the phaeton. Bell wears her hair rather loose when she is out in the country, and greatly likes, indeed, to toss it about as if she were a young lion; so that you may fancy how the warm light of the sunset glowed here and there on those light and silken heaps of golden-brown hair as we drove along in the quiet evening. Sometimes, indeed, he may have caught the outline of her face as she turned to look over the far landscape; and then, I know, the delicate oval was tinted by the generous colour of the western skies, so that not alone in the miracle of her hair did she look like some transfigured saint.

Her talk on this evening, however, was far from saintly. It was as worldly as it well could be; for she was confessing to the agony she used to suffer after going home from dinner-parties, balls, and other godless diversions of a like nature.

"I used to dread going up to my room," she said, "for I could get no rest until I had sat down and gone over everything that I had said during the evening. And then all the consequences of my imprudence came rushing down on me until I felt I was scarcely fit to live. What you had been led into saying as a mere piece of merriment now looked terribly like impertinence. Many

a time I wrote down on a piece of paper certain things that I resolved to go the next day and make an apology for to the old ladies whom I was sure I had offended. But the next morning, things began to look a little better. A little reassurance came with the briskness of the day; and I used to convince myself that nobody would remember the heedless sayings that had been provoked by the general light talk and merriment. I absolved myself for that day; and promised, and vowed, and made the most desperate resolutions never, never to be thoughtless in the future, but always to watch every word I had to say."

"And in the evening," continued my Lady, "you went out to another dance, and enjoyed yourself the same, and said as many wild things as usual, and went home again to do penance. It is quite natural, Bell. Most girls go through that terrible half-hour of reaction, until they grow to be women——"

"And then," it is remarked, "they have never anything to be sorry about; for they are always circumspect, self-possessed, and sure about what they mean to say. They never have to spend a dreadful half-hour in trying to recollect mistakes and follies."

"As for gentlemen," remarked Titania, sweetly, "I have heard that their evil half-hour is during the process of dressing, when they endeavour to recall the speech they made at the public dinner of the night before, and wonder how they could have been so stupid as to order a lot of champagne to oblige a friend just gone into that business, and are not very sure how many people they invited to dinner on the following Friday. Count von Rosen——"

"Yes, Madame."

"When you observe a husband whistling while his wife is talking, what do you think?"

"That she is saying something he would rather not hear," replies the Lieutenant, gravely.

"And is not that a confession that what she says is true?"

"Yes, Madame," says the Lieutenant, boldly.

"My dear," I say to her, "your brain has been turned by the last sporting novel you have read. You are a victim of cerebral inflammation. When you pride yourself on your researches into the ways and habits of the sex which you affect to despise, don't take that sort of farthing-candle to guide you. As for myself, our young friend from Prussia would scarcely credit the time I spend in helping you to nail up brackens and larch and ivy in that wretched little church; and if he knew the trouble I have to keep Bell's accounts straight—when she is reckoning up what the process of producing paupers in our neighbourhood costs us—why, he would look upon you as an unprincipled calumniator."

"Mamma herself is scarcely so big as those two words put together," says Bell; but mamma is laughing all this time, quite pleased to see that she has raised a storm in a tea-cup by her ungracious and unwarranted assault.

In the last red rays of the sun we have got on to a small elevation. Before us, the road dips down and crosses the canal; then it makes a twist again and crosses the Wyre; and up in that corner are the scattered gables of Garstang. As we pass over the river, it is running cold and dark between its green banks; and the sunset is finally drawing down to the west as we drive into the silent village, and up to the doorstep of the Royal Oak.

'Tis a quaint and ancient hostelry. For aught we know, the Earl of Derby's soldiers may have walked over hither for a draught of beer when they were garrisoning Greenhalgh Castle over there; and when the brave Countess, away down at Latham, was herself fixing up the Royal standard on the tower of the castle—as Mr. Leslie's picture shows us—and bidding defiance to the Parliamentary troops. When you tell that story to Queen Titania, you can see her gentle face grow pale with pride and admiration; for did not the gallant Countess send out word to Fairfax that she would defend the place until she lost her honour or her life, for that she

had not forgotten what she owed to the Church of England, to her prince, and to her lord? My Lady looks as if she, too, could have sent that message; only that she would have stopped at the Church of England and gone no further.

When we come out again, the sunset has gone, and a wonderful pale green twilight lies over the land. We go forth from the old-fashioned streets, and find ourselves by the banks of the clear running river. A pale metallic light shines along its surface; and as we walk along between the meadows and the picturesque banks—where there is an abundance of the mighty burdock-leaves that are beloved of painters—an occasional splash is heard, whether of a rat or a trout no one can say. Somehow, the Lieutenant has drawn Bell away from us. In the clear twilight we can see their figures sharp and black on the dark green slope beside the stream. Queen Tita looks rather wistfully at them; and is, perhaps, thinking of days long gone by when she, too, knew the value of silence on a beautiful evening, by the side of a river.

"I hope it is not wrong," says my Lady, in a low voice, "but I confess I should like to see the Lieutenant marry our Bell."

"Wrong? No. It is only the absent who are in the wrong—Arthur, for example, who is perhaps at Kendal, at this moment, waiting for us."

"We cannot all be satisfied in this world," remarks Tita, profoundly; "and as one of these two alone can marry Bell, I do hope it may be the Lieutenant, in spite of what she says. I think it would be very pleasant for all of us. What nice neighbours they would be for us; for I know Bell would prefer to live down near us in Surrey, and the Lieutenant can have no particular preference for any place in England."

"A nice holiday time we should have of it, with these two idle creatures living close by and making continual proposals to go away somewhere."

"Bell would not be idle."

"She must give up her painting if she marries."

"She won't give it up altogether, I hope; and then there is her music, even if she had no household duties to occupy her time: and I know she will make an active and thrifty housewife. Indeed, the only idler will be the Lieutenant, and he can become a Captain of Volunteers."

And yet she says she never lays plans!—that she has no wish to interfere between Arthur and Von Rosen!—that she would rather see Bell relieved from the persecutions of both of them! She had already mapped out the whole affair; and her content was so great that a beautiful gladness and softness lay in her eyes, and she began to prattle about the two boys at school and all she meant to take home to them; and, indeed, if she had been at home, she would have gone to the piano and sung to herself some low and gentle melody, as soft and as musical as the crooning of a wood-pigeon hid away among trees.

Then she said, "How odd that Bell should have begun to talk about these unfortunate slips of the tongue that haunt you afterwards. All these two days I haven't been able to get rid of the remembrance of that terrible mistake I made in speaking of Count Von Rosen and Bell as already married. But, who knows? there may be a Providence in such things."

"The Providence that lies in blunders of speech must be rather erratic; but it is no wonder you spoke by mischance of Bell's marrying the Lieutenant, for you think of nothing else."

"But don't you think it would be a very good thing?"

"What I think of it is a different matter. What will Arthur think of it?"

"The whole world can't be expected to move round merely to please Arthur," says my Lady, with some asperity. "The fact is, those young men are so foolish that they never reflect that a girl can't marry two of them. They are always falling in love with a girl who has a suitor already, and then she is put to the annoyance of refusing one of them, and that one considers her a monster."

"Well, if anyone is open to that charge in the present case, it certainly is not Arthur."

My Lady did not answer. She was regarding with a tender glance those two young folks strolling through the meadows before us: What were they saying to each other? Would Bell relent? The time was propitious—in the quiet of this pale, clear evening, with a star or two beginning to twinkle, and the moon about to creep up from behind the eastern woods. It was a time for lovers to make confessions, and give tender pledges. None of us seemed to think of that wretched youth who was blindly driving through England in a dog-cart, and torturing himself in the horrible solitude of inns. Unhappy Arthur!

For mere courtesy's sake, these two drew near to us again. We looked at them. Bell turned her face away, and stooped to pick up the white blossom of a campion that lay like a great glow-worm among the dark herbage. The Lieutenant seemed a little more confident, and he was anxious to be very courteous and friendly towards Tita. That lady was quite demure, and suggested that we might return to the village.

We clambered up a steep place that led from the hollow of the river to a higher plain, and here we found ourselves by the side of the canal. It looked like another river. There were grassy borders to it, and by the side of the path a deep wood descending to the fields beyond. The moon had now arisen, and, on the clear, still water, there were some ripples of gold. Far away, on the other side, the barns and haystacks of a farm-house were visible in the pale glow of the sky.

"What is that?" said Tita, hurriedly, as a large white object sailed silently through the faint moonlight and swept into the wood.

Only an owl. But the sound of her voice had disturbed several of the great birds in the trees, and across the space between the wood and the distant farm-house they fled noiselessly, with a brief

reflection of their broad wings falling on the still waters as they passed. We remained there an unconscionable time—leaning on the stone parapet of the bridge, and watching the pale line of the canal, the ripples of the moonlight, the dark wood, and the great and dusky birds that floated about like ghosts in the perfect stillness. When we returned to Garstang, the broad square in the centre of the place was glimmering grey in the moonlight, and black shadows had fallen along one side of the street.

“My dear friend,” said Von Rosen, in an excited and urgent way, as soon as our two companions had gone upstairs to prepare for supper, “I have great news to tell you.”

“Bell has accepted you, I suppose,” said I—the boy talking as if that were a remarkable phenomenon in the world’s history.

“Oh no, nothing so good as that—nothing not near so good as that—but something very good indeed. It is not all finally disposed of—there is at least a little chance—one must wait—but is not this a very great hope?”

“And is that all you obtained by your hour’s persuasion?”

“Pfui! You do talk as if it did not matter to a young girl whether she marries one man or marries another.”

“I don’t think it much matters really.”

“Then this is what I tell you——”

But here some light footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the Lieutenant suddenly ceased, and rushed to open the door.

Bell was as rosy as a rose set amid green leaves when she entered.

“We are very late,” she said, as if she were rather afraid to hazard that startling and profound observation.

“Madame,” said the Lieutenant, “I give you my word this is the best ale we have drunk since we started; it is clear, bright, very bitter, brisk; it is worth a long journey to drink such ale, and I hope your husband, when he writes of our journey, will give our landlady great credit for this very good beer.”

I do so willingly; but lest any in-

genuous traveller should find the ale of the Royal Oak not quite fulfil the expectations raised by this panegyric, I must remind him that it was pronounced after the Lieutenant had been walking for an hour along the banks of the Wyre, on a beautiful evening, in the company of a very pretty young lady.

We had abolished *bézique* by this time. It had become too much of a farce. Playing four-handed *bézique* with partners is a clumsy contrivance; and when we had endeavoured to play it independently, the audacity of the Lieutenant in sacrificing the game to Bell’s interests had got beyond a joke. So we had fallen back on whist; and as we made those two ardent young noodles partners, they did their best. It wasn’t very good, to tell the truth. The Lieutenant was as bad a whist-player as ever perplexed a partner; but Bell could play a weak suit as well as another. My Lady was rather pleased to find that the Lieutenant was not a skilful card-player. She was deeply interested in the qualities of the young man whom she regarded in a premature fashion as Bell’s future husband. In fact, if she had only known how, she would have examined the young fellows who came about the house—Bell has had a pretty fair show of suitors in her time—as to the condition of the inner side of the right thumb. It is a bad sign when that portion of the hand gets rather horny. A man might as well go about with a piece of chalk, marked Thurston and Co., in his waistcoat-pocket. But the Lieutenant scarcely knew the difference between a cue and a pump-handle.

We played late. The people of the inn, yielding to our entreaties, had long ago gone to bed. When, at length, my Lady and Bell also retired, the Lieutenant rose from the table, stretched himself up his full length, and said—

“My good friend, I have much of a favour to ask from you. I will repay you for it many times again—I will sit up with you and smoke all night as often as you please, which I think is your great notion of enjoyment. But now, I have

a great many things to tell you—and the room is close—let us go away for a walk.”

It was only the strong nervous excitement of the young man that was longing for this outburst into the freedom of the cool air. He would have liked, then, to have started off at a rate of five miles an hour, and walk himself dead with fatigue. He was so anxious about it that at last we took a candle to the front door, got the bolts undone, and then, leaving the candle and the matches where we knew we should find them, we went out into the night.

By this time the moon had got well down into the south-west; but there was still sufficient light to show us the cottages, the roads, and the trees. The night air was fresh and cool. As we started off on our vague ramble, a cock crew, and the sound seemed to startle the deep sleep of the landscape. We crossed over the canal-bridge, and plunged boldly out into the still country, whither we knew not.

Then he told me all the story; beginning with the half-forgotten legend of Fräulein Fallersleben. I had had no idea that this practical and hard-headed young Uhlan had been so deeply struck on either occasion; but now at times there seemed to be a wild cry of ignorance in his confessions, as if he knew not what had happened to him, and what great mystery of life he was battling with. He described it as resembling somehow the unutterable sadness caused by the sudden coming of the Spring—when, amid all the glory and wonder and delight of this new thing, a vague unrest and longing takes possession of the heart and will not be satisfied. All his life had been changed since his coming to England—turned in another direction, and made to depend for any value that might be left in it on a single chance. When he spoke of Bell perhaps marrying him, all the wild and beautiful possibilities of the future seemed to stretch out before him, until he was fairly at a loss for words. When he spoke of her finally going away from

him, it was as of something he could not quite understand. It would alter all his life—how, he did not know; and the new and wonderful consciousness that by such a circumstance the world would grow all different to him seemed to him a mystery beyond explication. He only knew that this strange thing had occurred; that it had brought home to him once more the old puzzles about life that had made him wonder as a boy; that he was drifting on to an irrevocable fate, now that the final decision was near.

He talked rapidly, earnestly, heeding little the blunders and repetitions into which he constantly fell; and not all the vesuvians in the world could have kept his cigar alight. He did not walk very fast; but he cut at the weeds and at the hedges with his stick, and doubtless startled with his blows many a sparrow and wren sleeping peacefully among the leaves. I cannot tell you a tithe of what he said. The story seemed as inexhaustible as the nebulous mystery that he was obviously trying to resolve as it hung around him in impalpable folds. When he came to the actual question whether Bell had given him to understand that she might reconsider her decision, he was more reticent. He would not reveal what she had said. But there was no pride or self-looking in the anxiety about the result which he frankly expressed; and it is probable that if Bell had heard him then, she would have learned more of his nature and sentiments than during any hour's stroll under the supervision of her guardians.

When at length we turned, a shock of wonder struck upon our eyes. The day had begun to break in the east, and a cold wind was stirring. As yet, there was only a faint light in the dark sky; but by and by a strange, clear whiteness rose up from behind the still landscape, and then a wild, cold, yellow radiance, against which the tall poplars looked intensely black, overspread the far regions of the east. Wan and unearthly seemed that metallic glare, even when a pale glimmer of red ran up and

through it ; and, as yet, it looked like the sunrise of some other world, for neither man nor beast was awake to greet it ; and all the woods were as silent as the grave. When we got back to Garstang, the wind came chill along the grey stones, the birds were singing, and the glow of the sunrise was creeping over the chimneys and slates of the sleeping houses. We left this wonderful light outside ; plunged into the warm and gloomy passage of the inn ; and presently tumbled, tired and shivering, into bed.

CHAPTER XX.

CHLOE'S GARLAND.

*" The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.*

*" At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.*

*" The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay
Than glowing in their native bed."*

Is there any blue half so pure, and deep, and tender, as that of the large crane's-bill, the *Geranium pratense* of the botanists ? When Bell saw the beautiful, rich-coloured blossoms in the tall hedge-rows, she declared we were already in the North-country, and must needs descend from the phaeton to gather some of the wild flowers ; and lo ! all around there was such a profusion that she stood bewildered before them. Everywhere about were the white stars of the stitchwort glimmering among the green of the goose-grass. The clear red blossoms of the campion shone here and there ; and the viscid petals of the Ragged Robin glimmered a bright crimson as they straggled through the thorny branches of the hawthorn. Here, too, was the beautiful hare-bell—the real "blue-bell of Scotland"—with its slender stem and its pellucid colour ; and here was its bigger and coarser relative,

the great hedge campanula, with its massive bells of azure, and its succulent stalk. There were yellow masses of snapdragon ; and an abundance of white and pink roses sweetening the air ; and all the thousand wonders of a luxuriant vegetation. The Lieutenant immediately jumped down. He harried the hedges as if they had been a province of the enemy's country, and he in quest of forage and food. The delight of Bell in these wild flowers was extravagant, and when he had gathered for her every variety of hue that he could see, she chose a few of the blossoms and twisted them, with a laugh of light pleasure, into the breezy masses of her hair. Could a greater compliment have been paid him ?

If it was not really the North-country which Bell so longed to enter, it was on the confines of it, and already many premonitory signs were visible. These tall hedge-rows, with their profusion of wildflowers, were a wonder. We crossed dark-brown streams, the picturesque banks of which were smothered in every sort of bush and herb and plant. At last, a breath of the morning air brought us a strange, new scent that was far more grateful than that of any wreath of flowers, and at the same moment both Bell and Tita called out—

" Oh, there is the peat-smoke at last ! "

Peat-smoke it is, and presently we come upon the cottages which are sending abroad this fragrance into the air. They are hidden down in a dell by the side of a small river, and they are surrounded by low and thick elder-trees. Bell is driving. She will not even stop to look at this picturesque little nook ; it is but an outpost, and the promised land is nigh.

The day, meanwhile, is grey and showery ; but sometimes a sudden burst of sunshine springs down on the far, flat landscape, and causes it to shine in the distance. We pass by many a stately Hall and noble Park—Bell, with the wild-flowers in her hair, still driving—

until we reach the top of a certain height, and find a great prospect lying before us. The windy day has cleared away the light clouds in the west ; and there, under a belt of blue, lies a glimmer of the blue sea. The plain of the landscape leading down to it is divided by the estuary of the Lune ; and as you trace the course of the river, up through the country that lies grey under the grey portion of the heavens, some tall buildings are seen in the distance and a fortress upon a height resembling some smaller Edinburgh Castle. We drive on through the gusty day—the tail of a shower sometimes overtaking us from the south and causing a hurried clamour for waterproofs, which have immediately to be set aside as the sun bursts forth again, and then we dive into a clean, bright, picturesque town, and find ourselves in the front of the King's Arms at Lancaster.

Bell has taken the flowers from her hair, in nearing the abodes of men ; but she has placed them tenderly by the side of the bouquet that the Lieutenant gathered for her, and now she gently asks a waiter for a tumbler of water, into which the blossoms are put. The Lieutenant watches her every movement as anxiously as ever a Roman watched the skimmings and dippings of the bird whose flight was to predict ruin or fortune to them. He had no opportunities to lose. Time was pressing on. That night we were to reach Kendal ; and there the enemy was lying in wait.

Bell, at least, did not seem much to fear that meeting with Arthur. When she spoke of him to Tita, she was grave and thoughtful ; but when she spoke of Westmoreland, there was no qualification of her unbounded hope and delight. She would scarce look at Lancaster ; although, when we went up to the castle, and had a walk round to admire the magnificent view from the walls, an unwonted stir in front of the great gate told us that something unusual had happened. The Lieutenant went down and mixed with the crowd. We saw him—a head and shoulders taller

than the assemblage of men and women—speaking now to one and now to another ; and then at length he came back.

"Madame," he says, "there is something wonderful to be seen in the castle. All these people are pressing to get in."

"Is it some soup plate of Henry VIII. that has been disinterred ?" she asks, with a slight show of scorn. Indeed, she seldom loses an opportunity of sticking another needle into her mental image of that poor monarch.

"Oh no, it is something much more interesting. It is a murderer."

"A murderer !"

"Yes, Madame, but you need not feel alarmed. He is caged—he will not bite. All these good people are going in to look at him."

"I would not look at the horrid creature for worlds."

"He is not a monster of iniquity," I tell her. "On the contrary, he is a harmless creature, and deserves your pity. All he did was to kill his wife."

"And I suppose they will punish him with three months' imprisonment," says Queen Tita, "whereas they would give him seven years if he had stolen a purse with half-a-crown in it."

"Naturally. I consider three months a great deal too much, however. Doubtless she contradicted him."

"But it is not true, Tita," says Bell ; "none of us knew that the murderer was in the castle until this moment. How can you believe that he killed his wife ?"

"There may be a secret sympathy between these two," says my Lady, with a demure laugh in her eyes, "which establishes a communication between them which we don't understand. You know the theory of brain-waves. But it is hard that the one should be within the prison and the other without."

"Yes, it's very hard for the one without. The one inside the prison has got rid of his torment and escaped into comparative quiet."

She is a dutiful wife. She never

retorts—when she hasn't a retort ready. She takes my arm just as if nothing had happened, and we go down from the castle square into the town. And behold ! as we enter the grey thoroughfare, a wonderful sight comes into view. Down the far white street, where occasional glimpses of sunlight are blown across by the wind, a gorgeous procession is seen to advance—glittering in silver, and coloured plumes, and all the pomp and circumstance of a tournament. There is a cry of amazement throughout Lancaster ; and from all points of the compass people hurry up. It is just two ; and men from the factories, come out for their dinner, stand amazed on the pavement. The procession comes along through the shadow and the sunlight like some gleaming and gigantic serpent with scales of silver and gold. There are noble knights, dressed in complete armour, and seated on splendid chargers. They bring with them spears, and banners, and other accessories of war ; and their horses are shining with the magnificence of their trappings. There are ladies wearing the historical costumes which are familiar to us in picture galleries, and they are seated on cream-white palfreys, with flowing manes, and tails that sweep the ground. Then a resplendent palanquin appears in view, drawn by six yellow horses, and waving and trembling with plumes of pink and white. Inside this great and gilded carriage, the Queen of Beauty sits enthroned, attended by ladies whose trains of silk and satin shine like the neck of a dove. And the while our eyes are still dazzled with the glory of this slowly passing pageant, the end of it appears in the shape of a smart and natty little trap, driven by the proprietor of the circus in plain clothes. The anti-climax is too much. The crowd regard this wretched fellow with disdain. When a historical play is produced, and we are introduced to the majesty of war, and even shown the king's tent on the battle-field, the common sutler is hidden out of sight. This wretched man's obtrusion of him-

self was properly resented ; for the spectacle of the brilliant procession coming along the grey and white thoroughfares, with a breezy sky overshadowing or lighting it up, was sufficiently imposing, and ought not to have been destroyed by the vanity of a person in plain clothes who wanted to let us know that he was the owner of all this splendour, and who thought he ought to come last, as Noah did on going into the Ark.

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds!"—that was the wish I knew lay deep down in Bell's heart as we went away from Lancaster. If Castor and Pollux did their work gallantly, we should sleep to-night in Kendal, and thereafter there would be abundant rest. This last day's journey consisted of thirty-three miles—considerably above our average day's distance—and we had accordingly cut it up into three portions. From Garstang to Lancaster is eleven miles ; from Lancaster to Burton is eleven miles ; from Burton to Kendal is eleven miles. Now Burton is in Westmoreland ; and, once within her own county, Bell knew she was at home.

'Twas a perilous sort of day in which to approach the region of the Northern Lakes. In the best of weather, the great mass of mountains that stand on the margin of the sea ready to condense any moist vapours that may float in from the west and south, play sudden tricks sometimes and drown the holiday makers whom the sun has drawn out of the cottages, houses, and hotels up in the deep valleys. But here there were abundant clouds racing and chasing each other like the folks who sped over Cannobie Lea to overtake the bride of young Lochinvar ; and now and again the wind would drive down on us the flying fringes of one of these masses of vapour, producing a temporary fear. Bell cared least for these premonitions. She would not even cover herself with a cloak. Many a time we could see raindrops glimmering in her brown hair and dripping from the flowers that she had again twisted in the folds ; but she sat erect and glad, with a fine

colour in her face that the wet breeze only heightened. When we got up to Slyne and Bolton-le-Sands, and came in sight of the long sweep of Morecambe Bay, she paid no attention to the fact that all along the far margin of the sea the clouds had melted into a white belt of rain. It was enough for her that the sun was out there, too; sometimes striking with a pale silvery light on the plain of the sea, sometimes throwing a stronger colour on the long curve of level sand. A wetter or windier sight never met the view of an apprehensive traveller than that great stretch of sea and sky. The glimmer of the sun only made the moisture in the air more apparent as the grey clouds were sent flying up from the south-west. We could not tell whether the sea was breaking white or not; but the fierce blowing of the wind was apparent in the hurrying trails of cloud and the rapidly shifting shafts of sunlight that now and again shot down on the sands.

"Bell," said Tita, with a little anxiety, "you used to pride yourself on being able to forecast the weather, when you lived up among the hills. Don't you think we shall have a wet afternoon?—and we have nearly twenty miles to go yet."

The girl laughed.

"Mademoiselle acknowledges we shall have a little rain," said the Lieutenant, with a grim smile. If Bell was good at studying the appearances of the sky, he had acquired some skill in reading the language of her eloquent face.

"Why," says one of the party, "a deaf man down in a coal-pit could tell what sort of afternoon we shall have. The wind is driving the clouds up. The hills are stopping them on the way. When we enter Westmoreland we shall find the whole forces of the rain-fiends drawn out in array against us. But that is nothing to Bell, so long as we enter Westmoreland."

"Ah, you shall see," remarks Bell; "we may have a little rain this evening."

"Yes, that is very likely," said the Lieutenant, who seemed greatly tickled by this frank admission.

"But to-morrow, if this strong wind keeps up all night, would you be astonished to find Kendal with its stone houses all shining white in the sun?"

"Yes, I should be astonished."

"You must not provoke the prophetess," says my Lady, who is rather nervous about rainy weather, "or she will turn round on you, and predict all sorts of evil."

We could not exactly tell when we crossed the border line of Westmoreland, or doubtless Bell would have jumped down from the phaeton to kneel and kiss her native soil; but at all events when we reached the curious little village of Burton we knew we were then in Westmoreland, and Bell ushered us into the ancient hostelry of the Royal Oak as if she had been the proprietress of that and all the surrounding country. In former days Burton was doubtless a place of importance, when the stage-coaches stopped here before plunging into the wild mountain-country; and in the inn, which remains pretty much what it was in the last generation, were abundant relics of the past. When the Lieutenant and I returned from the stables to the old-fashioned little parlour and museum of the place, we found Bell endeavouring to get some quivering, trembling, jingling notes out of the piano, that was doubtless a fine piece of furniture at one time. A piece of yellow ivory informed the beholder that this venerable instrument had been made by "Thomas Tomkison, Dean Street, Soho, Manufacturer to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent." And what was this that Bell was hammering out?

"The standard on the braes o' Mar
Is up and streaming rarely!
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar
Is sounding lang and clearly!
The Highlandmen, from hill and glen,
In martial hue, wi' bonnets blue,
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades,
Are coming late and early."

How the faded old instrument groaned and quivered as if it were struggling to get up some martial sentiment of its half-forgotten youth! It did its best to pant after that rapid and stirring air,

and laboured and jangled in a pathetic fashion through the chords. It seemed like some poor old pensioner, decrepit and feeble-eyed, who sees a regiment passing with their band playing, and who tries to straighten himself up as he hears the tread of the men, and would fain step out to the sound of the music, but that his thin legs tremble beneath him. The wretched old piano struggled hard to keep up with the Gathering of the Clans as they hastened on to the braes o' Mar :—

“Wha wouldna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry;
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Pannure and gallant Harry!
Macdonald's men,
Clan Ranald's men,
M'Kenzie's men,
MacGilvray's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowland men
Of Callander and Airlie!”

—until my Lady put her hand gently on Bell's shoulder, and said—

“My dear, this is worse than eating green apples.”

Bell shut down the lid.

“It is time for this old thing to be quiet,” she said. “The people who sang with it when it was in its prime, they cannot sing any more now, and it has earned its rest.”

Bell uttered these melancholy words as she turned to look out of the window. It was rather a gloomy afternoon. There was less wind visible in the motion of the clouds, but in place of the flying and hurrying masses of vapour, an ominous pall of grey was visible, and the main thoroughfare of Burton-in-Kendal was gradually growing moister under a slow rain. Suddenly Bell said :

“Is it possible for Arthur to have reached Kendal ?”

The Lieutenant looked up, with something of a frown on his face.

“Yes,” I say to her, “if he keeps up the pace with which he started. Thirty miles a day in a light dog-cart will not seriously damage the Major's cob, if only he gets a day's rest now and again.”

“Then perhaps Arthur may be coming along this road just now ?”

“He may ; but it is hardly likely. He would come over by Kirkby Lonsdale.”

“I think we should be none the worse for his company, if he were to arrive,” says Tita, with a little apprehension, “for it will be dark long before we get to Kendal—and on such a night, too, as we are likely to have.”

“Then let us start at once, Madame,” said the Lieutenant. “The horses will be ready to be put in harness now, I think ; and they must have as much time for the rest of the journey as we can give them. Then the waterproofs—I will have them all taken out, and the rugs. We shall want much more than we have, I can assure you of that. And the lamps—we shall want them too.”

The Lieutenant walked off to the stables with these weighty affairs of state possessing his mind. He was as anxious to preserve these two women from suffering a shower of rain as if he thought they were made of bride's-cake. Out in the yard we found him planning the disposal of the rugs with the eye of a practised campaigner, and taking every boy and man in the place into his confidence. Whatever embarrassment his imperfect English might cause him in a drawing-room, there was no need to guard his speech in a stable-yard. But sometimes our Uhlan was puzzled. What could he make, for example, of the following sentence, addressed to him by a worthy ostler at Garstang : “*Yaas, an ah gied'n a aff booket o' chilled watter after ah'd weshen 'n ?*” Of the relations of the Lieutenant with the people whom he thus casually encountered, it may be said generally that he was “hail, fellow, well met” with any man who seemed of a frank and communicable disposition. With a good-natured landlord or groom, he would stand for any length of time talking about horses, their food, their ways, and the best methods of doctoring them. But when he encountered a sulky ostler, the unfortunate man had an evil time of it. His temper was not likely to be improved by the presence of this lounging young soldier, who stood whistling at the door of the stable and watch-

ing that every bit of the grooming was performed to a nicety, who examined the quality of the oats, and was not content with the hay, and who calmly stood by with his cigar in his mouth until he had seen the animals eat every grain of corn that had been put in the manger. The bad temper, by the way, was not always on the side of the ostler.

A vague proposition that we should remain at Burton for that night was unanimously rejected. Come what might we should start in Kendal with a clear day before us; and what mattered this running through our final stage in rain? A more feasible proposition, that both the women should sit in front so as to get the benefit of the hood, was rejected because neither of them would assume the responsibility of driving in the dark. But here a new and strange difficulty occurred. Of late, Bell and the Lieutenant had never sat together in the phaeton. Now, the Lieutenant declared it was much more safe that the horses should be driven by their lawful owner, who was accustomed to them. Accordingly, my post was in front. Thereupon, Bell, with many protestations of endearment, insisted on Queen Tita having the shelter of the hood. Bell, in fact, would not get up until she had seen my Lady safely ensconced there and swathed up like a mummy; it followed, accordingly, that Bell and her companion were hidden from us by the hood; and the last of our setting-out arrangements was simply this—that the Lieutenant absolutely and firmly refused to wear his waterproof, because, as he said, it would only have the effect of making the rain run in streams on to Bell's tartan plaid. The girl put forward all manner of entreaties in vain. The foolish young man—he was on the headstrong side of thirty—would not hear of it.

So we turned the horses' heads to the north. Alas! over the mountainous country before us there lay an ominous darkness of sky. As we skirted Curwen Woods and drove by within sight of Clawthorpe Fell, the road became more hilly and more lonely, and it seemed as if we were to plunge into an unknown

region inhabited only by mountains and hanging clouds. Nevertheless we could hear Bell laughing and chatting to the Lieutenant, and talking about what we should have to endure before we got to Kendal. As the wind rose slightly and blew the light waves of her laughter about, Tita called through to her, and asked her to sing again that *Gathering of the Clans* on the breezy braes o' Mar. But what would the wild mountain-spirits have done to us had they heard the twanging of a guitar up in this dismal region, to say nothing of the rain that would have destroyed the precious instrument for ever? For it was now pattering considerably on the top of the hood, and the wind had once more begun to blow. The darkness grew apace. The winding grey thread of the road took us up hill and down dale, twisting through a variegated country, of which we could see little but the tall hedges on each side of us. The rain increased. The wind blew it about, and moaned through the trees, and made a sound in the telegraph-wires overhead. These tall grey poles were destined to be an excellent guide to us. As the gloom gathered over us, we grew accustomed to the monotonous rising and falling of the pale road, while here and there we encountered a great pool of water, which made the younger of the horses swerve from time to time. By and by we knew it would be impossible to make out any finger-post; so that the murmuring of the telegraph-wires in the wind promised to tell us if we were still keeping the correct route to Kendal.

So we plunged on in the deepening twilight, splashing into the shallow pools, and listening to the whistling of the wind and the hissing of the rain. Bell had made no attempt to call out the clans on this wild night, and both of the young folks had for the most part relapsed into silence, unless when they called to us some consolatory message or assurance that on the whole they rather enjoyed getting wet. But at last the Lieutenant proposed that he should get down and light the lamps; and, indeed, it was high time.

He got down. He came round to the front. Why the strange delay of his movements? He went round again to his seat, kept searching about for what seemed an unconscionable time, and then, coming back, said rather diffidently—

"Do you happen to have a match with you?"

"No," said I; and at the same moment Tita broke into a bright laugh.

She knew the shame and mortification that were now on the face of the Lieutenant, if only there had been more light to see him as he stood there. To have an old campaigner tricked in this way! He remained irresolute for a second or two; and then he said in accents of profound vexation—

"It is such stupidity as I never saw. I did leave my case in the inn. Madame, you must pardon me this ridiculous thing; and we must drive on until we come to a house."

A house! The darkness had now come on so rapidly that twenty houses would scarcely have been visible, unless with yellow lights burning in their windows. There was nothing for it but to urge on our wild career as best we might; while we watched the telegraph-posts to tell us how the road went, and Castor and Pollux, with the wet streaming down them, whirled the four wheels through the water and mud.

Tita had been making merry over our mishap, but this jocularity died away in view of the fact that at every moment there was a chance of our driving into a ditch. She forgot to laugh in her efforts to make out the road before us; and at last, when we drove into an avenue of trees under which there was pitch blackness, and as we felt that the horses were going down a hill, she called out to stop, so that one of us should descend and explore the way.

A blacker night has not occurred since the separating of light and darkness at the Creation; and when the Lieutenant had got to the horses' heads, it was with the greatest difficulty he could induce them to go forward and down the hill. He had himself to feel

his way in a very cautious fashion; and, indeed, his managing to keep the phaeton somewhere about the middle of the road until we had got from under this black avenue must be regarded as a feat. He had scarcely got back into his seat, when the rain, which had been coming down pretty heavily, now fell in torrents. We could hear it hissing in the pools of the road, and all around us on the trees and hedges, while the phaeton seemed to be struggling through a waterfall. No plaids, rugs, mackintoshes, or other device of man, could keep this deluge out; and Tita, with an air of calm resignation, made the remark that one of her shoes had come off and floated away. To crown all, we suddenly discovered that the telegraph-posts had abandoned us, and gone off along another road.

I stopped the horses. To miss one's way in the wilds of Westmoreland on such a night was no joke.

"Now, Bell, what has become of your knowledge of this district? Must we go back, and follow the telegraph-wires? Or shall we push on on chance?"

"I can neither see nor speak for the rain," cries Bell out of the darkness. "But I think we ought to follow the telegraph-wires. They are sure to lead to Kendal."

"With your permission, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, who was once more down in the road, "I think it would be a pity to go back. If we drive on, we must come to a village somewhere."

"They don't happen so often in Westmoreland as you might expect," says Bell, despondently.

"If you will wait here, then, I will go forward, and see if I can find a house," says the Lieutenant, at which Queen Tita laughs again, and says we should all be washed away before he returned.

The Lieutenant struggles into his seat. We push on blindly. The rain is still thundering down on us; and we wonder whether we are fated to find ourselves in the early dawn somewhere about West Water or Coniston.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Queen Titania.

"'Tis a turnpike, as I am a living navigator!" exclaimed the adventurous man.

A gun would have been fired from the deck of the *Pinta* to announce these joyful tidings, only that the rain had washed away our powder. But now that we were cheered with the sight of land, we pushed ahead gallantly; the light grew in size and intensity; there could be no doubt this wild region was inhabited by human beings; and at last a native appeared, who addressed us in a tongue which we managed with some difficulty to understand, and, having exacted from us a small gift, he allowed us to proceed.

Once more we plunge into darkness and wet, but we know that Kendal is near. Just as we are approaching the foot of the hill, however, on which the town stands, a wild shriek from Titania startles the air. The black shadow of a dog-cart is seen to swerve across in front of the horses' heads, and just skims by our wheels. The wrath that dwelt in my Lady's heart with regard to the two men in this phantom vehicle need not be expressed; for what with the darkness of the trees, and the roaring of the wind and rain, and the fact of these two travellers coming at a fine pace along the wrong side of the road, we just escaped a catastrophe.

But we survived that danger, too, as we survived the strife of the elements. We drove up into the town. We wheeled round by the archway of still another King's Arms; and presently a half-drowned party of people—with their eyes, not yet accustomed to the darkness, wholly bewildered with the light—were standing in the warm and yellow glare of the hotel. There was a fluttering of dripping waterproofs, a pulling asunder of soaked plaids, and a drying of wet and gleaming cheeks that were red with the rain. The commotion raised by our entrance was

alarming. You would have thought we had taken possession of this big, warm, comfortable old-fashioned inn. A thousand servants seemed to be scampering about the house to assist us; and by and by when all those moist garments had been taken away, and other and warmer clothing put on, and a steaming and fragrant banquet placed on the table, you should have seen the satisfaction that dwelt on every face. Arthur had not come—at least, no one had been making inquiries for us. There was nothing for us but to attack the savoury feast, and relate with laughter and with gladness all the adventures of the day, until you would have thought that the grave mother of those two boys at Twickenham had grown merry with the champagne, whereas she had not yet tasted the wine that was frothing and creaming in her glass.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALL ABOUT WINDERMERE.

*"O meekest dove
Of Heaven! O Cynthia, ten-times bright and
fair!
From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
Glance but one little beam of tempered light
Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat scared."*

It is a pleasant thing, especially in holiday-time, when one happens to have gone to bed with the depressing consciousness that outside the house the night is wild and stormy—rain pouring ceaselessly down and the fine weather sped away to the south—to catch a sudden glimmer, just as one opens one's eyes in the morning, of glowing green, where the sunlight is quivering on the waving branches of the trees. The new day is a miracle of freshness. The rain has washed the leaves, and the wind is shaking and rustling them in the warm light. You throw open the window, and the breeze that comes blowing in is sweet with the smell of wet roses. It is a new, bright, joyous day; and the rain and the black night have fled together.

Bell's audacity in daring to hope we might have a fine morning after that wild evening, had almost destroyed our belief in her weather-foresight; but sure enough, when we got up on the following day, the stone houses of Kendal were shining in the sun, and a bright light colouring up the faces of the country people who had come into the town on early business. And what was this we heard?—a simple and familiar air that carried Tita back to that small church in Surrey over which she presides—sung carelessly and lightly by a young lady who certainly did not know that she could be overheard—

*"Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore."*

—Bell was at her orisons; but as the hymn only came to us in ~~ful~~ and uncertain snatches, we concluded that the intervals were filled up by that light-hearted young woman twisting up the splendid folds of her hair. There was no great religious fervour in her singing, to be sure. Sometimes the careless songstress forgot to add the words, and let us have fragments of the pretty air, of which she was particularly fond. But there was no reason at all why this pious hymn should be suddenly forsaken for the "*rataplan, rataplan, rataplan—rataplan, plan, plan, plan, plan,*" of the Daughter of the Regiment.

When we went down stairs, Bell was gravely perusing the morning papers. At this time, the Government were hurrying their Ballot Bill through the House, and the daily journals were full of clauses, amendments, and divisions. Bell wore rather a puzzled look; but she was so deeply interested—whether with the Parliamentary Summary or the Fashionable Intelligence, can only be guessed—that she did not observe our entering the room. My Lady went gently forward to her, and said—

*"Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields——"*

The girl looked up with a start, and with a little look of alarm.

No. 153.—VOL. XXVI.

"Young ladies," observed Tita, "who have a habit of humming airs during their toilet, ought to be sure that their room is not separated by a very thin partition from any other room."

"If it was only you, I don't care."

"It mightn't have been only me."

"There is no great harm in a hymn," says Bell.

"But when one mixes up a hymn with that wicked song which Maria and the Sergeant sing together? Bell, we will forgive you everything this morning. You are quite a witch with the weather, and you shall have a kiss for bringing us such a beautiful day."

The morning salutation is performed.

"Isn't there enough of that to go round?" says the third person of the group. "Bell used to kiss me dutifully every morning. But a French writer has described a young lady as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve and begins again at twenty."

"A French writer!" says Tita. "No French writer ever said anything so impertinent and so stupid. The French are a cultivated nation, and their wit never takes the form of rudeness."

A nation or a man—it is all the same: attack either, and my Lady is ready with a sort of formal warranty of character.

"But why, Tita," says Bell, with just a trifle of protest in her voice, "why do you always praise the French nation? Other nations are as good as they are."

The laughter that shook the coffee-room of the King's Arms in Kendal, when this startling announcement was made to us, cannot be conveyed in words. There was something so boldly ingenuous in Bell's protest that even Tita laughed till the tears stood in her eyes, and then she kissed Bell, and asked her pardon, and remarked that she was ready to acknowledge at any moment that the German nation was as good as the French nation.

"I did not mean anything of the kind," says Bell, looking rather shamefaced. "What does it matter to me what anyone thinks of the German nation?"

That was a true observation, at least. It did not matter to her, nor to anybody. The anthropomorphic abstractions which we call nations are very good pegs to hang prejudices on; but they do not suffer or gain much by any opinion we may form of their "characteristics."

"Where is Count von Rosen?" says Tita.

"I do not know," answered Bell, with an excellent assumption of indifference. "I have not seen him this morning. Probably he will come in and tell us that he has been to Windermere."

"No, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, entering the room at the same moment, "I have not been to Windermere, but I am very anxious to go, for the morning is very fresh and good, and is it possible to say that it will remain fine all the day? We may start directly after breakfast. I have looked at the horses—they are all very well, and have suffered nothing from the rain—they are looking contented and comfortable after the bran-mash of last night, and to-morrow they will start again very well."

"And you have heard nothing of Arthur?" asks my Lady.

"No."

Was the Lieutenant likely to have been scouring the country in search of that young man?

"It is very strange. If he found himself unable to get here by the time he expected to meet us, it is a wonder he did not send on a message. I hope he has met with no accident."

"No, there is no fear, Madame," said the Lieutenant, "he will overtake us soon. He may arrive to-night, or to-morrow before we go—he cannot make a mistake about finding us. But you do not propose to wait anywhere for him?"

"No," I say, decisively, "we don't. Or if we do wait for him, it will not be in Kendal."

The Lieutenant seemed to think that Arthur would overtake us soon enough; and need not further concern us. But

my Lady appeared to be a little anxious about the safety of the young man until it was shown us that, after all, Arthur might have been moved to give the Major's cob a day's rest somewhere, in which case he could not possibly have reached Kendal by this time.

We go out into the sunlit and breezy street. We can almost believe Bell that there is a peculiar sweetness in the Westmoreland air. We lounge about the quaint old town, which, perched on the steep slope of a hill, has sometimes those curious juxtapositions of door-step and chimney-pot which are familiar to the successive terraces of Dartmouth. We go down to the green banks of the river; and the Lieutenant is bidden to observe how rapid and clear the brown stream is, even after coming through the dyeing and bleaching works. He is walking on in front with Bell. He does not strive to avoid her now—on the contrary, they are inseparable companions—but my Lady puzzles herself in vain to discover what are their actual relations towards each other at this time. They do not seem anxious or dissatisfied. They appear to have drifted back into those ordinary friendly terms of intercourse which had marked their setting-out; but how is this possible after what occurred in Wales? As neither has said anything to us about these things, nothing is known; these confidences have been invariably voluntary, and my Lady is quite well pleased that Bell should manage her own affairs.

Certainly, if Bell was at this time being pressed to decide between Von Rosen and Arthur, that unfortunate youth from Twickenham was suffering grievously from an evil fortune. Consider what advantages the Lieutenant had in accompanying the girl into this dreamland of her youth, when her heart was opening out to all sorts of tender recollections, and when, to confer a great gratification upon her, you had only to say that you were pleased with Westmoreland, and its sunlight, and its people and scenery. What adjectives that perfervid Uhlan may have been

using—and he was rather a good hand at expressing his satisfaction with anything—we did not try to hear; but Bell wore her brightest and happiest looks. Doubtless the Lieutenant was telling her that there was no water in the world could turn out such brilliant colours as those we saw bleaching on the meadows—that no river in the world ran half as fast as the Kent—and that no light could compare with the light of a Westmoreland sky in beautifying and clarifying the varied hues of the landscape that lay around. He was greatly surprised with the old-fashioned streets when we had clambered up to the town again. He paid particular attention to the railway station. When a porter caught a boy back from the edge of the platform and angrily said to him, “Wut’s thee doin’ theear, an’ the traäin a coomin’ oop?” he made as though he understood the man. This was Bell’s country; and everything in it was profoundly interesting.

However, when the train had once got away from the station, and we found ourselves being carried through the fresh and pleasant landscape—with a cool wind blowing in at the window, and all the trees outside bending and rustling in the breeze—it was not merely out of compliment to Bell that he praised the brightness of the day and the beauty of the country around.

“And it is so comforting to think of the horses enjoying a day’s thorough rest,” said Tita; “for when we start again to-morrow, they will have to attack some hard work.”

“Only at first,” said Bell, who was always ready to show that she knew the road; “the first mile or so is hilly; but after that the road goes down to Windermere and runs along by the lake to Ambleside. It is a beautiful drive through the trees; and if we get a day like this——”

No wonder she turned to look out with pride and delight on the great and glowing picture that lay around us—the background of which had glimpses of blue mountains lying pale and misty under light masses of cloud.

The small stations we passed were smothered in green foliage. Here and there we caught sight of a brown rivulet, or a long avenue of trees arching over a white road. And then, in an incredibly short space of time, we found ourselves outside the Windermere Station, standing in the open glare of the day.

For an instant, a look of bewilderment, and even of disappointment, appeared on the girl’s face. Evidently, she did not know the way. The houses that had sprung up of late years were strangers to her—strangers that seemed to have no business there. But whereas the new buildings, and the cutting of terraces and alterations of gardens, were novel and perplexing phenomena, the general features of the neighbourhood remained the same; and after a momentary hesitation she hit upon the right path up to Elleray, and thereafter was quite at home.

Now there rests in our Bell’s mind a strange superstition that she can remember, as a child, having sat upon Christopher North’s knee. The story is wholly impossible and absurd; for Wilson died in the year in which Bell was born; but she nevertheless preserves the fixed impression of having seen the kingly old man, and wondered at his long hair and great collar, and listened to his talking to her. Out of what circumstance in her childhood this curious belief may have arisen is a psychological conundrum which Tita and I have long ago given up; and Bell herself cannot even suggest any other celebrated person of the neighbourhood who may, in her infancy, have produced a profound impression on her imagination and caused her to construct a confused picture into which the noble figure of the old Professor had somehow and subsequently been introduced; but none the less she asks us how it is that she can remember exactly the expression of his face and eyes as he looked down on her, and how even to this day she can recall the sense of awe with which she regarded him, even as he was trying to amuse her.

The Lieutenant knew all about this story ; and it was with a great interest that he went up to Elleray Cottage, and saw the famous chestnut which Christopher North has talked of to the world. It was as if some relative of Bell's had lived in this place—some foster-father or grand-uncle who had watched her youth ; and who does not know the strange curiosity with which a lover listens to stories of the childhood of his sweetheart or meets anyone who knew her in those old and half-forgotten years ? It seems a wonderful thing to him that he should not have known her then—that all the world at that time, so far as he knew, was unconscious of her magical presence ; and he seeks to make himself familiar with her earliest years, to nurse the delusion that he has known her always, and that ever since her entrance into the world she has belonged to him. In like manner, let two lovers, who have known each other for a number of years, begin to reveal to each other when the first notion of love entered their mind : they will insensibly shift the date further and further back, as if they would blot out the pallid and colourless time in which they were stupid enough not to have found out their great affection for each other. The Lieutenant was quite vexed that he knew little of Professor Wilson's works. He said he would get them all the moment that he went back to London ; and when Bell, as we lingered about the grounds of Elleray, told him how that there was a great deal of Scotch in the books, and how the old man whom she vaguely recollected had written about Scotland, and how that she had about as great a longing—when she was buried away down south in the common-placeness of London and Surrey—to smell the heather and see the lovely glens and the far-reaching sea-lakes of Scotland as to reach her own and native Westmoreland, the Lieutenant began to nurture a secret affection for Scotland and wondered when we should get there.

I cannot describe in minute detail our day's ramble about Windermere. It

was all a dream to us. Many years had come and gone since those of us who were familiar with the place had been there ; and somehow, half unconsciously to ourselves, we kept trying to get away from the sight of new people and new houses, and to discover the old familiar features of the neighbourhood that we had loved. Once or twice there was in Tita's eyes a moisture she could scarce conceal ; and the light of gladness on Bell's bright face was preserved there chiefly through her efforts to instruct the Lieutenant, which made her forget old memories. She was happy, too, in hitting on the old paths. When we went down from Elleray through the private grounds that lie along the side of the hill, she found no difficulty whatever in showing us how we were to get to the lake. She took us down through a close and sweet-smelling wood, where the sunlight only struggled at intervals through the innumerable stems and leaves, and lit up the brackens and other ferns and underwood. There was a stream running down close by, that plashed and gurgled down its stony channel. As we got further down the slope, the darkness of the avenue increased ; and then all at once, at the end of the trees, we came in sight of a blinding glare of white—the level waters of the lake.

And then, when we left the wood and stood on the shore, all the fair plain of Windermere lay before us—wind-swept and troubled, with great dashes of blue along its surface, and a breezy sky moving overhead. Near at hand, there were soft green hills, shining in the sunlight ; and, further off, long and narrow promontories, piercing out into the water, with their dark line of trees growing almost black against the silver glory of the lake. But then again the hurrying wind would blow away the shadow of the cloud ; a beam of sunlight would run along the line of trees, making them glow green above the blue of the water ; and from this moving and shifting and glowing picture we turned

to the far and ethereal masses of the Langdale Pikes and the mountains above Ambleside, which changed as the changing clouds were blown over from the west.

We got a boat and went out into the wilderness of water and wind and sky. Now we saw the reedy shores behind us, and the clear and shallow water at the brink of which we had been standing, receiving the troubled reflection of the woods. Out here the beautiful islands of Lady Holm, Thompson's Holm, and Belle Isle were shimmering in green. Far up there in the north the slopes and gullies of the great mountains were showing a thousand hues of soft velvet-like greys and blues, and even warming up into a pale yellowish green, where a ray of the sunlight struck the lower slopes. Over by Furness Fells the clouds lay in heavier masses, and moved slowly; but elsewhere there was a brisk motion over the lake, that changed its beauties even as one looked at them.

"Mademoiselle," observed the Lieutenant, as if a new revelation had broken upon him, "all that you have said about your native county is true; and now I understand why that you did weary in London, and think very much of your own home."

Perhaps he thought, too, that there was but one county in England, or in the world, that could have produced this handsome, courageous, generous, and true-hearted English girl—for such are the exaggerations that lovers cherish.

We put into Bowness, and went up to the Crown Hotel there. In an instant—as rapidly as Alloway Kirk became dark when Tam o' Shanter called out—the whole romance of the day went clean out and was extinguished. How any of God's creatures could have come to dress themselves in such fashion, amid such scenery, our young Uhlan professed himself unable to tell; but here were men—apparently in their proper senses—wearing such comicalities of jackets and resplendent knickerbockers as would have made a harlequin blush, with young ladies tarred and feathered,

as it were, with staring stripes and alarming petticoats, and sailors' hats of straw. Why should the borders of a lake be provocative of these mad eccentricities? Who that has wandered about the neighbourhoods of Zürich, Lucerne, and Thun, does not know the wild freaks which Englishmen (far more than Englishwomen) will permit to themselves in dress? We should have fancied those gentlemen with the variegated knickerbockers had just come down from the Righi (by rail) if they had had Alpen-stocks and snow-spectacles with them; and, indeed, it was a matter for surprise that these familiar appurtenances were absent from the shores of Windermere.

My Lady looked at the strange people rather askance.

"My dear," says Bell, in an undertone, "they are quite harmless."

We had luncheon in a corner of the great room. Dinner was already laid; and our plain meal seemed to borrow a certain richness from that long array of coloured wine-glasses. Bell considered the sight rather pretty; but my Lady began to wonder how much crystal the servants would have broken by the time we got back to Surrey. Then we went down to the lake again, stepped into a small steamer, and stood out to sea.

It was now well on in the afternoon; and the masses of cloud that came rolling over from the west and south-west, when they clung to the summits of the mountains, threw a deeper shadow on the landscape beneath. Here and there, too, as the evening wore on, and we had steamed up within sight of the small island that is called Seamew Crag, we occasionally saw one of the great heaps of cloud get melted down into a grey mist that for a few minutes blotted out the side of a mountain. Meanwhile the sun had also got well up to the north-west; and as the clouds came over and swept about the peaks of Langdale, a succession of the wildest atmospheric effects became visible. Sometimes a great gloom would overspread the whole landscape, and we began to anticipate a night of rain; then a

curious saffron glow would appear behind the clouds; then a great smoke of grey would be seen to creep down the hill, and finally the sunlight would break through, shining on the retreating vapour, and on the wet sides of the hills. Once or twice a light trail of cloud passed across the lake, and threw a slight shower of rain upon us; but when we got to Ambleside, the clouds had been for the most part driven by, and the clear heavens—irradiated by a beautiful twilight—tempted us to walk back to Windermere village by the road.

You may suppose that that was a pleasant walk for those two young folks. Everything had conspired to please Bell during the day, and she was in a dangerously amiable mood. As the dusk fell, and the white water gleamed through the trees by the margin of the lake, we walked along the winding road without meeting a solitary creature; and Queen Titania gently let our young friends get on ahead, so that we could only see the two dark figures pass underneath the dark avenues of trees.

"Did you ever see a girl more happy?" she says.

"Yes, once—at Eastbourne."

Tita laughs, in a low, pleased way; for she is never averse to recalling these old days.

"I was very stupid then," she says.

That is a matter upon which she, of course, ought to be able to speak. It would be unbecoming to interfere with the right of private judgment.

"Besides," she remarks, audaciously, "I did not mean half I said. Don't you imagine I meant half what I said. It was all making fun, you know, wasn't it?"

"It has been deadly earnest since."

"Poor thing!" she says, in the most sympathetic way; and there is no saying what fatal thunderbolt she might have launched, had not her attention been called away just then.

For as we went along in the twilight it seemed to us that the old moss-covered wall was beginning to throw a slight shadow, and that the pale road was

growing warmer in hue. Moved by the same impulse, we turned suddenly to the lake, and lo! out there beyond the trees, a great yellow glory was lying on the bosom of Windermere, and somewhere—hidden by the dark branches—the low moon had come into the clear violet sky. We walked on until we came to a clearance in the trees, and there, just over the opposite shore, the golden sickle lay in the heavens, the purple of which was suffused by the soft glow. It was a wonderful twilight. The ripples that broke in among the reeds down at the shore quivered in lines of gold; and a little bit further out a small boat lay black as night in the path of the moonlight. The shadow cast by the wall grew stronger; and now the trees, too, threw black bars across the yellow road. The two lovers paid no heed to these things for a long time—they wandered on, engrossed in talk. But at length we saw them stop and turn towards the lake; while Bell looked back towards us, with her face getting a faint touch of the glory coming over from the south.

All the jesting had gone out of Bell's face. She was as grave, and gentle, and thoughtful—when we reached the two of them—as Undine was on the day after her marriage; and insensibly she drew near to Tita, and took her away from us, and left the Lieutenant and myself to follow. That young gentleman was as solemn as though he had swallowed the Longer Catechism and the Westminster Confession of Faith. He admitted that it was a beautiful evening. He made a remark about the scenery of the district which would have served admirably as a motto for one of those views that stationers put at the head of their note-paper. And then, with some abruptness, he asked what we should do if Arthur did not arrive in Kendal that night or next day.

"If Arthur does not come to-night, we shall probably have some dinner at the King's Arms. If he does not come in the morning, we may be permitted to take some breakfast. And then, if his staying away does not alter the

position of Windermere, we shall most likely drive along this very road to-morrow forenoon. But why this solemn importance conferred on Arthur all of a sudden ? ”

“ Oh, I cannot tell you.”

“ Nobody asked you.”

“ But I will give you a very good cigar, my dear friend.”

“ That is a great deal better—but let it be old and dry.”

And so we got back to Windermere station and took train to Kendal. By the time we were walking up through the streets of the old town the moon had swum further up into the heavens,

and its light, now a pale silver, was shining along the fronts of the houses.

We went into the inn. No message from Arthur. A little flutter of dismay disturbs the women, until the folly of imagining all manner of accidents—merely because an erratic young man takes a day longer to drive to Kendal than they had anticipated—is pointed out to them. Then dinner, and Bell appears in her prettiest dress, so that even Tita, when she comes into the room, kisses her, as if the girl had performed a specially virtuous action in merely choosing out of a milliner's shop a suitable colour.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—“ I hope I am revealing no secrets ; but it would be a great pity if anyone thought that Bell was *heartless*, or *indifferent*, a mistake that might occur when she is written about by one who makes a jest about *the most serious moments* in one's life. Now it was quite pitiable to see how the poor girl was troubled as we walked home that night by the side of Windermere. She as good as confessed to me—not in words, you know, for between women the least hint is *quite sufficient*, and saves a great deal of embarrassment—that she very much liked the Lieutenant, and admired his character, and that she was extremely vexed and sorry that she had been compelled to refuse him when he made her an offer. She told me, too, that he had pressed her not to make that decision final ; and that she had admitted to him that it was really against her own wish that she had done so. But then she put it to me, as she had put it to him, what she would think of herself if she went and *betrayed* Arthur in this way. Really, I could not see any *betrayal* in the matter ; and I asked her whether it would be fair to Arthur to marry him while she secretly would have preferred to marry another. She said she would try all in her power not to marry Arthur, if only he would be reconciled to her breaking with him ; but then she immediately added, with an earnestness that I thought very *pathetic*, that if she treated Arthur badly any other man might fairly expect her to treat him badly too, and if she could not satisfy herself that she had acted rightly throughout she would not marry at all. It is a great pity I cannot show the readers of these few lines Bell's photograph, or they would see the *downright absurdity* of such a resolve as that. To think of a girl like her not marrying is simply out of the question ; but the danger at this moment was that, in one of these foolish fits of determination, she would send the Lieutenant away altogether. *Then* I think there might be a chance of her not marrying at all ; for I am *greatly mistaken* if she does not care a good deal more for him than she will acknowledge. I advised her to tell Arthur frankly how matters stand ; but she seems afraid. Under any circumstances, he will be sure to discover the truth ; and then it will be far worse for him than if she made a *full confession* just now, and got rid of all these perplexities and entanglements, which ought not to be throwing a cloud over a young face.”]

To be continued.

TA'ABBET-SHURRAN AND HIS COMPANIONS; OR, PRÆ-ISLAMITIC BRIGANDS.

BY W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

BEFORE quitting Ta'abbet, however, I will relate, or rather translate at length, one more of his adventures, a very spirited one in itself, and, besides, associated with another name almost equal in the records of brigandage, and much higher on the list of præ-Islamitic poets than that of Ta'abbet-Shurran himself,—the name of Shanfara' the Azdite.

With some insignificant variations, due to the remoteness of the era and the uncertainty inherent in hearsay Arab tradition, the story is as follows :—

One summer Ta'abbet-Shurran, Ebn-Barrak, also a first-class brigand, and from the same tribe of Fahm, and Shanfara' the Azdite, set out all three together on a plundering expedition against the Yemenite or southern tribe of Bajeelah, and drove off some of their cattle. Intelligence of the raid soon spread through the injured clan, and a considerable band of Bajeelah warriors set themselves on the track of the marauders, who, abandoning their booty, fled northwards, till they reached the highlands of Sorat, somewhat east of the Meccan territory, where they hoped to find refuge, and thence to pass on beyond reach into the labyrinthine entrances of Nejd. But their pursuers, aware of their intentions, anticipated them by a short cut; and Ta'abbet-Shurran with his companions were compelled to turn aside into the low grounds behind Ta'if, westwards. It was summer, and no water fit for drinking was to be had for miles around, except in the well-known pool, or rather reservoir, of Waht, a deep hollow, overarched by rocks, and sheltered from the scorching air and sunbeams all the year through. Here

the men of Bajeelah hastened to arrive the first, and here they laid ambush, certain that the brigands, parched with thirst after their long wanderings on the dry stony hills, and unable of course to carry water with them in so precipitate a flight, must necessarily attempt to refresh themselves at Waht; there was no other place. The calculation proved correct; and after nightfall Ta'abbet-Shurran, Ebn-Barrak, and Shanfara', all unsuspecting of the snare, arrived at the water. But while they stood a moment to take breath on the sheeted rock near the pool's edge, Ta'abbet turned short round, and said to his comrades—

“Better dispense with drinking just now; we shall need all our wind for another good run this night.”

“What makes you think that?” they asked.

“Because,” he replied, “there are men here in ambush; I can hear the beating of their hearts vibrating through the rock under my feet.”

“Nonsense,” rejoined the others, whose senses were naturally less acute, or perhaps were dulled by fatigue; “it is only the palpitating of your own heart that you hear.”

“My heart! no, by God!” said Ta'abbet, as he grasped the hands of both his fellows, and pressed them close against his breast; “feel for it; it never palpitated yet, nor is it subject to weaknesses of that kind.” Then he stooped down, and placing his ear against the ground, said, “I hear it distinctly; there are several of them.”

“Be that as it may,” exclaimed Ebn-Barrak, “I for my part am almost dead with thirst, and drink I must; so here goes.” With this he advanced a few

steps along the ledge into the cavern, and then going down on his hands and knees, took a full draught of the water. Meanwhile, the Bajeelah ambuscade, hidden under the hollow rock further within, could, from where they were, distinctly see his form against the glimmer at the cave's mouth, for it was near moonrise; but as he was not the one they had specially set their minds on taking prisoner, they gave no sign of their presence. So when Ebn-Barrak had drunk his fill, he got up and returned to his associates outside, saying, "I have been there, and you may take my word for it, that there is never a man hidden in the cave."

"There are, however, and many, only it is not you but me they want to catch," rejoined Ta'abbet-Shurran.

Next Shanfara' went in and drank, but he also was not the one, and the men of Bajeelah let him come and go quietly; so he too returned uninterfered with to the others. "Now," said Ta'abbet-Shurran to Shanfara', "is my turn to try the cavern; and I know beforehand that the moment I stoop to drink the water-ambuscade will spring out on me and make me prisoner. The instant this happens you must run off, as though you meant to escape altogether; but when you are near that rock," pointing to one at no great distance, "turn aside and hide up under cover of its shadow, and there keep quiet, till you hear me cry, 'Catch him! catch him!' then rush suddenly back and cut my bonds." Next addressing Ebn-Barrak: "As for you, you must make as though you were willing to surrender yourself to them, yet take good care they do not actually get hold of you; keep clear of them, but do not go too far off."

After giving these directions, he entered the gloom of the cavern; and hardly had he stooped and put his lips to the water, than the men of Bajeelah rushed on him from their hiding-place; some grappled him, while others bound him fast with a cord. When they had him safe, they led him out a prisoner into the open air.

Shanfara', as had been already agreed on, started off like a deer, till he hid himself out of sight under the rock; Ebn-Barrak, meantime, also made a feint of escaping, but stopped short at easy distance, where he could be clearly distinguished by the level moonlight down the valley. Then Ta'abbet-Shurran said to his captors, "I will make you a fair offer: will you spare my life and let me go free on ransom, on condition that Ebn-Barrak also shall give himself up as prisoner, and pay you a handsome ransom too?" To this they, nothing suspecting, gave a ready assent. Hereon Ta'abbet-Shurran raised his voice and shouted, "Holloa, you there, Ebn-Barrak! Shanfara' has got off already, and will! this very night be comfortably seated before the night-fires of such and such a tribe; let him go, he is a stranger to us, and may shift for himself; but you and I are blood-relations, and have always held together for better for worse. Will you now prove yourself a friend in need, and give yourself freely up of your own accord to these men on my account, that so we may both be ransomed together?"

Ebn-Barrak at once perceived his ulterior purport, and shouted back—

"Agreed to; but whoever wants to have me must be at the pains of catching me first; and I do not mean to let these fellows make me their prisoner till I have first taught them how easily I could have escaped them had I chosen."

Thus saying, he ran off at full speed towards the mountain, then doubled back, repeating this manœuvre two or three times, as though out of sheer ostentation, while the men of Bajeelah amused themselves looking on. At last they thought he must be tired, and set after him in good earnest, while Ta'abbet-Shurran, like one who enjoyed the sport, called out after them, "Catch him! catch him!"

At the signal, Shanfara' rushed suddenly out of his hiding-place, came up to Ta'abbet-Shurran, and cut his bonds. The two without delay joined Ebn-Barrak; and then the whole band, now

reunited, turned for an instant on the top of the hill, while Ta'abbet-Shurran called out to his bewildered captors—

“My friends of Bajelah, you have no doubt admired Ebn-Barrak's speed of foot, but now, by this heaven, I will show you something to put all else out of mind.”

He turned and fled with the swiftness of the wind ; his comrades followed, and all three had soon escaped into the depths of the desert, this time not to be retaken.

But Shanfara', he who figures in this story, was no mere ordinary or professional robber like Ta'abbet-Shurran and Ebn-Barrak, with whom chance rather than mode of life associated him on the present occasion. Not plunder, but revenge, was the motor principle of Shanfara's life. By birth he was of Yemenite or “Aarab” origin, and belonged to the tribe of Azd ; being thus, according to Eastern genealogists, a direct descendant of Saba,—the Sheba, it would seem, of Jewish records. While yet a child he was captured by the hostile tribe of Shebabah, on the southern frontiers of Nejd, where Manfoohah now stands amid its palm-groves and gardens ; subsequently he was sold by those of Shebabah to the tribe of Benoo-Salaman, Keysite Arabs, hostile from time immemorial to the races of Yemen. The lot of a slave was a very easy one among the pastoral Arabs of that early age ; and hardly, if at all, differed, so far as treatment was concerned, from that of ordinary servants ; while, on the other hand, the general conditions of free life were so hard and rough that, except for the social inferiority attached to the servile designation, slave and freeman were much on a level, and the former might easily lose even the consciousness of his own degraded state, unless purposely and exceptionally reminded of it by a taunt or a blow. This was yet more the case where, as it often happened, a slave, taken young and brought up with the children of the family, would find little or no practical difference day by day between himself and those of his own age around him ; that

is, in an Eastern household, where, as a Hebrew writer has justly remarked, “the heir differeth in nothing from a bondsman,” whatever be his dormant rights and his ultimate prospects. And thus it fell out with little Shanfara', who, purchased by a tribesman of Benoo-Salaman, grew up among his master's children, and for many years never doubted in the least that he was really one of them, till one unlucky day, while playing indoors with a girl, his master's daughter, he requested her to do him some piece of household service, addressing her at the same time by the title of “my little sister.” The answer was a slap on the face, and a flat denial of any relationship whatever. Surprised and offended, the lad however kept his counsel, till his supposed father, who had been at the moment absent in the pastures, returned to the tent, when he at once demanded what was his own true origin and parentage. The man, wholly unaware of what had passed in the meanwhile, told him the facts. Shanfara' replied, “For you, I have been an inmate of your dwelling, and I will not harm you ; but for your tribe, the Benoo-Salaman, by God I will never rest till I have killed a hundred men of them, in requital for the wrong they have done me in detaining me so long among them as a slave ; me, free-born and noble as I am.” That very day he betook himself alone to the desert on the outskirts of the tribe, there to bide his time for the vengeance to which henceforth he devoted his whole mind and soul. For subsistence, he had perforce recourse to plunder, of which he went in quest the most often unaccompanied, more rarely attended by others, as, for instance, we have just seen him associated with Ta'abbet-Shurran and Ebn-Barrak. But whether banded or single, he never lost sight of his sworn purpose upon the Benoo-Salaman. On the tracks that led to their pastures, in the neighbourhood of their encampments, by their wells at which they watered their cattle, he would lie for days and weeks together in patient, venomous wait ; till when

at last some one of the doomed clansmen came in view, he would draw his bow, and, Gudrun-like, exclaiming "At your eye," would send an unerring shaft into the right eye of his victim. Thus he continued to do, year after year, keeping careful record of the slain, till their total amounted to ninety-nine in number, and only one remained to complete the list. But here, so recounts the popular legend, fate interposed.

What follows is savage beyond the wont of præ-Islamitic story, nor can it be read without a mixed feeling of horror and disgust. Yet it should not be omitted, because it presents us with a true picture of the darker side of the Arab character; of that strange ferocity which is indeed ordinarily concealed from view in the later and more civilized history of the nation: yet even there, from space to space breaks out through the outer surface of acquired refinement; like plutonic rock, cropping up through the superimposed tertiary level. Nor, indeed, taking the Arab nature as a whole, could it be otherwise; for the man who has no "devil," or, better said, no "beast," in his composition, is apt to prove on emergency but half a man; and the nation that has no understratum of coarse brutality among its masses, will also—there is experience both positive and negative to show it—seldom bring a hero to light. And with this apology, if apology it can be called, I proceed to the closing scene in Shanfara's career.

Three men—two by name Khazim and Aseed, with a third, a youth and nephew of the latter, all belonging to the Salaman tribe—had pledged themselves to destroy the enemy of their race, and had long dogged his footsteps in vain. But at last they received certain intelligence of his whereabouts, and laid their ambush for him in the narrow rock-cleft gully of Abeedah, not far from Wadee Haneefah, in the very heart of Nejd. It was night, and Shanfara', who wisely thought prevention better than cure, was accustomed, whenever he saw before him on his

roamings the outline of anything that seemed a living creature through the darkness, to let fly an arrow at it, and so make sure. On the present occasion, as he came along all alone down the valley, he did not fail to discern the darker outline that, this time at least, indicated a real danger; so, stopping a moment, he said aloud, "You are something, I think; but what you are I will soon find out," and drew his bow. The dart, surely aimed, rent the arm of Aseed's nephew from the elbow to the shoulder, but the youth neither uttered cry nor stirred. "If you are anything I have settled for you, and if you are nothing I have put my own mind at ease," said Shanfara', and kept forward on his way. But when he was close to the place where Khazim lay flat along upon the ground, right in the path waiting for him, Aseed, who had posted himself at a little distance on one side under the deep shade of the rock that edged the gully, called out, "Khazim, draw." "Oho," said Shanfara', "that looks as though you meant to strike next," and instantly unsheathing his own sword, he aimed a blow at Khazim, and cut off two of his fingers. But Khazim, though wounded, threw his arms round Shanfara's waist, and grappled him, till in the struggle both fell, Khazim undermost, yet still holding fast. Meanwhile the other two came up. It was pitch dark. Aseed caught hold of a foot and called out, "Whose foot is this?" "Mine," at once replied Shanfara', but Khazim yelled out, "No, it is mine," on which Aseed let it go, and this time grasped Shanfara' himself, and kept him down, while the three together managed to bind his hands. He said nothing more, and there the others sat beside him in silence till the morning, when they brought him prisoner to the tents of the tribe; that is, to death. Young and old, all gathered round to see him who had been so long the evil genius of Benoo-Salaman, now helpless in their power. As they led him out to the open ground behind the encampment, one said mockingly, "Now recite us a

poem of yours, Shanfara'." "Poems are for rejoicings," answered Shanfara'. At the place of execution they tied him to a palm-tree, and one of them, exclaiming "At your eye," let fly an arrow at him and blinded him. "Just my way," was all Shanfara' said. Next, they struck off his right hand; he looked at it as it lay quivering on the ground, and said, "Why leave me? 'tis the worse for thee," but neither groaned nor complained. When, however, his executioners, before giving him the third and death blow, asked him, "Where do you wish us to bury you?" in the belief that such a compliance with his last request would serve to avert any revengeful visits from the other world—a common and yet existing Eastern superstition—he answered in verse—

"At your hands a tomb I take not; right or
portion in my burial
Yours is none; but hear and welcome thou,
hyæna of the desert:
Thou my heir; my head they claim it; once
my glory, now their trophy;
But to thee the rest abandoned on the naked
sands, thy portion.
Then no better life awaits me, dark and hope-
less the hereafter,
Endless night to night succeeding; unatoned
my crimes for ever."

Defiant of this world, defiant of the next, such was Shanfara' at all times, and not least so at the moment when that very hidden thing, the real self of a man, is often most revealed. But nowhere is his indomitable self-reliance more savagely expressed than in his famous poem, famous so long as Arab literature shall exist, and known under the title of "*Lameeyat-ul-'Arab*," the completest utterance ever given of a mind defying its age and all around it, and reverting to, or at least idealizing, the absolute individualism of the savage; a poem the spirit of which, tamed down in accordance to our later day, and enfeebled by the atmosphere in which "the individual withers, and the world is more and more," still breathes in "Locksley Hall," and after a mitigated fashion in the "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." To attempt a translation of

this remarkable lyric, remarkable alike in itself and in its author, would too much exceed the limits here allowed to poetical illustration; and isolated passages, if extracted, would not do it justice. It is a monolith, complete in itself; and if ever rendered, though I doubt the possibility, into English verse, must stand alone. Yet so deeply rooted is the wild feeling that gave it origin in every Arab breast, even where law and system might most have been expected to have levelled its native roughness and smoothed away every irregular line, that we find no other a person than the austere legislator and devout Caliph, 'Omar Ebn-el-Khattab, expressly recommending the "*Lameeyat-ul-'Arab*" to the careful study of the youth of his time, as a lesson of genuine manliness for their riper years. It was the manliness of the old Pagan times, which perhaps the shrewd Caliph had already perceived to be endangered by the incipient asceticism of Persianized and Christianized Islam.

It should not pass unremarked that the six verses already quoted belong to the very few of præ-Islamitic date—nor indeed are there over many later on—in which an allusion is made to a future personal existence; a topic about which the early Arabs, like the Jews of the Pentateuch, seem to have troubled themselves but little; though without positively denying such a hope—rather the reverse. It is curious too that whatever other scanty notices of Pagan Arab next-world conjecture have come down to us, do not go beyond a dreamy shadowy continuation of this life, much akin to the Odyssean Hades; Shanfara' alone hints at a retributive hereafter. But however isolated in their significance, criticism leaves no doubt as to the genuineness of the verses; and if the sentiment so moodily expressed in them be indeed peculiar to Shanfara', it only proves that his range of thought was in this respect wider and deeper than that of his contemporaries.

The Azdite had vowed the death of a hundred from among Benoo-Salaman; he accomplished it—so concludes the

legend—but not till after his own. Years had passed, and his dry and fleshless skull lay whitening on the field of doom, when a man of the hated tribe passing by, noticed and kicked the relic, in ungenerous insult to the dead. A splinter of bone entered his foot; the wound festered incurably; and in a few days more the tale of the hundred, and of Shanfara's vengeance, was complete.

To these two, the "Most'areb," or "adscititious" Ta'abbet-Shurran, and the 'Arab, or pure-blood, Shanfara', must be added one belonging to the numerous "Muta'areb," or half-caste Arab class; namely Soleyk, the son of Solakah. His name is more than once coupled with those of two others in the annals of præ-Islamitic brigandage; but his career, though not a whit more creditable, was yet in many respects different from theirs.

By his father's side Soleyk belonged to the great clan, or rather confederation of clans, named Benoo Tameem, the occupants then, as now, of the central provinces 'Aared, Yemamah, Aflaj, Hareek, and their adjoining pastures. His mother Solakah—after whom, either on account of resemblance in duskiness of complexion and African features, or, it may be, owing to the mere assonance of the words, he is generally surnamed "Soleyk Ebn-Solakah," or "the son of Solakah"—was a negress. A remarkable knowledge of topography, and an unerring skill in the right choice of routes, however intricate, procured him further the title of Soleyk-el-Manakib, or "of the tracks." As a poet he stands high on the præ-Islamitic list, though on the whole inferior to Ta'abbet-Shurran, and yet more to Shanfara'; as a robber hero, he ranks as their equal, or even their superior. Nor is the estimation in which Arab annalists and *littérateurs* hold him impaired by his semi-African descent; for intermarriages between Arabs and negroes, especially in the midland and southern districts of the Peninsula, have been at no period rare or abnormal; to such admixtures, indeed, the East owes not a few of her best celebrities: Noseyyeb, the poet,

Ebn-Soreyy, the musician, and 'Antarah, the warrior, are well-known examples, each in his kind.

Soleyk, the son of Solakah, comes nearer to the absolute individual robber-type than either of his fellows in the historical brigand-triumvirate. Ta'abbet-Shurran organized his predatory expeditions on a scale so vast as to raise them almost to the dignity of wars; while Shanfara' had for the ultimate goal of his lawless career revenge, plunder being with him a mere accessory, necessitated by the position of an outlaw. But Soleyk, in whom the savage instincts of Africa seem to have been heightened and intensified, rather than diluted, by the infusion of Arab blood, gives us in his story and adventures an unmitigated portrait of the præ-Islamitic "wild man;" and indicates even more distinctly than Shanfara' himself the peculiar and transition stage of Arab civilization, which rendered brigandage almost an acknowledged institution of that epoch, as in Greece now.

South-east of Mecca, on the high road to Ta'if and Yemen, spreads a wide, open, sandy space, called the plain of 'Okkad; it is within an easy ride from the capital itself. Here, from the earliest ante-historic times, down to the era of Mahomet and the establishment of Islam, a great meeting, representative of the entire Arab nationality, used to be held every year, beginning with the first and ending with the twentieth day of the month that preceded the then Pagan ceremonies of the annual Hejaz pilgrimage. This "gathering" of 'Okkad, as it was called, bore a mixed resemblance to the Amphictyonic Council of old Greece, to the games of Elis, and to a modern Leipsic fair. Like Elis, 'Okkad was the theatre of public and international trials of strength and skill, of horse-races, foot-races, wrestling matches, and the like; but above all of those famous poetical contests to which we owe the seven "Mu'allikat," the most finished productions of the primal Arab muse. Meanwhile the innate commercial spirit of the race, a spirit that has survived the extinction of almost every

other energy in Syria and Arabia, took advantage of the games and their attendant crowd to add the attractions of a yearly mercantile exhibition, in which the choicest produce of every part of the peninsula, as also that of neighbouring and trade-connected countries, was exposed for admiration or sale. But over and above all this, the "gathering," or "fair," of 'Okkad had a more important, because a political and Amphictyonic, or parliamentary, character; and while the multitude betted—as Arabs no less than Englishmen will—on the horse-race, or chaffered over the wares, the chiefs of the entire Arab confederacy, or at least of what part of it was not subject to the Himyaritic sceptre, here met to discuss topics of national interest—war, alliances, treaties; to settle disputes; to regulate the conflicting claims of the social tribes; to impose new laws or abolish old; and the like. Aristocratic, in that it was composed of chiefs and leaders; democratic, in that all who met there were equal among themselves, and moreover separated by no distinction of caste or of inherent prerogative from those they governed; occasionally elective-monarchical, by the common choice of some one chieftain, pre-eminent in wisdom, valour, or influence, to whom all the rest agreed for the time to defer,—it was an institution excellently adapted to the unstable, impatient, yet reflective Arab character; and, had it survived the Islamic crisis, might, and probably would, have ultimately acquired that consistency and executive power which alone were wanting to render it a real Arab Congress. A matter of regret, when we consider how much more likely to be fortunate in its results such an institution would have been than the theomarchical rule substituted by Mahomet and his successors for the confederation sketched out in the Gathering of 'Okkad.

One year, in the midst of the innumerable crowd there collected from every Arab province—chiefs, merchants, athletes, poets, jockeys, buyers, sellers, loungers, and the rest—there suddenly appeared a lean, dusky, half-naked figure;

on foot, dust-soiled, bare-headed, bare-footed, with a waist-cloth alone round its gaunt loins, and a spear in its sinewy hand. It was Soleyk, who, cool and unabashed amid the general astonishment of Arab respectability and fashion, wound in and out among the various groups assembled on the racecourse, calling aloud to each and all, "Who will tell me the haunts of his tribe? and I will tell him the haunts of mine,"—words in technical import of unlimited defiance, and which may thus be rendered: "Anyone here present is free to attack me, and I am free to attack him in turn." All stared and wondered, but no one seemed inclined to take up this extraordinary challenge, till a young chieftain, by name Keys, son of Maksooh, a Yemenite of the Murad clan, confronted the mulatto with "I will tell you the haunts of my tribe, and do you tell me those of yours." A crowd gathered round, and the two challengers mutually pledged their word of honour that neither would in any way disguise the truth from the other. Keys then said, "Set your face between the points of the horizon whence blow the south-east and the south winds; then go on your way till you lose sight of the shadows of the trees,"—meaning, far enough south to have the sun vertical overhead, or nearly so,— "and you will come on torrent beds: cross them, and journey on four more,"—that is, four days,— "till you come in view of a sandy plain; take the mid track that threads it, and you will reach my tribesmen, who are Murad and Kha'them, much at your service."

Soleyk replied: "Take your direction between the rising of Soheyl" (Canopus), "and the left hand of Gemini which reaches up towards the top of the heavens" (indicating north-east by east on the compass), "and follow straight before you; this will lead you to the haunts of my tribe, and their name is Benoo-Sa'ad, of Zeyd Menat."

Herewith the challengers separated, and Soleyk, having obtained his object, disappeared as abruptly as he had come. Keys remained at 'Okkad till the meet-

ing was over, and then returned to his clan, to whom he recounted his strange adventure with the unknown mulatto. But when his father, Maksooh, had heard the story, he exclaimed—

“A plague on you, Keys; are you aware whose challenge it was that you accepted?”

“How should I know?” answered Keys. “It was a half-naked black fellow on foot, who looked more like a waif than anything else. What might he be, then?”

“By heaven, it was no other than Soleyk Ebn-Solakah; and a good day’s work you have done for us all,” replied his father.

Meanwhile Soleyk had betaken himself to his customary haunts in Nejd; and there had got together about him several young fellows of his acquaintance, belonging to the families of Benoo-Sa’ad, and Benoo’Abd-Semee’a, both branches of the restless Tameem stock, the same who now form the kernel of the Wahhabee coalition. Now Soleyk had for some time past been in the habit of laying in a store of empty ostrich egg-shells; these it was his wont from time to time to fill with water, and, after stopping them carefully, to bury them in the sand, one here and another there, in the loneliest tracks that led across the desert to Yemen: and when afterwards he went on his plundering raids in the full heat of summer, he was thus able, by shaping his course according to these hidden reservoirs, of which he alone had the secret, to traverse tracts of country generally believed impassable in that season of the year for want of water. On the present occasion he led his companions by one of these lonely paths. They followed, relying on his guidance; but when they were now far in the desert, and their supply of drink failed them, with no means of renewing it in view, the band turned on Soleyk, saying, “You have brought us out into this wilderness to kill us with thirst.”

Soleyk laughed, and answered cheerily, “Take heart, boys; there is water close at hand.”

Unluckily, so it happened, that when

they came a little further on to the place where he knew that he had formerly hidden a supply, he missed the precise landmarks, and began in great distress to search backwards and forwards in every direction, like one distracted; while some of his associates said to the others: “Whither do you mean to let this negro lead you? By heaven, he will be the death of us all.”

Soleyk heard them, but took no apparent notice, and went on digging in silence, till at last he rediscovered the shells, and the whole party drank their fill. Now, however, that the injustice of the suspicion thrown upon him was clearly shown, he went a little apart, and deliberated with himself whether he should not fall on the mutineers sword in hand and kill them; yet he restrained himself, and returning, merely counselled those who were fearful and discontented to go back, which they did then and there. The lesser number remained firm, and amongst them a young man, Sard by name, who however wept bitterly when he saw his companions disappearing in the distance. Soleyk consoled him with the remark that “none so lucky as those despaired of.” So they went bravely on, till the diminished band reached at last the borders of their furthest goal, the territory of Kha’them. Here they halted awhile on the frontier; but during the night Sard’s camel got loose; and its owner, after vainly trying to recapture it in the darkness, was at first break of dawn descried by some of the villagers about, who, recognizing him at once by his appearance for an interloper from Nejd, laid hands on him and made him prisoner. The alarm-cry was raised, and before the sun was well above the horizon a troop of Kha’themite horsemen, with Keys the son of Maksooh at their head, came out to meet Soleyk. A sharp fight ensued, and the marauders were already beginning to yield to the superior numbers of the “true men,” when Soleyk, singling out Keys, made straight at him, and dealt him a blow which laid him disabled on the ground. This event, Homeric fashion, decided

the day; and the Kha'themites fled, leaving Keys and some other prisoners in the hands of the victors. Soleyk now took as much booty as he could conveniently drive off, exchanged Keys against Sard, let the other captives go free, and returned northwards with such good haste that he overtook those who had abandoned him yet on their way home. Once within the limits of Nejd, Soleyk divided the booty among the few companions who had remained by him staunch to the last, refusing any share in it to the mutineers; and further celebrated the whole affair from first to last in a poem, some verses of which have been preserved in the pages of Abou-Faraj the Ispahanee.

Like others of his kind, Soleyk underwent great vicissitudes of fortune, in which his ingenuity, for which he was not less celebrated than for his courage, had full opportunity of displaying itself. Once, when reduced to the severest straits, he found himself at nightfall alone, supperless and shelterless, on an open plain, where the moon was slowly rising full and bright over pathless sand and stone. Soleyk, unwilling to form too conspicuous a part in a landscape where, as the only moving object, he could not fail to be at once observed by any chance comer, lay down as he was on the ground, and wrapping himself in the coarse dark mantle that forms the entire upper clothing of the poorer Arab, as the long shirt does the whole of his under raiment, was soon fast asleep. About midnight a man passed by, and, noticing the sleeper, stopped; then suddenly throwing himself upon him, pressed him down with all his weight, saying at the same time, "Give yourself up; you are my prisoner."

Soleyk, whose hands were entangled in his cloak, raised his head, and looking his captor in the face, quietly remarked—

"The night is long, and the moon at the full;" a proverbial expression, equivalent to "take your time about it."

The other, provoked at his coolness,

began hitting him with his fist, repeating all the while—

"Give yourself up, wretch! you are my prisoner."

At last Soleyk grew tired of this game, and having managed unperceived to disengage one of his arms from under his cloak, slipped it round the man who was still above him, and, drawing him down, pressed him with so terrible a grip that the would-be aggressor yelled for pain.

"What! yelling, and uppermost!" observed Soleyk; words which have passed among the Arabs for a proverb when one who seems to have the best of it really has the worst.

"Who are you?" he added, after the other had sufficiently felt his iron strength.

"I am one," replied the man, "who was once rich and prosperous, but have now fallen into utter want, till for very shame I have abandoned my tribe, vowing that I would never return among them till I should, somehow and somewhere, have regained my former wealth."

"All right!" answered Soleyk; "do you come along with me."

When morning dawned they went on together, and chanced on a third man, in much the same condition as themselves, and who readily associated with them. Soleyk now took the lead, and all together shaped their way for the "Jowf," or "hollow;" not the Jowf of Northern Arabia, on the confines of Syria, but the large Oasis, low-lying as an oasis always does in tropical deserts, and situated amid the sands of the "Dahna," behind mid-Yemen. It is a region, so Arab travellers inform us, of wonderful fertility, but little visited from without, owing to the encircling sands, and, so far as Europeans are concerned, wholly, I believe, unexplored. After many weary days Soleyk and his companions arrived at their land of promise, and, sheltered from view by a ledge of rock, peeped down into a long green valley, full of sheep and camels grazing securely among unarmed herdsmen: an easy prey, it seemed. But the marauders, who had never visited the

spot before, feared lest some encampment or village might be near, where alarm could be given in time to prevent their own escape with their meditated booty. After some deliberation Soleyk said—

“I will go down alone, and have a talk with the shepherds, while you two remain ensconced here, and keep a sharp look-out. If then I learn that the owners themselves of the cattle are in the neighbourhood, I will turn quietly back, as if nothing were the matter, and rejoin you; should they however happen to be a good way off, I will give you a signal, and do you two then rush down and help me drive off the plunder.”

Accordingly the associates remained crouching in their place, while Soleyk, after rounding some way behind the hill, began sauntering down into the valley from another direction, with an easy, careless air, till he reached the herdsmen, negroes like himself. Sitting down beside them, he engaged them in conversation, till, from question to answer, he found out who were their masters, and that they belonged to a village situated at a considerable distance from the grazing ground. Satisfied on this point, Soleyk stretched himself lazily on the grass, and proposed a song to while away the time. The herdsmen, fond of music as be seemed their colour, approved the idea, and Soleyk, raising his voice so as to be heard by his friends in their hiding-place, thus began :—

“O! the valley,—lone and peaceful; not a soul amid the rocks.”

But the maids that milk the cattle, and the slaves that guard the flocks!

Come and see them, nearer yet; 'tis a pleasant sight to view;

Or we'll rove amid the pastures by the morning breeze and dew.”

There was no mistaking the hint; out rushed the bandits, off ran the shepherds, while Soleyk and his accomplices drove off cattle enough to enrich them all three, and were far away from pursuit long before the owners could come to the rescue.

On another occasion, however, Soleyk had nearly come to grief. While prowling
No. 153.—VOL. XXVI.

ing about the grazing-grounds of the 'Awara tribe, on the frontiers of Nejd, he was observed and surrounded in such a manner that to fight or to fly seemed alike impossible. Hereon he made straight for the tents of the tribe itself, and, reaching them, entered the nearest at a venture; within he found no one but a young girl, Fakiyah by name, whom he besought to protect him from the fury of her own clanspeople. Without hesitation she cast the skirt of her long garment—the trailing robe worn by Arab women up to the present day, and which the fiction of Mahometan tradition affirms to have been introduced by Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, when cast out by Abraham—over him; caught down a sword from where it hung on the tent-pole, unsheathed it, and thus stood waiting the pursuers, who soon crowded in. Enraged at finding themselves balked of their certain prey, they began by reviling the girl; and, when she took no heed of words, prepared to drag away her suppliant by force. But Fakiyah, nothing daunted, tore off her veil and cast it on the ground, while bare-headed and sword in hand she loudly called on her own brothers for help. At her cry they came, and, putting every other consideration aside, took their sister's part so effectually, that Soleyk got away unharmed, and, in grateful acknowledgment, afterwards presented Fakiyah with the following verses :—

“Be thy fame far-spread as thy deservings,
Trustiest friend, fair daughter of 'Awara!
In their child her parents well may glory,
In their sister's honour vaunt her brothers.
Perfect as her mind each outward feature,
Perfect beauty linked to perfect virtue.
Not the free, the flaunting, wins affection,
But the chaste, the bashful, leads me captive;
She the fearless, when her pledge redeeming
Sword in hand, unveiled, she faced the danger.”

Outlaws, and in many respects savages as these men undoubtedly were, they yet contrast favourably with the average robbers and brigands of mediæval and later times; not least so in the care they took to maintain fresh the intellectual and poetical element in

their own nature, as though seeking by it to colour or gild actions else unseemly, and to avoid the commonplace vulgarity of mere prosaic crime. Nor were they—the pressure of imminent danger or special motives of revenge, such as animated Shanfara' for instance, apart—cruel or bloodthirsty; on the contrary, they seem to have derived from the old Mephistophelian doctrine, often sung in Arab verse, that “blood is quite a peculiar sort of juice,” the very anti-Mephistophelian conclusion, that therefore it should not be needlessly shed. If to the Rob Roy of Walter Scott—not the Rob Roy of history—were added the poetical faculty and imaginative range of a Skald or a Minnesinger, the mountain borders of Scotland would, in fiction at least, have had their Ta'abbet-Shurrans and Soleyks no less than the debateable lands of Nejd and Yemen. Meanwhile, it is evident that men of this ‘stamp could take their rise only among a people of excessive, though as yet unorganized, energy; and that such sparks could only be thrown out from a mighty and glowing volcano, not far off some general eruption. Soleyk was earlier, but the era of Ta'abbet-Shurran preceded that of Mahomet by scarce a century.

However, for all their better qualities the ban of the “bloody and deceitful” was on them. Shanfara's end we have

already seen; and Ta'abbet-Shurran and Soleyk, both of them, closed their wild and restless lives by a violent death: the former being killed while on a raid against his old enemies of Hodeyl, within the confines of Jebel Aseer, where he was buried in a cave that tradition yet points out at the present day; the latter met his fate far away in the depths of Yemen. It was long before the particulars of the precise how and where of his death reached Nejd; and during this interval Soleyk's epitaph was composed by his negress mother, Solakah, from whom it would seem that her son inherited his poetical talent. It is a wail not unbefitting such a life and such an end:—

“Far he wandered; but when farthest
Fated death o'ertook the wanderer.
O my loved one! would thy mother
But could know how died her offspring!
Was it sickness lone and dreary,
None to aid thee, none to comfort?
Was it guile of hidden foeman?
Was it that, the unknown shadow
That outspeeds the bird of passage?—
Man is ever death-attended,
Ambushed death, and we the victims.
Yet adorned with all that honours,
Satiated of success he found thee.
Answerest not?—how wide the sev'rance
That forbids my call thy answer.
Still, one hour, my heart;—it stills not.
How console me? Drear the silence,
Drear the path whence no returning.
Would for thine, my son, my hero,
Were thy mother's death the ransom!”

THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT.

CHAPTER III.

RECREATION.

THIS is a subject which may seem somewhat foreign to that of government; and indeed any direct action of Government upon recreation would be, in the highest degree, absurd and ineffective. We all know what the attempt of James the First, with his "Book of Sports," led to; and there could not be a surer method of provoking people to Puritanism than for any Government to attempt to direct what the people should do in their leisure moments.

But still it cannot be otherwise than a subject of grave import to every Government, wisely to encourage, or even, when possible, to provide for, judicious recreation. It cannot be unimportant for a Government to consider how one-third of the time of the people it governs is spent, or may be spent; and, according to my notion, it is the duty of a Government to provide the principal facilities for recreation.

The principal facility is space. Herein the circumstances differ very much in ancient and in modern times. In ancient times there was free space round about, or not far from, every spot in which population was connected together. In modern times, this first necessity has become a matter of great difficulty to provide. There is not anything which a Government, having to govern a population concentrating itself into great masses, should be more watchful to obtain, than open spaces in connection with those centres of dense population. Here is an instance in which foresight in Government would be most useful, and would meet with, or at least deserve, the gratitude of every succeeding generation. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that large towns are invading the

country which surrounds them, in a manner which must be anything but conducive to the comfort and recreation of the inhabitants. There is scarcely any money better expended by Government, than that which is spent in preventing this evil.

One difficulty, which immediately occurs in making provision for these open spaces, is that the necessity for them and the claim that would be made for them, if people were wise enough to perceive that necessity, are not confined to any particular centre of population. The want is almost universal. The Government, however, can only act occasionally in this matter, and will always be liable to the accusation of favouritism, when it does so act. It will be said, for instance, to favour the Metropolis, if it especially devotes itself to ensuring open spaces for the chief centre of population. The fear of this accusation must be resisted, and at the same time care should be taken to avoid such a course of action as would render the accusation just. In matters not of a very dissimilar kind, a mode has been found of encouraging some good work of a local character, without incurring the reproach of favouritism—namely, by giving a sum from the Imperial Exchequer bearing some proportion to the amount of funds provided locally for the purpose in question.

To provide such funds on the part of an Imperial Government, would be a better mode of benefiting future generations than a reduction of the National Debt. If people are to live in comfort, and to have the first means of recreation at a future period in the existence of great towns, they will have to encounter far greater expenditure than that which they would be spared by any reduction of the National Debt which, by our savings, is likely to be

effected. The foregoing is the principal object which almost all Governments, and especially our own, must keep in view when it takes into consideration the recreation of the people.

Another object, which Government should have in view, is, so to regulate its Licensing System as to restrain, if not to prevent, the adulteration of the liquor which will be drunk by the people, while at the same time it must not, in a frivolous and vexatious manner, hinder its subjects from procuring refreshments of any kind, at any reasonable time, and at any fitting place.

There is another mode in which Government may indirectly favour and further one of the best and safest means of recreation. This is by making music one of the subjects for education in all Elementary Schools. It is almost impossible to overrate the effect upon the manners, the morals, and the enjoyments of the people, which may be produced by the encouragement of an art which especially lends itself to the best kind of social recreation.

The great object in recreation is, that it should occupy time, and that it should be social. The recreation which is mainly chosen by the male part of the poorer classes, combines almost every possible disadvantage, as it is found mainly in the gin-palace. It is taken quickly: it is taken unsocially: it is for the most part taken unwholesomely. That the existence of an entirely opposite state of things is not beyond the bounds of possibility, may be seen in many continental towns; where, in gardens not remote from these towns, there is music of an excellent kind, and where the townspeople may be seen, from the highest to the lowest, enjoying with their families the delights of music and of dancing; the time thus spent occupying a large portion of that leisure which is so dangerous when no means are provided for employing it. How different a state of things is that in which the British labouring man seeks a few brief moments of excitement, or forgetfulness, by repeated visits to some gaudy building, wherein provocatives

to thirst are largely intermingled with the liquors that should assuage that very thirst.

I need hardly add, that, on all occasions where there is anything of a festive character in which Government has a hand, it would be desirable to extend the means of partaking that festivity to the largest concourse of people that can be provided for.

Here I venture to make a suggestion which may at first appear to be unfairly included in a work upon Government, using the word Government in the ordinary sense. I have, however, the right to extend that sense, as in the former part of my work I was careful not to limit that word to its ordinary signification. By Government I did not mean only the twelve or thirteen over-worked persons who form the Cabinet, and whose chief occupation is to bring in Bills, which at first are as trim and neat as a regiment upon parade, but which, when developed into Acts, present the appearance of the same regiment after a battle—much diminished in number, and with many of the survivors wounded, wayworn, and largely bespattered with mud. In a free State the really governing people are very numerous. As regards, however, the suggestion I am about to make, I mean to allude to those only who are the possessors of land, and who have the means to sustain that position adequately.

Many of these persons are undoubtedly doing what they can to raise those who are dependent upon them into a higher and better sphere of being. The suggestion I would make is, that these governing persons should also provide for the recreation of the poorer classes around them; and there is one way of effecting this good object, which in my opinion would be found to have the best results. I would have them erect in, or near, the village or the town which is contiguous to, or central in, their estates, a building suitable for purposes of recreation. According to my fancy it should be a square, or oblong, like the Cloth Hall in Leeds in miniature, or like the cloisters attached to some cathedral,

having an open space in the centre, and covered shedding round it. This construction might be ever so roughly made, or rather might be made according to the means of the landholder. It would be well if over the whole, or any part of it, an awning could be stretched. As for an open green, you might as well, during many months of the year in our fickle climate, have a pond. At this very time that I am writing, at the end of the joyous month of May, there have been about three days in the month during which people could recreate themselves in the open air. Jean Paul is not far wrong when, in reference to certain parts of the globe, he says that mankind are after all but "water-insects" (*Wasser-insecten*).

This proposal may seem to indicate a matter of but small advantage. But in reality the benefits to be gained from it are positively immense. Such a building as I have imagined would prove the best rival and most potent enemy to the public-house or the gin-palace. It is very seldom that you can correct a positive by a negative. You must introduce a new positive to meet the old one if it is mischievous. Forbidding is of little effect, when compared with bidding to something else. A very remarkable example of what I mean has been given of late years by the result of Mr. Phelps's management of Sadlers' Wells. That theatre, in which the acting of Shakespeare was revived, has, I am told, proved very inimical to the public-houses in its vicinity; and has, in a quiet way, been the means of suppressing drunkenness in that neighbourhood.

But this is not all. Innocent amusements bring with them inevitably much cultivation. In such a building as I have imagined, the village or town musicians would find a field for their exertions. The young people would see one another, not in the slinking way in which they do now in many rustic places, but openly under the eyes of their elders. At the dances that would take place in this building, good manners would infallibly be cultivated, and good dress, which is not a matter of slight importance, for I am told by those who

have examined this subject carefully that it is almost an invariable fact that in factories and workshops the best-dressed girls—by which, of course, I do not mean the finest-dressed girls—are those whose conduct in all respects is also the best.

Moreover, the women, young and old, of the district would have something to look forward to, and at present their life is, for the most part, a very down-trodden one. I need hardly mention that, for all athletic sports, this building—or, as I would rather call it, this enclosure—would be most serviceable. It is acknowledged that for the State, especially for such a State as that of Great Britain, in which there is so much employment necessarily of an unhealthy character, these athletic sports are very needful. I have, however, a reason of my own for valuing them very much, and that is that they give an opportunity for excelling in something to youths who have not the other gifts in which excellence is recognized. And nothing so much raises a youth's self-respect, from which good conduct naturally flows, as its being acknowledged and proved that he can do any one thing very well.

Lastly,—and this is a great point,—we are bringing education home to all the people. The next generation will, undoubtedly, be much better educated than the present one. They will assuredly desire to show forth the fruits of that education. If you wish to localize cultivation, you must furnish local means for so doing; and though it may not appear a very direct or obvious way, a sure way of providing it may be found through recreation. Those who can sing well, or dance well, or talk well, or play music well, or draw well, will find opportunities for displaying their acquirements in recreation, and will not be so much disposed to hurry away into the vortex of the great centres of population, which are already far too much overcrowded.

If life is ever to be made comely and beautiful, it will be by bringing some of the arts and refinements (which at present are carried to a great height in the centres of population) to the more

remote parts of the country, so that civilization may be spread more equally all over the world.

My readers may smile at the large conclusions which have been brought out, in commenting upon the advantages to be derived from the innocent little constructions which I have imagined to be built upon many great estates. But we must have a beginning in all things; and it would probably astonish any persons, who may be inclined to adopt the proposed experiment, to see how many good results, which I have failed to indicate, would proceed from its adoption.

One thing must always be remembered with respect to recreation; namely, that regularly recurrent pleasures are those which effectively recreate. It is a very good thing, no doubt, to have occasional whole holidays, and the British people are very much obliged to Sir John Lubbock for the recent Act which bears his name, and for which we are entirely indebted to him. But whole holidays will not do that which I think governing persons may well consider to be an object for their care;—that is, to provide the means whereby the labouring population may have constantly recurring opportunities for the development both of body and mind.

The physical condition of the people should surely be a very important concern to the governing persons of all kinds. I never wish to depreciate the powers and influence of individual men; and, therefore, I readily admit that on many of the greatest occasions, even in what appear to be the crises of a nation's fate, individual generalship, or statesmanship, may turn the scale to victory, or at least to safety. But, even in the absence of such generalship or statesmanship, I believe that that nation will ultimately hold its own in the world, and not be down-trodden, even by signal defeat, if its population is able to lift an amount of weight through a given space, equal to that which can be lifted by a like number of the population of any neighbouring State—supposing, of course, that the nations in question are of anything like equal

magnitude. In a word, to put it less mathematically, that people will hold its own whose muscular force is not inferior to that of its neighbours. No nation, I believe, will continue to be great, in which there is a large and constant decrease of that muscular force. It may be thought that this is a very material way of looking at things, but we live in a very material world, and must think and act accordingly.

Even Christendom has not yet attained to that spiritual condition wherein the bodily strength or weakness of the citizens of a State is unimportant to that State. For the future historian,—and a far-off future I fear it may be, if he is to make his observations from a different standpoint to that which we occupy,—it will be a most remarkable fact to comment upon, how little effect the Principles of Christianity have had upon the conduct of Christian States to one another. There may be thousands and tens of thousands of good Christians among the denizens of any country; but the State, though it may arrogate to itself religious fidelity of the highest kind, and claim for its Sovereign the titles of Most Christian King, or Defender of the Faith, remains essentially Pagan, if its religion is to be divined from its conduct to other States. It has, in general, no hesitation to be the first in carrying war into a neighbouring country, upon the most ridiculous and frivolous pretexts; and, whichever State wins the day, such use is mostly made of victory as to ensure a longing for revenge in the conquered country, and a perfect certainty of future retaliation.

It is a strange, but a marked illustration of this fact, that a writer like myself, who abominates war, and who holds it to be one of the most stupid as well as one of the most wicked things in the world, must yet, in pleading for recreation, urge, as one of the main reasons why it should occupy the attention of Government and governing persons, that it tends to keep up athletic power in the people, and so to make us fully capable of sustaining an invasion, or of undertaking, probably on behalf of allies or colonists, a foreign war.

CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN the meantime, so exciting an event had come to disturb the monotony of the sick room and engage the attention of the household, that no one, except Janet, had had time to give a thought to Christina, or disturb themselves at her long-continued absence. Mrs. Oswestry had undertaken to break her sister's arrival to the old man; and then, taking his gloomy silence for assent, she had divulged her presence in the house, and asked that she might bring her to him.

It was a strange scene in the shaded room—the old man lying flushed and eager upon his bed; Mrs. Oswestry in her long black dress, outwardly quiet and composed, as she stood a little behind him, yet with the look of anxiety which made lines upon her usually serene forehead; and then the opening door and the little bright-faced woman, with the tears in her brown eyes and the tremble in her voice, who came forward with eager timidity, doubtful of her reception, and yet longing to be forgiven:—so like to the little Lotty he had lost sixteen years ago, and yet so different.

There was a pause, and then he held out his shaking hands to her.

"I did it for the best, Lotty," he said, with an effort; "God knows I did it for the best. It was a terrible blow to me, and I could not forget it. You're come at last only to see me die; but it comforts me to see you."

And then the little trembling, impulsive woman burst into tears; and Mrs. Oswestry, knowing that now there would be nothing more for her to say or do, had left them alone together.

It had been an anxious day; she and her sister-in-law sat in the oak parlour, more drawn together than they had ever been before, in their mutual anxiety, and even now fearing the effect of the agitation upon the old man's enfeebled frame.

"I am sure I feel it as much as if she were my own sister," said Mrs. North; "it is trying for her, poor thing, after so long a time. He was gentler than I had thought he would be."

"He is softened by his illness," said Mrs. Oswestry; and then they talked on of the change in Lotty and of what she had been as a girl, and waited for her to come down to them, and forgot Christina.

Mr. Warde came in presently to ask if Mr. North would like to see him, and by that time Madame Ricardo had come downstairs. Her father had grown restless, she said; and Janet, who was a less exciting nurse, had gone to get him his soup; and presently she would go to him again.

"Where is Christina?" asked Mr. Warde, suddenly.

It was an ordinary question enough; the only wonder was that no one had thought of asking it before; and yet for some reason or other it startled them.

"Christina! Oh, she is somewhere!" said her mother, nervously; "she cannot have gone far; she was walking this afternoon."

"But surely not so late as this?" said Mr. Warde.

"You will forgive me for not asking about her before?" said Madame Ricardo, fearing that she had shown an unkind oblivion of her niece; "but,

you know, in the hurry of the moment, and my dear father——”

“Yes, yes ; Mary understands,” said Mrs. Oswestry, with involuntary un-called-for impatience, “only one cannot help wondering a little ; of course she cannot have gone far ; but still, she has been very unhappy of late, and naturally——”

And at this point Janet made her appearance at the door, with a manner so hasty and abrupt, and unlike to her usual grim servant-like demeanour, that they stopped speaking, and turned at once to her.

“Miss Christina is come in, ma’am,” she cried breathlessly. “Would you please to come and see her? she is lying in the kitchen, and the Lord only knows what’s come over her.”

They rose simultaneously, and made a little procession after her along the passage, eager and excited, yet not knowing what they feared, until they followed her into the kitchen, and stood still at the sight of Christina.

She was lying on the floor, with one arm twisted round the chair and her head resting upon it. She was just as she was when she came in, still in her damp clothes, but her hat was pushed off and her hair tossed about her, loosened and in disorder. Her large dark eyes had an unconscious look, and her cheeks were flushed.

“She was asleep when I came in,” said Janet. But they were looking at Christina, and no one answered her. In the silence, Mrs. Oswestry went nearer, and bent down towards her.

“Will you come with me, Christina?” she said, gently ; “you are tired. Will you come to bed?”

“No, no, not with you ;—no, I can’t come.”

What was there in the sweet plaintive voice which sent a shudder through the room?

“The great lights coming—coming through the darkness!” said Christina, gazing intently into the distance—“coming so fast, nearer and nearer ; they are coming now ; they hurt my eyes,” she said, and then she put

up her hands and pressed her slender fingers over her eyes. They stood silent in their awe. The clergyman, who was in a way used to it, who had seen so many painful things in his life, yet could not at this moment have commanded his voice to speak ; even Mrs. Oswestry turned pale. The stranger, who did not know what it meant, shrank back nervously, and the mother burst into frightened tears.

“They are coming still,” cried Christina, shuddering, “so fast, so near,—they are burning.”

Mrs. Oswestry knelt down and put her arm round her.

“Look, Christina,” she said, “here are no lights. Open your eyes and see. You are tired and ill, or you would not see them.”

Christina opened her eyes with mechanical obedience, and gazed at her aunt, but with no gleam of recognition.

“I am not ill—not tired,” she said, with the soft low laugh of delirium. After that she said no more, but subsided into languor and unconsciousness ; and they lifted her, and carried her to her room.

The subdued gloom of sickness settled upon the White House. People went and came, noiselessly, with anxious faces, and spoke together in whispers. The old man was fading gradually away, and Christina lay day after day upon her little white bed ; her eyes bright with fever, with no look of recognition for anyone ; talking at intervals in her wanderings, in a sweet, low voice, of other days, of the summer and death and heaven, blending together in her unconsciousness the things which make up the mystery, sadness, and sweetness of our life. Her Aunt Margaret rarely left her ; for Mrs. North was unequal to much nursing, and her father had his other daughter to attend upon him. Lotty had always been his favourite, although she had disappointed him, and now she was more to him than the others. He asked often for Christina, but he was satisfied when they told him she was not dangerously ill, only too ill to come to him. He was

so near to death himself that his comprehension was limited to a vague sense of the coming change, and to a perception of the things he saw and heard. The doctor said he might pass away any day or week, or, again, he might linger on for months; but if he had any arrangements to be made, they should be made at once. It was then that they first thought of sending for Bernard. His grandfather had been in a sort of way proud of him, and then he was his only near male relation. The same letter which told Bernard of Christina's illness brought him the summons to his grandfather's death-bed.

He was sitting in the great office room of Messrs. Bartlett at his desk, among the other clerks, when his letter was handed to him. They long remembered the look upon his face as he read it and crushed it in his hands. He staggered to his feet, and went out into the air. When they heard that he had gone home because his grandfather was dying, they wondered amongst themselves.

"Who would have thought it would have been such a shock to him," they said; "a grandfather is not like one's father, and he must have been an old man."

They could not know that it was not until Bernard had thrown himself into the train, and taken out his letter again, that he remembered to reproach himself for the secondary place which his grandfather had taken in his thoughts. He was fond of his grandfather, who had been associated with his boyhood and his home, and had that tender unreasonable hold upon his heart which belongs to a long familiar presence; yet his natural grief had for the time been pushed out of its place by the blow he had received. Christina, lying in unconsciousness—lying between life and death! It was cruel; it was a mistake; it was impossible. And then he thought of her misery, as he had often thought of it before, knowing what it was that had done it.

"The cursed scoundrel!" he said to himself, setting his teeth and clenching his hands.

They had not led him to fear any immediate danger to his grandfather; and when he drove up to the door of the White House and saw the blinds drawn, it never occurred to him that, after all, he might have come too late; he had thought that he would be able at least to say some word of gratitude, and receive the old man's blessing; it was only when his mother met him in the hall that he read the truth in her eyes.

"It was very peaceful and quiet; at ten o'clock this morning," she said, drawing him into the study; "we had not thought it would have been so soon; but it was sudden at the last."

"I wish that I had been here. I wished to see him again," said Bernard, with tears in his eyes.

"My dear boy, you could have done no good. He remembered you: he named you just before the end: he said, 'God bless you, Margaret, and your boy.'"

"And Christina?"

Mrs. Oswestry's heart was yearning over her boy; it was three months since she had seen him, and he was all that she had in the world; now, at the moment of her trouble, when she was worn by watching and perturbed and sad, her heart was aching for a caress and a loving word, and it was hard to feel that she was forgotten in the feverish anxiety with which he put his question. It was hard; yet even now there was nothing but pity and love in her voice.

"There is little change," she said; "but they think that the fever is less. She knows no one, but she does not wander in her talk as she did at first. For the last twenty-four hours she has not spoken. They think it is a better sign. My son," she said, with serious tenderness, pressing his hands in hers, "God has willed that you should suffer."

"Forgive me, mother," he said, with sudden relenting and self-reproach.

Mrs. Oswestry asked no questions and made no answer, but they sat in that silence of unspoken sympathy to which words can add nothing.

He felt guilty towards her, knowing in himself that she could not be to him what he was to her. With Bernard it had not been a sudden revelation; the spell had been upon him since the time when Christina was a little, slender, upright girl, with thick waves of brown hair hanging down below her waist; but it was the first time that Mrs. Oswestry had seen its power so clearly; and though she understood it, and recognized the inevitableness of the change, her heart ached over the sense of something gone from her.

They all stayed on together at the White House. Mrs. North begged that she might not be left alone, and the sisters did not like to be separated. Bernard also could not be spared. He undertook all the arrangements for the funeral: he sat with his mother when she was not with Christina; and whilst she was in the sick-room he would wander aimlessly about, not able to tear himself from the place, yet unable to occupy himself in any way. Sometimes he brought out his drawings, but the lines were unsatisfactory, and his faculty of composition had deserted him. Madame Ricardo was the only person who maintained any cheerfulness. Her father's death had shocked and distressed her, but it was now a week since it had taken place; the funeral was over, and her volatile nature could not long remain seriously impressed. It was sad that Christina should be so ill; but she felt sure that she would be better soon. "Girls at that age suffer very much, but they get over it and marry other young men after all," as she said to Bernard with cheerful confidence. Even the sweet-tempered Bernard turned away angrily; he told his mother that it was desecration for her to take Christina's name upon her lips: which was ungrateful of him, for his aunt had taken a fancy to his manly manners and his handsome looks, and would have been glad to have made friends with him. Perhaps her words angered him the more in that they were the coarse and uncalled-for expression of a thought which had

for one moment flashed across him when he heard that the engagement with Captain Cleasby was broken off,—a sudden thought, which had brought the blood in a rush of shame and pain and recollection to his face, and which yet had set his heart beating with a hope and a longing. It was forgotten now; forgotten in that anxious, feverish watching whilst Christina lay in her unconsciousness, on the borders of life and death. The two were striving together in that solemn stillness of unconsciousness—striving in a desperate struggle. But she was young; even now the vital power was strong within her, and she did not die. She was called back to life; back to the springs which must awaken hopes in other hearts; back to the summers with their pomps and splendours and their blaze of cruel sunshine; back to the reddening, yellowing leaves of autumn; back to the chill darkness of winter; back to the empty world. She had stretched out her hands to the great Deliverer: the Angel of Death had stood within the room; her feet had touched the cold waters, and then something had drawn her back into the jar and tumult and memories of earth. Her time was not come; she must wait before she could enter into her rest. Was it perhaps that she had not earned it? Was it that her life must have a purer ring and a more perfect harmony before it could make music with other lives around the heavenly throne? or was it that a poor young heart was breaking at the thought that she was passing from his sight, and God had pity, and would not send out His angel as yet to bring her home?

Slowly, as the days succeeded one another, Christina gathered strength. Slowly the consciousness of the present was re-awakened. Her eyes ceased to wander, and rested with a look of recognition upon familiar objects. She was as yet quite passive; she made no effort to speak; she did not answer when they spoke to her; but she watched the gleams of sunlight which crept into the darkened room. She

knew that her mother was standing by her bed; she heard the sounds of stirring life in the early morning, and at night she shut her eyes from the flickering firelight and wearily slept again.

Then there came a day when, in answer to the usual question "Are you better?" she could smile and faintly answer, "Yes." It was the first conscious word which she had uttered; her mother started as at a voice from the grave, and would have betrayed her agitation but for Mrs. Oswestry's warning hand upon her arm.

"That is right, my dear," she said in her unruffled tones; "now you can sleep;" and Christina, too languid to say more, shut her eyes, though not to sleep. They did not think it strange at the moment; but as time passed on, and she took food and medicine without comment or inquiry, and let the little events of the day—the gifts of fruit or flowers the neighbours sent her, her aunt's presence, and the doctor's visit—all pass unnoticed, even Madame Ricardo began to feel uneasy.

They thought that it was weakness of body and deadness of mind; they did not know that it was a sickening dread of anything that might awaken recollections, which made her so passive and gave her such a shrinking from exertion. She had known long before this (long at least it seemed to her) the bitterness of the first awakening to the knowledge that the love in which she had trusted was slipping from her; she had seen the death of hope, and suffered the anguish of parting; she had faced it, and borne it with her eyes open: but now she was to feel the dead-weight of a living sorrow, into which she dared not look. She knew that she had suffered; she knew that she had been near to death; but as yet she had not looked back upon the cause. For the present the past was sealed to her. She knew that she had had a past; she was slowly passing out from a dreadful dream; her physical force was exhausted; her mental energies were weak; she had only sufficient strength to remember that she must, if possible, forget. There was a

chamber in her mind crowded with memories whose threshold she dared not pass; there was a name she must not breathe and an image she must not recall. She felt vaguely that she was safer in darkness and solitude.

The familiar faces, the necessary questions and replies, yes, even the sunshine and the blowing winds and all the sights and sounds of earth, would come to her burdened with the memory of the past; that which she dared not remember could not be altogether forgotten. No, not even though she lay in darkness and silence shutting it out; for, nevertheless, as her strength increased, gradually gleams of light found their way into that dark chamber of her heart.

"We must accustom her by degrees to more exertion;" so Dr. Evans said: "has she any friend who could come to her? She might begin to sit up a little to-morrow. At any rate you might draw the curtains and let her see a little more of the world."

Hitherto, in their dread of exciting her brain, they had kept the room almost as dark by day as it was by night. That evening they drew aside the window curtain, so that when Christina awoke she should see out on to the heath, and the bare trees stretching their leafless branches against the sky, and the hill rising in the distance.

Christina was alone when she awoke. They had been sitting up with her during the first part of the night; but she had slept quietly and they had not been afraid to leave her. It was still early morning when she opened her eyes to the sight once so familiar and now so strangely unaccustomed. A pale rosy light shone through the window and slowly spread itself over the wall before her. Christina turned from it, and a sick, faint feeling came over her. Was this the dawn that she had so often watched, standing bareheaded on the heath, with the morning air blowing about her; which had made her heart beat with its promise of happiness and shone to her through happy tears? Oh that the sun might not shine, that the light might not kill her with its revela-

tions and remembrances ! Yet this day must dawn, like so many other weary despairing days, in brightness and grace, sending floods of sunshine over the dreary heath, filling the world with light and glory. Perhaps among all the pangs which strike from without upon hearts wrung by human sorrow, there is none which strikes so keenly as the desolation and the beauty of a dawning day. Christina could no longer hope to remain unconscious. Recollections must return ; they could no longer be driven away by physical weakness ; they must be encountered in the strength of that heavenly grace for which she in her weakness had striven. She had been tossed upon a tempestuous sea : the harbour lights were shining far in the distance : darkness was around her : and she was sinking : but as in her despair she let go the helm and clasped her hands to pray, dimly she could discern the Spirit of God moving upon the waters.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHRISTMAS came and went, with its bells and its holly and its merriment ; but the White House had nothing to do with these things. Christina was so much better that Mrs. Oswestry had gone back to the homestead, taking Bernard with her ; they thought that Christina would soon be able to leave her room, and then the fewer people there were in the house the better. She had as yet not seen Bernard, and for the present they feared to bring anyone to her who could remind her of old times. Her Aunt Lotty was a new element, and she was her best companion, with her chatter and her kindness, which was not sympathy ; she knew nothing except the bare outline of Christina's history, and she could be cheerful in her persuasion that the poor child only wanted a little diversion, and time and change of scene, to get over her morbid fancies.

"You shall come home with me, Christina," she said to her ; "this England is a dismal place in winter. You

shall come to feel what sunshine is. It is no use to say No, because I will not be denied. If your mother will not come, we will leave her behind. I will wait patiently till you are a little stronger, and then you shall come and see Italy and my little Berto."

Christina shook her head gently, but made no reply. It did not matter to her ; she had no desire to go, no strength to resist anything ; but she felt vaguely that Italy was a long way off, too far for her to reach it.

"You need not shake your head, Christina," said her aunt ; "I am not asking you to go this minute. You are getting stronger every day, and to-morrow you are to go downstairs."

So, gradually, Christina came back to the trivial monotony of every-day life ; the silence and solitude which had wrapped her round was over. There might be solitude and emptiness in her heart ; but people came and went around her now that the old man was dead more often than they had done before, and she must learn to smile in answer to their words, and try to be grateful for returning strength, and hide the aching and the desolation as best she might.

"Bernard is at home," her mother said to her one day ; "he would have come to see you before, only we thought it might excite you ; but now that you are so much better——"

"I hope that he will come," said Christina, with a faint flush upon her face. An impassable, immeasurable gulf lay between the present moment and the time when she had seen him last : she seemed to have died and to have entered upon a new existence which had nothing to do with the passion and the joys and the emotions of life : these things were already in the far distance : they would live for ever ; but she would not recall them ; they were laid to rest like a forgiven sin.

Bernard came to her with a tumult in his heart : striding over the heath with a soft wind blowing against his face. It was one of those mild January days which, even in the midst of winter, come to us with a far-off promise of

spring. The snow had melted, and left the hillside green; the little streams were flowing once more; the fleecy clouds chased one another against a pale blue sky: there was a peaceful sweetness in the very air. They had told him that she was better, and he hoped he hardly knew what. Was not all that had passed a horrible dream? Was it not possible that it should be forgotten? Only last spring and Christina had, as he thought, been his. Could not this spring, as it awakened her to life and strength, bring back to her the time when she had known of no other hopes but those she could share with him. He did not put it into words; but Christina restored to life meant the Christina of old times whose presence and whose love had been everything to him.

She was lying on a low couch by the open window. A glass with some spring flowers stood upon a little table near, and an open book beside it. The wind was blowing gently over her head. Her thin white hands were lying passive against the black background of her mourning dress. There was a faint colour in her cheeks; there was no look of pain upon her forehead; when she saw him a smile awoke upon her mouth. But,—oh! why had they not told him? He knelt down beside her and met her eyes;—deep, sorrowful, unimpassioned eyes, which had seen a great agony and had seen it conquered. Hopes and longings died within him; his mouth quivered and his face turned white.

“Bernard,” she said, and stretched out one of her hands to him,—and the sight of his misery, even although it still seemed far off to her, brought the tears into her eyes,—“you must not look at me like that. I am much better, but they should have told you that I still look a little ghost-like.”

“You must be better,” he said, hoarsely.

“Must I? Well, yes, I think so. I have been brought back to life.” It was not the triumph of returning strength; it was not a spontaneous expression of gratitude; it was but the indifferent statement of a fact, or rather the calm acquiescence of resignation.

“I believe that I am content, Bernard,” she said; “I have tried to be content.” Then he felt how impossible it was that she should ever be anything more.

“Christina,” he said, “I had not thought—I had not known. Must it never be different? can nothing bring back your life to you? It is not life only to exist: some people’s lives, I know, are made up of suffering and sorrow; but God did not mean it, He could not have meant it to be so with you.”

“You mistake, Bernard,” she said, and then she paused. No one had yet referred so plainly to her misfortunes: they had avoided the subject, as if their words could either take away or add anything to what could not be altered. Christina could not have spoken of these things; but yet Bernard’s words brought no change or pain over her face. She was thinking only how she best might comfort him, how she should answer the chord of anguish in his voice and the pleading of his eyes. “It is a new life, Bernard,” she said; “I think that perhaps it is difficult for anyone who has not felt it to understand. God has willed that I should live through it. He came to me in the pain. The pain is dying; but He is near me still.” She lay back with a patient smile upon her lips, and eyes that gazed as if she saw a vision. The flush of excitement with which he had spoken had passed from Bernard’s face; a great pity surged up in him; and in the silence that followed the passion died out of his heart. She had entered into a peace which passed his understanding, yet he felt no longer any desire to bring her back to the hopes and joys and love of earth: to bring her back to earth, he vaguely felt, would be but to bring her back to darkness and misery and the face of death.

He sat with her for an hour or more, and they talked softly at intervals of ordinary things—of his work, of his friends, of the garden at the Homestead, of his mother and their Aunt Lotty. And the afternoon lights shone over the

heath and rested on her head as Bernard sat at the window, watching.

"It is good of you to have come to me, dear Bernard; you will come again, won't you?" she said when he went away.

Of course he came again: he came with flowers or books or drawings: he read to her, he talked to her of things which still had a hold upon her heart.

"That boy of yours cares for nothing as he cares for Christina," his Aunt Lotty said to his mother. "It is not many young men that would give up their time and their pleasures for her as he does: have you ever thought——"

"No, never," said Mrs. Oswestry hurriedly; "let them alone, I beg, Lotty. They were always together as children, you know; there is nothing else. It is natural enough that they should cling together now; they are both young, and we are not." She was an essentially upright woman; but at this moment she did not speak with entire conviction; only dreading any indiscretion which might destroy the freedom of their intercourse or put a bar upon it. She did not, it is true, know of what had been; but she had guessed what he had hoped; she thought that she understood now the desire of his heart. She did not know that all that was past.

The days lengthened: the spring drew nearer, and Christina began again to move about the house. The warm weather would make her stronger, people said, and when it was a little warmer she should start for Italy. Christina did not object; if they wished it, she was willing to go. In the meantime she had resumed her ordinary occupations. She shed no tears; she made no complaints: she moved about silently for the most part; but her sweet low replies were ready, and her smile could be easily awakened. If she sometimes let her work fall upon her knees when memories crowded her heart and filled her eyes with a hopeless longing, and if she lay sleepless upon her bed at night when the moonlight fell across

the floor and when the stars faded in the grey light of morning, no one saw and no one knew.

"Christina will soon be ready to start now, I think," said Mrs. North, one day early in February, as she came out into the garden where she was sitting with Bernard. The wind was blowing softly from the west, the green blades of crocuses were showing themselves in the border, the snowdrops were lifting up their heads under the wall. Christina was sitting on a bench in the spring sunshine, and a little smile came over her face when her mother spoke.

"Italy is a long way off," she said gently.

"You must not be so languid, Christina. Dr. Evans is always telling me that all you want is a little energy. It is unkind of you not to feel for my anxiety when you were so ill. If you understood how important it is to me that you should get quite well, you would show more energy about it, I think."

Mrs. North went back into the house, and there was a momentary silence.

"I sometimes feel as if we were children again, Bernard," she said; "do you remember how we used to go nutting in the woods, and how happy we were? You were always so good to me."

"Yes, I remember," he said.

Such recollections had now no pain for him. It seemed to him sometimes as if he loved Christina again as he had loved her then; loved her with the protecting tenderness of those bygone days; as if all the short interval of passion and indignation and misery had been blotted out. He loved her still, but not as he had loved her a year ago. A great pity and the sight of a great sorrow had thrust passion and self out of sight. It thrilled him with delight to think that she would not be taken away—that they would live in the same world; and as they sat together with her hand clasped in his, it was to him also as if the happy days of childhood had come back when the little Christina was his little love, when the earth was

green and beautiful and the rain fell softly and the sun shone ; when there was no dazzling light nor great shadows, nor any place for passions, tumults, or alarms.

"You are changed, Bernard," she said ; "I know you are changed ; but you are very young still."

Yes ! he was changed since the last spring ; and yet his face was still beautiful in its youth and innocence. He was paler and thinner than he had been ; his mouth was graver and his eyes deeper, but those eyes could still flash at times with boyish spirit. He had suffered, he had conquered ; and his victory had brought him no triumph ; for it was a victory won over the passion and hope of his life : and still his faith remained unshaken ; still his trusting eyes looked on, and other hopes arose to take the place of those which could not be restored. Christina would live ; and he might join with the blessed gifts of God to bring her peace.

"You are four-and-twenty and I am twenty," she said again, reflectively. "It is not so very long since we were happy little children."

"No, not long ago," he said ; and his thoughts went back to those days when they had wandered among the green undergrowth under the leafy boughs, with the sunlight slanting through upon their heads ; when as yet the sky was cloudless and there was no sign or threatening of the dark storm-clouds which were to rise upon the horizon and break over them, shattering their life and their happiness. And now the sun was shining again, but faintly after the storm, and destruction was all around them ; but yet their youth had triumphed and they must still live on.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was at the beginning of March that the interest of the Overton people, which had for months past been concentrated upon the White House, was diverted into another channel by the

return of their vicar and his bride. Christina was to recover, after all ; she had been met driving into Overton, and they saw her once more by the light of common day. They were glad, certainly, that she was not to die ; but at the same time, perhaps, they missed a little the romance of the tragedy they had expected.

"She will go to Italy, and fall in with some other young man," they said ; "or perhaps she may marry her handsome cousin, after all." Then they went to call upon Mr. Warde's wife, determined to keep clear of the subject. They went to call full of curiosity, and of anticipations which were destined to be disappointed. The little house which Mr. Warde had made his parsonage had nothing new or interesting about it. The drawing-room was furnished with severe simplicity ; there were none of the pretty useless knick-knacks which seem to belong so necessarily to a bride's drawing-room ; indeed, there was no attempt at ornament of any kind, except a stand of flowers in the window, and over the mantelpiece that little miniature in an oval frame of Captain Cleasby as a little boy, which had once hung over the chimney-piece at the Park. Miss Cleasby herself did not look in the least bridal ; she was just the same as she had always been : she received her visitors in the same leisurely indifferent manner with which she had been wont to receive them at the Park ; except that her dress was plainer, there was nothing to mark the change. Perhaps not unnaturally, the neighbours went away disappointed and affronted. Augusta's manner might suit Miss Cleasby, though it had never made her popular ; but it was quite out of place now that she was Mr. Warde's wife, and, so to speak, one of themselves.

"I never was one to be touchy," so Mrs. Sim said to her husband ; "but really she might have been a little more civil. She never said a word about her wedding tour nor anything. I think it is very hard upon the neighbourhood when a couple set up house together without a single pretty thing to show one. I wonder where they can have

put away their wedding presents. I suppose they are too good for us. I did ask her something about London and the fashions, but I declare she did not seem to know anything about it. As to her gown, I should have been ashamed to wear such a thing except in the garden; and I had so counted on seeing some of the trousseau,"—so said poor little Mrs. Sim with regret and vexation.

"There, there, never mind, Lizzie," said Mr. Sim, who was very weak-minded about any signs of feminine distress; "never mind about Mrs. Warde; you shall go up to London next time I go, and look in the shop windows and choose something pretty for yourself."

In the meantime Augusta pursued her way in entire unconsciousness of the hopes she had dashed and the impression she had made. She had chosen for herself, and she was happy in her choice. Yet she felt strangely cut off from her former life. The Park gates were shut and all the windows closed: no one had as yet taken possession of the place; she walked that way one day, and looked wistfully up the approach, and then she glanced on to the White House, and a pang shot through her. As yet she had heard nothing of Christina; she dared not go to the house; she dared not inquire. She felt that that friendship could never be renewed; that that bond had been broken for ever. Her husband had been to see the Norths, but he had not seen Christina; he brought back word that she was rapidly gaining strength, and that in a few weeks she was to start for Italy.

"She does not know that you are in the place as yet, Augusta; her mother and aunt both think that you had better not meet. They never speak to her of the past. They do not wish to agitate her needlessly."

Augusta acquiesced with a sigh; she felt that she had no right to force her presence upon the Norths, and she not only refrained from going to the White House, but also took pains to avoid Christina's haunts; nevertheless, as it so often happens, chance brought about

the meeting against which they would have guarded.

Christina had promised that Janet's baby nephew should be her god-child. The little brown-faced creature had been brought to see her; she had looked at it with languid amusement; and now it was old enough to be taken to church. There had at first been no idea of her being there in person, but when the afternoon came it was so mild a day that Christina said she would hold it at the font herself. They attempted to dissuade her, but she was gently persistent.

"It will please them, I know," she said, "and I have so seldom an opportunity of pleasing anyone now."

Thus it was, that when Mr. Warde laid down his book and turned to take the child, it was Christina who stepped forward to lay it in his arms. She looked very pale, but that was perhaps partly the effect of her deep mourning. Upon the whole she was less altered than he had expected. Yet there was a slight trembling in his voice as he pronounced the blessing.

She was standing steadily; she made the responses quite clearly; she took the child back into her arms with a smile. What was it that made Bernard's heart sink at this moment, as she stood there so quietly, with the little white-robed creature in her arms, and the light slanting through from the painted window upon her head? She had laid aside her invalid habits; she was once more standing in the church, joining in the worship, giving an outward and visible sign that she could once more mingle with the world, that she was one of the great congregation who must live and struggle and pray, not in heaven, but upon earth. And yet when she had lain back on her white pillows like one set apart, even when she was still within the sanctuary of mortal sickness, he had not felt the change and the separation so painfully; he had not seen so clearly the change which had passed over the Christina of old times, whose feet had trod so lightly upon the earth, whose eyes had grown bright and eager with a happy pride and a girlish hope, whose

heart had been ever singing to itself of visionary delights. She had risen again, she could once more stand alone, but never again as she had stood before.

He watched her anxiously, and when the service was over, he followed her out into the porch. She had sunk down on the stone seat, and he saw that she drew her breath with difficulty. Standing before her, he guarded her from curious eyes, as the congregation streamed past her into the churchyard.

"Are you not ready to come home, Christina?" said her mother, nervously. "It is growing cold, and your Aunt Lotty will be waiting for us. Are you not ready to come?"

"I felt a little faint," said Christina, in a low voice; "it is over now, but I think I will rest a little longer."

"Bernard, she must not see *her*," said Mrs. North, drawing him aside, and speaking in a whisper. "She is waiting for her husband in the church. You must go and tell her, and I will take Christina home. Come, Christina," she added, "it will do you good to drive against the air."

They had thought that she could not overhear them, but her nerves were on the strain, and her faculties sharpened by excitement.

"I understand, mother," she said; "Mr. Warde's wife is with him. We will go home, but I will speak to her first."

It was at that moment that the Vicar, stepping out of the church with his wife upon his arm, came suddenly and unexpectedly upon the group.

The quaint, red-brick porch was filled with the quiet grey light of afternoon; the yew-tree spread out its dark branches against the pale sky, making a background to the girl's slight, upright figure, as she stood with clasped hands, and eyes that shone like stars in the soft dusky atmosphere. Whenever Augusta thought of her, in after days, she thought of her as she saw her then.

The meeting was so sudden that, for the moment, it threw her off her guard; she stepped back, hardly repressing a cry, and gazed for a moment blankly at the apparition. They had all, more or

less, lost their self-possession, and did not know what to say or do. It was Christina who, standing there in the supreme unconsciousness which belongs to suffering, was the first to speak, holding out her hand with a smile.

"I wanted just to speak to you," she said, "though it is growing late. When did you come home?"

"Last week—no, rather sooner. We thought we had been away a long time," Augusta said, incoherently; and then she made an effort to command herself. "I was glad to come home," she said, with an attempt at a smile, but still with a quiver in her voice, "though my parochial duties do stand before me in such a formidable array. Who was your little god-child? Ought I to make myself responsible too for having the poor little creatures brought up in the way in which they should go?"

Christina smiled faintly, with a vague wonder; seeing the unnaturalness of her manner, seeing the struggle, and but half apprehending its cause: as for Mrs. North, she was affronted, as was natural, at the heartlessness of Augusta's light words.

"Christina, come; it is growing so late," she said. Then Christina held out her hand once more.

"Good-bye," she said; "I must not wait any longer. You will come and see me?"

There then rushed back to her mind the memory of Captain Cleasby's words: "You will let Gusty come and see you sometimes;" and for the first time the shadow of suffering darkened her face; she turned away quickly, but yet Augusta saw it.

"Christina, will you—?" she said; and then suddenly her voice broke in sobs. "The church was so hot," she said, as in the silence they gazed at her in amazement; "I am not accustomed to go to church," she cried, with a candour which luckily could not reach the ears of her husband's parishioners. It was a poor pretence at an excuse, but it was not without its use; it served to break up the conversation and make a natural ending to the scene. They were all more or less agitated, except Chris-

tina ; she came forward quite unmoved, and let her mother take her away.

"I wish Walter had not done it," cried Augusta, her tears returning when she was left alone with her husband. "Anything would have been better than this. I did not know it before ; why have you wakened up my heart in me ? It is making me altogether unprincipled."

"Some people are very strange," said Mrs. North that evening to her sister Lotty. "If Christina had not been so calm, Miss Cleasby, I mean Mrs. Warde, might have undone everything. She had no right to break down before her. We have our feelings too, but we control them."

"Italy will put life into her."

"I hope so," said Mrs. North.

But the weeks passed and grew into months, and still Madame Ricardo was waiting until Christina should be well enough to travel. They always talked of it as a certainty ! "When you come back from Italy," her mother would say, as if her return were near at hand : and her aunt would tell her of her home and of all the things that she should see, and Bernard would make plans for coming out to study foreign architecture and see her there. Christina listened to it all with a quiet smile, knowing their blindness, yet loth to dash their hopes. For other hopes had risen up in her at which they never guessed ; hopes with which they had nothing to do, for whose accomplishment she was waiting. The March winds were over ; the April rains were past. She had waited for the warm weather to enable her to move, and now the heat was too much for her. "Surely the weather was unusually hot ;" so they talked, and still thought that she would be better presently. Yet they must know some time.

The June roses were blooming on the wall, the woods were once more casting quivering leafy shadows on the ground, the sun was blazing upon the white road, Christina sat upon the bench in the shadow of the wall as she often sat now, with her hands lying idly in her lap, and her eyes wandering into

the distance. The golden haze of summer hung over the distant hill ; the insects were humming in the quiet air. Bernard came in at the gate with his fishing-rod over his shoulder. He came and sat down beside Christina. Was it perhaps something in her face, pale and still as it was, which suddenly struck fear into his heart ? He had taken one of her hands and spread it out upon his own palm. How thin and small it looked ! He gazed at it with a sharp pang which he dared not analyse ; and kissed it and laid it back again in her lap with a half laugh.

"Some people would be fond of such little hands," he said ; "but I shall be fonder of them when they are a little bigger."

"But, Bernard, I think they will not change."

"Why not ?" he said, almost impatiently ; "what makes you say that ? When you come back from Italy——" he broke off suddenly, and turned from the look in her eyes.

"Bernard, Bernard, it is not to Italy that I am going."

He kept his head turned away that she might not see his face, and forced back the cry that her words wrung from him into his heart.

"Oh, my God," he said, but quite low, so that she could not hear, clenching together in a painful straining grasp the hands in which hers had lain so softly.

"I have thought it for a long time," she went on, "and now I want you to think of it too, that it may not hurt you at the last. Bernard, you have always loved me better than yourself ; Bernard, my dearest friend, you will not grudge me my rest."

She put out her hands pleadingly, and laid them upon his arm ; but he put her gently away, and stood up and walked from her without looking back. Later he might speak to her, but not now. He stifled the moan in his heart that she might not hear ; he turned his face from her that she might not see ; and then he passed from her sight, turning the corner of the house and hidden by the clambering roses. He went and leant over the gate which led on to the

heath. Later perhaps he might understand it, but not now. Standing in that beautiful green world, with the scent of the roses blown round him by the gentle winds, with the flitting butterflies and murmuring bees passing from flower to flower, with the sunshine on the purple heather; oh, it was impossible not to cry out against the approach of death! Now that she had spoken, it seemed so horribly near and yet so impossible. It was so natural to him to be happy. He had suffered; he had renounced the desire of his heart; but yet the world was dear to him. This was God's world as well as that other distant visionary land; it was a world full of warmth and sunshine and loving-kindness. He had already given up so much, he had been content to sit with Christina's hand in his and see her eyes light up with grateful affection at his approach, and to know that the storms of passion were over and that she could once more trust him as a brother. This, too, was to be taken from him; everything in which he had trusted. He was so young still, almost a boy, and his heart cried out against the inevitable, saying that God could not have given her back to him only to take her away for ever; no, not for ever, but yet for that long stretch of time which seemed at such moments so unending, during which he must work and suffer and live. God knows she was right, he would not grudge it to her; only he could not understand how it was that he must stay behind. When at last he remembered that she might still be waiting for him, he turned, and, once more seeking in the simplicity of his generous heart to hide his despair and anguish, went slowly back into the garden. She was sitting where he had left her, with the pink and white roses which he had gathered for her lying in her lap, and the green branches of the white blossoming jasmine making a trellis-work upon the wall behind her head. Her sad, appealing, compassionate eyes, which had followed him as he walked away, met his now full of their wild tumult of horror and rebellion, and he saw that the disguise which he would fain have put on

could not avail him. She had understood that, even in his madness as he recoiled from the first shock, he would not forget her; his misery was too much part of himself for it to engross him altogether.

She put out her hand and drew him down beside her, and then, at her soft pitiful touch, the hot tears for the first time rose in his eyes.

"Christina," he said, "I cannot bear it. I cannot live without you."

She said nothing for some moments, and when at length she spoke it was not of him but of herself.

"I, too, have felt that I could not; but, Bernard, we always *can*. God finds a way, though we cannot find one for ourselves."

"Christina," he said, "if it is true, that thing that you said,—if that must remain, what matter what comes after? You are right. I think I would not, if I could, take from you that which you pray that God may bring to pass. If it must come, you at least will be happy; but . . . we will not talk of it now."

There was again a pause, and a silence except for the rustling leaves and the murmuring summer air and the music of the birds.

"You will listen to me, Bernard," she said after some minutes, "and we will not talk of that just now. We will talk of this world. It is beautiful, and we have been very happy in it. We were happy in it when we were little children, and it may have seemed as if we might go back to those days again; but, Bernard, think that it could not have lasted for ever. Remember that there is a time of sin and misery which I dare not recall; a place in my heart into which I dare not look; remember that there is an unceasing struggle in my soul—links which lie broken, hopes which lie dead, longings ever rising up which must be trodden under foot. My past is not only full of sorrow, but full of reproach. Bernard, God is taking all this from me, and presently you will thank Him too. You have done very much for me, but He is doing what no one else can do."

He understood in part, and yet his

human heart still rebelled against the pain and shrank back in trembling fear from the thought of parting. And Christina—she knew that the present was hard to bear, but did she know to what she was going? What was it which had come to her to make her ready to depart, without fear or trembling, into that dark unfathomable future? Christina had so loved the earth and the sunshine and all that had once made her life: he had wanted to bring her back to it, and now she was going where he could do nothing for her, where he could take care of her no longer.

"I see," he said, "I understand about this world, and if you are sure that you will be happier there——"

"God is merciful, Bernard, I cannot be afraid." Her steadfast eyes were even now gazing into that future; he felt, with a strange mixture of pain and shrinking and gratitude, that what seemed to him so far distant was to her already near at hand.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was about a week later that Christina's convictions were officially confirmed by Dr. Evans. He had not wished needlessly to alarm them, he said, and it was most necessary to avoid agitating the patient. "It was a peculiar case," so he said, making an excuse to himself for his perplexities; but still from all he saw he thought that it was vain to hope she would be able to bear the journey to Italy; perhaps a little change to a place nearer at hand might be advisable. But Christina begged to be allowed to remain at home. "It is not a question of saving my life, you know," she said to Dr. Evans, who thought her composed manner heartless, "and I would so much rather remain quietly here; if only everyone need not know." They wondered at her desire that her state should be kept secret, until it occurred to them that she might dread Augusta Warde's sympathy, or fear that she might reproach herself or her brother. "We have always been

a delicate family," Christina would say, tracing back the cause of her illness to any source rather than to the right one. After all, it was true that she had a delicate constitution; Dr. Evans had said so.

Madame Ricardo went back to Italy. She had already been long enough away from her husband and her little Berto, though if there had been any prospect of Christina's return with her she would gladly have delayed still longer; somehow the girl had won a place in her heart, and the tears stood in her brown eyes when she wished her good-bye.

"If ever you should think again of coming to us——" she said; and then she stopped, and hurried away without being able to say more.

"Poor, poor Mary!" she cried, kissing her sister-in-law at the gate.

"It is a sad world: why should I wish to keep her?" said Mrs. North; and yet her eyes, too, filled. She felt it to be unreasonable, but yet she would have kept her if she might.

What avails it to tell the old sad story of a gentle lingering sinking to a quiet rest? The hot summer months crept slowly on; they did not see the change until it came. They did not talk of it to friends or strangers; only sometimes Christina would speak of it to Bernard, knowing that he had learnt, like her, to trust and wait, and seeking to make it better for him at the last.

It was towards the end of July that Augusta, coming home one afternoon from the school, was met by the maid hurrying to meet her with a telegram in her hand. Overton was such a small place and so few things happened there, that a telegram was an unaccustomed thing. Augusta took it eagerly, and then for some reason or other could not make up her mind to open it. It could not,—no, it could not be from Walter. She had heard from him by the last mail; and yet if it was not from Walter, who else could have sent it? She went into her husband's study with the yellow envelope in her hand and sank down in a chair, and held it out to him.

"What can it be, John?" she said,

breathless. "It must be Walter. Oh, what has happened?"

"Nothing! nonsense!" said Mr. Warde; yet he too looked a little anxious as he broke the seal; but his countenance cleared as he glanced at the paper. "Your Uncle Robert, only your Uncle Robert; he is very ill."

"How thankful I am!" exclaimed Augusta; and then she paused and laughed a little nervously, "I was so frightened, but I did not mean to say that. What is it? Since when is it?" and then he read:—

"George Waltham to Mrs. Warde. Your uncle is dangerously ill. He would be glad to see you and your husband upon important business."

It was only of late that Augusta had known her uncle; but he had been very kind to her, and she had grown to like him. He had been so good to Walter just before he sailed, and had offered him money, though he had not been able to get it accepted; which, to be sure, was Walter's fault. Now it was sad to think of the old bachelor life coming to an end with no one to say a kind word at parting but the family lawyer; it was dismal to think of the great splendid house, and its solitary master: dying there alone.

"And he might have married, I dare say, when he was a young man, and have had sons and daughters, and pleasures and cares like other men," said Augusta, with a regretful pity which her uncle could never have understood.

"He layeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them;" so she kept saying to herself as she and her husband made their hurried journey that same night. Then, suddenly, it flashed across her: Would not this event, perhaps, make some change in Walter's position? Where would her uncle's money go?

"It is horrid of me, John, it is horrid when poor Uncle Robert is dying; but I cannot help thinking what will become of his money!" she cried, remorsefully; and then her thoughts leapt back to her brother; and wonderings and desires would not be banished. She felt it ungrateful, unkind, and guilty to give way

to such thoughts at such a moment, and yet how was it possible to help thinking that Walter might come back? Her mind was in a whirl as they drove from the station through the lighted streets. She said she could not go into his house with such feelings: "I cannot go in to see him and pretend to think of nothing but him, if all the time I am longing to say, 'Uncle Robert, do give Walter your money.'"

"You will not think of it then," said Mr. Warde; and he was right.

When the great hall-door was thrown open and they stood within in the lamp-light, and the servants drew back, and Mr. Waltham came forward to meet them, Augusta trembled slightly, not with excitement, but with awe.

"He wishes to see you, Mrs. Warde, to see you alone first. He has been anxiously watching for your arrival."

Augusta never forgot that evening. The lonely worldly man who had made it the work of his life to control his nobler impulses and bury his better nature—who had lived so long in his solitude, yet at this moment of his departure could not overcome a natural desire to see some one who would care for him and be sorry to say good-bye.

"I am setting out on my journey, Augusta," he said feebly; "you will stay in the house until I am gone. I wish your brother had been here; but your husband is a kind man and will see to everything. I may not have done what I ought to have done with my life; perhaps I have made mistakes; my money has done no one much good; there is no one who has cause to be very grateful to me."

"I won't let you say so, Uncle Robert. Remember how you wanted me to come to you, and how good you were to Walter."

"Walter!" he said, and his manner was growing confused; "it is Walter that I was thinking most about. After all he is my own nephew—he will make a better use—Waltham knows all about it, Augusta. You will not go away from the house, and Waltham will tell you what I wish."

Mr. Warde had proved right; it was

not of his money that Augusta was thinking now.

When Mr. Waltham told her that her brother was his uncle's sole heir, that she must write to him as soon as possible to come home by the next mail, and that he had orders, if it could be managed, to stop the sale of the Park, the tidings fell strangely upon her ears, and she burst into agitated tears of mingled joy and pain.

If only she could have known that this would happen a little sooner; but now, had not things been done which nothing could undo? If the one thing could not be restored, prosperity and wealth would but mock at an incurable sorrow.

Public opinion was very much divided in Overton when it became generally known that the Cleasbys' fortunes were to be re-established. People had sympathised with their reverses, and then they had turned their minds to their probable successors at the Park. Captain Cleasby was a nice young man, but his foolish attachment to Miss North, and his precipitation in making it known, had somewhat lowered him in their eyes. Perhaps if his sister had taken better care of him and cultivated the more eligible young ladies in the neighbourhood, it might not have happened; still they could not altogether exonerate him. It was true that they had resigned themselves and made up their minds to tolerate Christina: indeed some people had been interested by her even in her prosperity; and when misfortune overtook the Cleasbys, when Walter left Overton, and it was understood that all that had been between them was at an end, then, though the current set still against him, it had taken a different turn. They had blamed him for his folly; now they blamed him quite as harshly for his worldly wisdom. If Christina had been like other girls and liked him a little, sufficiently well to marry him for his money and position and agreeable manners, then it would still have been hard upon her, but it would have been no one's fault but Fate's; but now, as they said, evidently it had been much more

serious, and the poor girl's heart was broken. If she was dying from the effects of an ordinary fever, why should Dr. Evans look so mysterious and shake his head so sadly when they put their questions? No; it was clear she was dying of a broken heart. Overton was a matter-of-fact little country place: an insignificant corner of the dusty world where the wheel of life turned slowly with a smooth monotony; where people went to and fro upon their business or pleasure without any startling events or thrilling incidents; and yet there was an unacknowledged desire in their hearts to see with their own eyes something of glory and love and honour—those things of which the poets sang; and this girl's life had come to agitate their tranquil waters and make a stir in the passions which lay dormant.

"Mamma, do you know they say that that girl Captain Cleasby was to have married is very ill. They say it is his fault; he broke off the engagement and went away so suddenly, you know."

"I wish you would not listen to such gossip, Milly," said Lady Bassett; "is it poor dear Walter's fault that he lost all his money through the unkind behaviour of General Cleasby? I don't suppose it can have been any particular pleasure to him to go out penniless to America. I am sure, poor fellow, he looked wretchedly ill when he came to say good-bye; but he had always such nice gentle manners."

"I don't see that nice gentle manners are any excuse for breaking a girl's heart," said Milly, in her youthful severity.

"Girls' hearts don't break so easily," said Lady Bassett, speaking from her long experience.

This was early in the spring; but a few months later people's opinions had undergone a change. "She will marry her cousin," they said, "of course; she has suffered very much, but she is very young. She will get over it in time, and young Oswestry's devotion will be rewarded."

"Dear, dear! I am sure I hope so," said old Mrs. Gregson, sitting in her chintz-covered arm-chair by the parlour

fire; for old Mrs. Gregson always had a fire, even in summer: to-day she was giving her monthly tea-party, and her daughter-in-law was pouring out the tea for the friends collected round the table. "Dear, dear! I am sure I hope so," said the old lady, nodding her head at them. "She was as pretty a girl as ever I saw. Girls are not so pretty as they used to be in my young days; but still I will say I never saw a prettier girl than Christina North. How well I remember her at the school-feast at the Park; I was telling her about the time when I first married. I remember it as if it was yesterday. She should not have been in such a hurry to begin life; she should have waited a little; but I suppose Captain Cleasby was most in fault; young people will be hasty—and he was a nice-looking young man too."

"Young Oswestry is handsomer, though," said Mr. Sim; "the Norths are a handsome family; do you remember Dick North? He is very like him."

So the talk went on, and by the time that the unexpected turn in the Cleasbys' fortunes became known, Overton generally had made up its mind that Christina would marry her cousin. It was clear that she must do something.

Mrs. Gregson's granddaughter Louisa, who was a little inclined to be romantic, had indeed been heard to say that perhaps Christina might find it impossible to put anyone else in Captain Cleasby's place, and might remain unmarried after all; but this idea was vehemently rejected by all sensible people. Their convictions were not even disturbed by the news of Mr. Robert Cleasby's death, nor by the probability of Captain Cleasby's return to live once more at the Park. "Christina is so proud, she would never renew her engagement," they said; "and, besides, young Oswestry is all but accepted now." They were not sorry that Captain Cleasby should be disappointed.

The public opinion, as was natural, was only rumoured in Augusta's ears, and it made little impression upon her. She had seen Christina too nearly to

believe for a moment that anyone would ever occupy Walter's place; as to the rest, Christina was recovering, and she would be forgiving; they would be happy after all.

She had telegraphed the news to her brother; she had written by the mail; and now there was nothing to do but to wait—and, if only she might, to see Christina. But when she asked if she might go to the White House, Mrs. North wrote to say that she could not be received at present. Christina was not so well. It was nothing; the heat tired her; but they wished her to be kept quite quiet; above all, from any agitating topics or associations. "We tell her nothing that might disturb her mind," the mother said, giving Augusta to understand that she knew nothing of Walter's probable return. Augusta fretted and rebelled against the prohibition. "It would do her good to know," she said; "they are killing the poor child, keeping her like this, always in the dark. Walter cannot be here for five weeks, and she is to remain in ignorance of what everyone else knows for all that time." Augusta had not seen Christina for a long time; she had always been resting, or out of the way, or tired, when she had called to see her; and the impression of that first meeting had been nearly effaced from her mind by all that had succeeded to it.

She could do nothing now but follow her letter in imagination, and wait in a fever of suspense for the weeks to pass, which must elapse before Walter could reach home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE entangled threads of human life are twisted and broken by human hands; they are ours, to be turned and fashioned at will; mechanically, almost unconsciously, we weave our fate; discerning but dimly the consequences of our actions; knowing but little of what we are doing and whither we are tending; seeing, as in the magic mirror, shadows

of the world and believing them to be realities ; not knowing that we ourselves have cast the shadows and flashed the light between them. It is our power of choice which makes the tragedy of our mistaken lives. It is not that we are miserable, but that we might have been happy ; it is not that we are lost, but that we might have been saved ; it is not that we stand alone, but that we stand alone by our own choice : we have chosen and we must abide by our choice ; we are hemmed in, and we cannot retrace our steps ; our lost opportunities, our old desires and aspirations, lie far behind us ; other things have taken their room, we find no place for repentance, though we seek it "carefully with tears."

When Walter Cleasby started in his new life, he told himself that the old life was past. What had been done could not be undone ; the worst was over for him and for Christina. Everything was new to him ; there was all the excitement and enterprise of an adventurous pursuit to engross him ; and yet it was an effort and a strain. Do what he would he could not forget ; could not forget what he had lost by his own fault. Yet still he struggled on ; struggled through the dreary winter ; passing the months as best he might ; waiting with fierce impatience for the mail ; dreading what he should hear, and yet hungering for news of Christina, and turning away impatiently from his sister's letters which said nothing of her. Surely if she had anything comforting to say she would say it ; he was longing to hear, and yet something prevented him from asking any questions ; each time when he was writing, he said to himself that it was useless to ask, he could get no answer for a month, and before that he would have received another letter from Augusta, telling him what he desired to know.

At last he wrote. "You say nothing of the Norths," he said ; "tell me what you can."

In the meantime his anxiety was growing upon him, and his longing becoming almost unbearable. His nature was not an anxious one ; responsibility had never weighed upon him ; but now

there was no one to whom he could speak, and his suspense was torturing him. He thought of her in a multitude of different ways : proud and composed, reckless and defiant, as silent, and as crying aloud. He tried to put her name into his prayers and to pray that she might be comforted, but felt it almost a mockery to ask that what he had done might be undone. He had thought that all this was past, and now it seemed as if it was all to come over again. He strove to put it from him, but a vision would rise up of Christina standing before him, with those reproachful eyes gazing into his. It was folly, it was madness, yet he could not escape them. If she had spoken, he thought, it would not have been so hard ; but she was silent as she had been when they met for the last time. The days passed slowly, and yet too quickly ; when the day came on which he might expect his letter, he would have given all he possessed that it might not come. He feared, he hardly knew what. He sat for a long time with the letter in his hand before he broke the seal, and when he had read it he laid it down again, and hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Was it for this that he had lived ? that he might win a girl's heart and leave it to break ; that he might put poison into her life and leave it slowly to take effect ? It seemed to him all at once that he had been false to her ; that he had shivered her faith and broken his trust : seeking to kill a love which could not die : he knew that he loved her, and he believed that she loved him still. He had severed the outward bond, but there was one that was invisible which he could not break. Why had he done it ? He had suffered before, for her, and for himself ; but he had not known the extent of his capacities for pain until he recognized that in obeying his creed he had sinned against nature and truth and God. And yet he thought that the door was not shut, that as yet it was not too late. If they were once more face to face, forgiveness and salvation might be still within his reach. So he thought in his ignorance, not knowing that repentance

could not change what had been done, could not bring the dead to life again.

Thus, whilst summer was still reigning, whilst Christina was still waiting, whilst Augusta's letter was being taken across the sea and her message had not yet reached the Transatlantic shores, he for whom it was intended was no longer there, and many a league thence in mid-ocean a fate was shaping itself, and in another corner of the earth an unlooked-for visitant was drawing near.

It was on a sultry day in August that Walter Cleasby came once again to the place that had been his home. The sun was blazing over the wide expanse of heath as he drove up to the little house they called the Parsonage. He had telegraphed from London, and his sister would be expecting him. It was nearly nine months since he had parted from her. Though as yet he did not know it, he was coming home to prosperity and riches ; in his banishment he had so often yearned after Gusty's voice and the touch of her hands, and yet now, as he drove up and saw her standing at the door, he could not even summon up a smile for the sickness of apprehension that was upon him.

Augusta was standing upon the narrow doorstep, with the flush of agitation upon her cheeks, and a look in her eyes which had not only love and welcome, but compassion in it too. They neither of them spoke, as she kissed him, and drew him after her through the passage into the tiny drawing-room. He sat down on the sofa beside her, and put with his eyes the inquiry which his lips could not frame. Then he saw that there was something she was seeking to hide. She looked at him still with that strange pitiful regret ; she had manifested no surprise ; she had received him as if his arrival had nothing unexpected about it ; there was something which had superseded her natural gladness and agitated joy at seeing him again.

"You are tired, Walter," she said, with a quiver in her voice. She was clinging to him and leaning her head

upon his shoulder, perhaps that he might not see her face. "Oh, Walter, I have wanted you so often."

"Gusty, what is it ? You are keeping something from me."

Then she made an effort to speak, and gathered up her strength to tell him as best she might.

"I will tell you the truth, Walter," she said ; "I do not know how to put it into words : Christina is very ill."

"You mean that she is dead ?" he said hoarsely, staring blankly at her.

"No, no, not that," she said ; and then she burst into tears. "No, not that ; but they say—they cannot give us hope."

"It is false," he said, standing up suddenly, and putting her from him. "It is false ; it is impossible ! You mean to say that I have killed her. Where is she ?"

"She is at home. But, Walter !"

"Let me go," he said, freeing himself from her detaining hand. The little boarded passage resounded to his tread, as he turned abruptly and made his way out of the house. Augusta, no one, could do anything for him now. As he had sown so he must reap ; it seemed impossible that a way was no longer open to him : but he must act alone ; no one else could save him.

"Walter, where are you going ? You will come back ?"

"Come back ! yes !" but he did not know what he was saying. She had said that there was little hope ; but yet as he rapidly made his way across the heath, his heart was still beating fast with the excited fear which only belongs to hope. He was come back to recall her to life ; for the time there was room for no other thought but this, and that undefined apprehension and horror which suspense brings with it. The sky was one great burning vault above his head ; it was still too early in the afternoon for any freshness to come to him in the evening breeze, and the level heath was bare of shadows. It seemed to him that there was something awful in the stillness and the unshaded light. The White House dazzled his eyes ; the gate was shut ; there was no sign of

human life ; but the windows were all open to the sultry air. He walked up the garden path, not knowing what he was about to do, and stayed his hand for a moment, dreading by any sudden sound to break the stillness ; and as he hesitated a shadow darkened the doorway, and Bernard Oswestry stood upon the threshold.

"Stop there !" he said, standing as if to bar his entrance, with his hands against the door-posts. Walter looked at him as if he had been a stranger ; indeed, at the moment, he did not recognize him.

"Can Mrs. North see me ?" he said ; "you will not refuse to take my message ?"

"I will take no message," said Bernard, with a ring of passionate scorn. His hands were clenched tightly over the edges of the wood-work with an effort at self-control, but his face was bloodless.

"What do you mean ?" said Captain Cleasby. He did not put the question with any anger or impatience, nor yet with a shrinking from the answer ; he had forgotten his sin and his remorse, and everything but the fierce anxiety and desire of the moment. The pale faces confronted each other and the eyes met—Bernard's gleaming with passion and scorn ; Walter Cleasby's made intense by suspense and pain.

"You mean," he repeated, "you will take no message, because——"

"Because she is dying, and you have killed her."

Bernard had spoken in the low tones of passion ; but every word fell distinctly as it was uttered. It made no difference to Walter ; it brought no change over his face ; such words could be nothing to him now. He made no answer, but after a moment's thought he tore a leaf from his pocket-book and wrote a few words upon it. Then he laid his hand upon the bell. The flash of passion had died out of Bernard's face, as he stood still in the passage, looking on.

"Wait," he said, as he saw Captain Cleasby's purpose ; "I have been wrong. God knows, this is no time . . . Give

me your note ; if you wait here, I will take it." He had hated the man, and for the moment his hatred had flamed out, when they stood so suddenly face to face ; but it could not but die out in the presence of a paramount sorrow, and almost within the gates of death.

Walter Cleasby never knew how long he waited. He lay upon the parched grass beside the door in the shadow of the wall ; and the shadow lengthened, and the breeze began to flutter in the leaves, and the evening glow spread itself over the land. He was not unconscious, and he had sufficient manliness not to long for unconsciousness, or to seek in any way to escape from the darkness and horror which was closing him in. The palpitating fear and the whirl of recollections and the horrible certainty had made chaos in his mind ; he was altogether confused, and nothing could take a distinct shape in his imagination. He looked back to the time when he had spoken to her first ; he looked back to their parting, and to her words and his own ; but it was as if he had been looking back at some one else's life ; he had suddenly risen to a height of suffering which left those things in the far distance. Some one had told him a dreadful thing ; it was not true ; it was quite impossible ; he did not for a moment believe it ; but yet it had made him forget everything else. He tried to remember, and he could not. He had had a horrible dream : some one had come and told him that Christina was dying ; that he had killed her. It was false ; it was a lie : she could not be dying ; she would come to the door presently and speak to him ; she would come with her old smile, and with her hands stretched out ; she would call him by his name.

But the stillness was not broken ; it never would be broken by her voice thrilling his heart through the summer air. Everything was still as death, still as the grave ; but it could not be that she was dying, with peacefulness all around her—with the sun setting behind the hill, and the shadows slowly creeping further towards the east. Why had they said it ? What was it they

had said? He could not remember. And then, in the midst of his bewilderment, a picture rose up before his mind. The vision which had so long haunted him did not come back to him now; he did not see Christina as when they parted; but it seemed to him that he was once more walking in the spring-time through the tangled wood, in the hollow between the hills, and she was coming to meet him with the light of happiness in her eyes, and that smile upon her lips, and the fresh green boughs above her head making quivering shadows on her path. It could not be that she would never tread that path again. Someone had wanted to take her away; some cruel hand had been outstretched to drag her beneath the cold waters, but he had come back to save her, and he would not let her go. Who was it that said she was dying! She could not be dying; he would not let her die!

He saw the white curtains blowing in the wind, he heard the swing of the gate, he saw Mr. Warde pass into the house, and was vaguely conscious that he was gone to pray for her. It was not true; but still, they thought, that Christina was dying. He could not pray for her himself, because everyone was against him; he would keep her, but no one else could. He was struggling, and we cannot pray when one wild rebellion against God has filled our hearts.

It seemed as if he might have been lying there for days or weeks, when at last the summons came. It was Mrs. North who called to him by his name, and met his dazzled, bewildered, horror-stricken eyes with that look of patient endurance which is more pathetic than tears.

"It could not have been if there had been hope, Captain Cleasby," she said; "but nothing can hurt her now. If it is any comfort for you to come, I will not deny it to you. She cannot be harmed. She will not know you." This was not the trembling, murmuring woman he had known before; he hardly recognized her in the dignity of sorrow. He did not believe it even now, as she motioned to him to follow her. He stepped softly

up the old oak staircase; he passed along the winding passage, where the light fell in glimmering patches and the corners remained in darkness; he stood at the open door of the little room, where the wind was blowing through from the window; and there he paused and clasped his cold hands together and shuddered; for in the stillness he heard the sweet low voice, and the wandering talk.

"The birds are singing so loud," it said; "the clouds are moving so fast. I am going . . . they will come too. . . . Keep me safe, O Lord God, this night and for evermore. Amen. Bless my father and mother, and Bernard, and all Thy people. . . . I am so tired . . . I have forgotten my prayers . . . where is the book, mother? . . . forgive us our sins."

O God! this was what they meant—it had come to him now. The truth was flashed upon him, and he could no longer hide his eyes from it. Struggle as he might it must remain; his passion was strong, but death was stronger. It had not conquered as yet, but he felt that it would be victorious. The strife was still manifest in his face amidst the anguish, when Mrs. Oswestry signed to him to come forward; but hope had already given place to a crushing certainty.

He came forward in the silence, and knelt down by the bed.

They thought that she could not know him; the last prayer had been offered up; the last moment was near at hand.

She lay raised up upon the pillows, and her breath came in gasps. The soft wind, blowing through the creepers which clustered round the window, stirred her brown waves of hair; her hands were clasped together; her lips were slightly parted, and her rapt eyes fixed upon the glow which lay like a glory over the heath.

"Christina," he said, with a moaning cry, "stay with me—stay here! Pray to stay, and God will hear. Come back, Christina, because I cannot die with you."

She turned her eyes upon him for

a moment and smiled. "God bless Walter," she said softly, as if ending her prayer. She looked again towards the glow; the large leaves of the magnolia framed it in; the scent of the blossoms was in the air; the bare room, with the narrow white bed and the uncarpeted floor and the scanty curtain drawn aside, was flooded by the splendour of the sinking sun. Christina's eyes were looking beyond it. He felt that she was already gone from him. His cry could not reach her. Life and sin, parting and misery, and the passion of his love lay already far behind her. He could not bring her back. The mysterious halo of death was round her head; the glory of eternity was within her grasp; heaven was opening to her eyes; she must enter in and the golden gates must be shut and he must remain outside. Yet there was a Presence within the room which forbade him to cry out—and awe had silenced his anguish. They waited in the stillness, knowing that they stood in the valley of the shadow of Death.

There is a grave in the little churchyard upon the heath, and a cross which marks the place, and letters which tell that Christina North, aged twenty years, died on the 1st of August, 1854.

They give to strangers the common record of a girl's life cut short; but there are others to whom they tell a longer story. And some, whilst the winds are blowing in the woods, the sun blazing on the road, and the children's laughter coming up from the valley, are unconscious of all except that the White House is empty; the gate broken from its hinges; the shutters closed, and the rooms silent and deserted.

The Vicar's little children are making daisy-chains upon the lawn at the Park; their mother watches them from the Terrace. The place belongs to her brother, but people say that he will

never live there again; he comes to England every year, but they say that there is a history belonging to that grave in the churchyard which makes it impossible for him to live at his home. He is a rich man now, but his riches do not seem to have brought him happiness; he looks sadder, and his mouth has grown stern, like that of a man who has suffered. For a time his sister hoped that he would come back and live with her; but now it is said that he is going to be married, and will always remain abroad.

The separation is a great grief to his sister, for she was always so fond of him, and she is not fond of many people. She often goes to the Homestead on the Hill; but it is almost the only house in Overton in which she is a familiar guest.

The Homestead is as peaceful as ever; a place for roses and bees and sunshine; and Mrs. Oswestry is not lonely, for her son lives with her still. Bernard is prospering in his profession; the beauty of boyhood still lingers about him; his smile is as winning as ever; it is only in his eyes that there is a shadow of patient waiting and a memory of pain. He will meet life bravely, for that other life is near at hand; he walks through the woods where they wandered hand in hand as little children, and across the meadows where her feet have trod; the lilies which they planted blossom every spring under the garden wall, and the blessed memories are close around him. He will pass through life alone; and yet not alone, because Christina is near him still. She will live for ever in his heart, though hidden from his sight.

"It is the living we have ceased to love;
Not the beloved dead are lost to us."

And she has passed from Death to Life; passed to her rest: above the imperfect harmonies of earth; beyond the sunsets, beyond the hills.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

BY HENRY LESLIE.

IN times when the affairs of life move at that hurried pace to which railways and telegraphs have brought us; when the minds of men are unsettled by the enormous flood of information which is placed before them; when the Press has the power of ripening, with incredible speed, questions which are in themselves actual revolutions; when high-pressure is the order of the day—it is our bounden duty to utilize every calming and soothing influence that can be brought to bear upon all classes of the community, but especially upon its least wealthy portion.

If there exists any rational mental employment that can be given to the masses after their hours of daily work, no one will deny that a humanizing, elevating, and refining influence will be obtained, that must be productive of increased strength to the ties of social and family life, and consequently of powerful good to the national life.

One of the great movements of the day is the securing of parks and open spaces for the people, that they may breathe purer air than can be obtained in the densely populated districts of large towns. But are not parks and open spaces as necessary for minds as for bodies? And if such outlets are not provided for those who have not the smallest chance of providing them for themselves, are they not obliged to seek for change in pursuits which it is only too well known tend to degrade and brutalize them?

Never were truer words written than that

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

And it ought to be, and undoubtedly is,

the endeavour of the upper and the educated classes to employ every means to raise to a higher level those who, while living in the immediate vicinity of enormous wealth, yet see but little of the bright side of this beautiful world.

“When the work of the poor is over,” says one of our greatest medical men, “and they return to their wretched homes, they have nothing to do during the evening but brood over their troubles, and if they did not occasionally get drunk they would go mad.”

If for drinking we could substitute wholesome recreations which would take the poor out of themselves and away from the contemplation of their miseries, the result could not fail to be productive of great moral good. Therefore, everything tending to an end so desirable should be employed as a means of lessening that degradation into which so many of our fellow-countrymen have fallen; and everyone should practically endeavour to aid the movement so far as lies in his power.

Now, surely there exists in the study and cultivation of music one of those mental “parks for the people” of which I have spoken.

I do not bring forward this subject, thinking it will prove a panacea for every evil, but I shall endeavour practically to show that some little good might be attained if only a fair chance were given it, requiring no more assistance for music than is accorded to other fine arts, but still claiming *as a right* that proper official encouragement which is its due: and claiming this, not because I am a musician, but because those in authority will reap a great and immediate return for any trouble they take in the direction to which I call attention, and

so benefit every locality where music as a study or as a recreation is introduced.

I shall divide my subject into three sections :—

I. That, from examples taken from different strata of our national life, I shall demonstrate how great is the social influence of music.

II. That municipal corporations and School Boards ought to establish musical elementary education, and that, in order to properly develop such a system, a central metropolitan institution, aided by Government grants and under Government inspection, is necessary to maintain a high standard and to elevate the national taste.

III. That the Royal Academy of Music, which is the only musical institution in the kingdom possessing a Royal Charter, is in a position to be thus utilized.

I.

The social influence of music amongst the amateurs of London is obvious ; for every day that passes, either privately or publicly, some amateur society or class brings together many who would in all probability not otherwise meet. But to prove how great that influence is, I shall content myself for the present with a few words on the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose reputation is not only of this country, but of the world.

Founded towards the end of 1832 by a body of amateurs, who, though few in number, were very giants in zeal, enthusiasm, and capacity for organization, the Sacred Harmonic Society passed through the early months of its career, much as do all new undertakings in this country. Its existence was extremely precarious, and from one cause or another it was constantly changing its abode ; but at last, in 1834, it set up house in Exeter Hall, giving its performances in the small room. In 1836 it made another and final change, since which its concerts have taken place in the large hall, where its noble efforts in the cause of musical art have raised it to the distinguished position it now holds. It is

indeed an institution of which this country has reason to be proud, and its social influence is as great as its musical influence. It has some thousands of pounds invested in Government securities, it possesses a fine library, its members are animated by a truly remarkable *esprit de corps*, and there is in immediate connection with it a flourishing Benevolent Fund, out of which help is given to cases of distress.

But its claims to our admiration are not yet exhausted, for to the Sacred Harmonic Society we owe the establishment of the Handel Festivals, which have had a great educating influence upon the whole kingdom on account of the many provincial choirs and choral societies which take part in these Festivals, and have thus had their standard of performance considerably raised. The Sacred Harmonic Society distributes annually amongst professional instrumentalists many hundreds of pounds, thus doing good service to competent performers. The mere fact of belonging to the Society is an almost certain guarantee of respectability ; for while membership is open to everyone who can pass the necessary musical examination, immediate expulsion would follow the slightest deviation from honourable and gentlemanly conduct.

Having given an example of a town society, I will now mention an amateur society with which I am connected, which I believe to be the only one of its kind existing in the kingdom, and to be exercising an influence for good, in its own county and the counties adjacent, that is quite extraordinary. The Herefordshire Philharmonic Society was established between nine and ten years ago. It consists of amateurs, performers and non-performers. There is an orchestra of about forty—eight or nine of whom are professional assistants—and a chorus of 120. Two concerts are given during the year, for each of which there are five rehearsals. Performing members are not allowed to take part in the concerts unless they have attended at least three rehearsals ; and when I state that the distances to be travelled form a circle

the diameter of which exceeds a hundred miles, it will be understood that there is some zeal displayed, and that some social good has been derived from the institution of the Society—otherwise the attendance would flag when such difficulties of distance have to be overcome.

That the standard of the Society is not a low one will be apparent from the fact that each programme contains a symphony, a selection from an oratorio or cantata; madrigals, part-songs, choruses, and overtures. All the solos and concerted pieces are sung by members; four ladies have respectively played Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo, Weber's Concertstück, and Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, with orchestral accompaniment; and a gentleman has played the first and second movements of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto.

The practical experience thus gained has enormously developed the musical capabilities of the district. The members return home wiser, and better musicians, and with a far greater power of enjoying and appreciating a purely professional performance. Many of the lady members teach village choirs. They are thus rendered far better qualified for such a task, and so every class in the county is benefited.

A better criterion of the success of this Society cannot be given than the fact, that a long list of names awaits election to membership, the list being at present full.

Thus does the Herefordshire Philharmonic Society promote an extremely beneficial influence upon musical art, while the means of achievement are pleasantly social.

No doubt many of my readers have heard of Welsh Eisteddfods, or national gatherings in honour of the fine arts. The proceedings ordinarily consist of competitions by poets, solo singers, harpists, pianists, volunteer bands, and choral societies; but occasionally an oratorio or cantata is performed. Painting and sculpture are but seldom represented, but orators are

highly appreciated. An Eisteddfod generally lasts for three or four days, and ancient tradition governs the proceedings. At each Eisteddfod processions of Bards march to a chosen spot, and there elect younger men who are distinguished in art to the honour they themselves hold, thus perpetuating the Bardic succession, and linking the present with the past. Though things are done which from their quaintness are almost ludicrous, and the mistaken zeal of ardent supporters of the nationality causes the offering of prizes for subjects which raise a smile, still there is such unmistakeable appreciation of all that is good, and such hearty enjoyment of it, amongst the thousands who come from great distances to attend these Eisteddfods, that at once the thought comes uppermost, "What might not such a people do in art?"

At Eisteddfods held at Swansea, Carmarthen, and Chester, I have had the honour of being appointed judge of the choral competitions, and I will endeavour to give a short account of what took place. Choral societies from copper mines, coal mines, porcelain works, and every kind of manufacturing industry; came as competitors, the men being the tenors and basses, their wives, daughters, and boys the sopranos and altos. Is not this an affair to gladden the heart of a philanthropist? And could any movement be productive of higher good than such an one, in which families are thus brought together, at the same time amusing and refining themselves?

If the Welsh did but know their musical strength, they would not fritter it away as they do at these Eisteddfods. If local jealousies could be superseded, and a permanent National Council formed of men animated by the one idea of raising the standard of taste by these periodical gatherings, the Eisteddfods might easily be made an institution of the highest service to Wales and Welshmen, and which would undoubtedly give great additional strength to the moral and refining influences of musical education throughout the whole kingdom.

I wonder whether any one of my readers ever heard an oratorio in a slate quarry, as I have. I allude to a performance of the "Messiah" choruses by the amalgamated forces of the four principal choirs of the Penrhyn slate quarries, numbering some 200 voices. For miles round the villagers turned out in hundreds and occupied the various ledges caused by the excavations, which form a huge amphitheatre. The performers occupied the centre of the lowest part, the accompaniments being played on harmoniums by two clergymen. As a rule the choruses were admirably sung, and the whole affair was most interesting.

It is well known that no property in the kingdom is better cared for than that of which these famous slate quarries form a part. Being desirous of ascertaining whether music as an instructive or recreative element had been of use, I propounded certain queries to a friend of mine, and received the following reply, the authority being unimpeachable:—"The population is very much improved in social position, but whether that is owing to religious teaching, improvement in dwellings, better wages, better education, or to flats and sharps, it is impossible for me to say; probably to all combined. As to drunkenness, all I know is that last year I ascertained from the police that in eleven months only four out of 2,800 people had been brought up by the police for drunkenness." Here music comes in as an accessory in the general improvement of the social position of the population.

A few years ago Saturday evening concerts were established in Chester, and a quotation from the report of the chief constable of the town for the year ending September 29th, 1870, will add another proof to the moral value of music. The chief constable says:—"I may perhaps be allowed to repeat here what I stated three years ago; namely, that with the opening of the Saturday evening entertainments a considerable decrease in the amount of drunkenness takes place.

The temporary improvement is, I feel sure, due to no merely accidental coincidence, but rather directly owing to the fact that large numbers of young men spend their Saturday evenings at the music-hall, who otherwise would probably be found in the public-house."

We will now visit the capital of Lanarkshire, and witness the doings of "The Glasgow Abstainers' Union." The leading purposes of this society are, the advocacy and diffusion of Temperance principles and publications; the institution of popular and innocent entertainments; and generally the promotion of any measure that may tend to the prosperity of the cause of Temperance. One of the greatest obstacles they had to contend with was the extent to which drinking was associated with the ordinary enjoyments of the people. To strike at the root of this state of matters, mere teaching by word and argument would not suffice. That had been tried for years by means of pulpit, platform, and press, and yet the evil remained comparatively untouched. At length, eighteen years ago, music was utilized by the establishment of Saturday Evening Concerts in the City Hall, with the countenance and concurrence of the city authorities. For a long time the concerts were carried on at heavy loss, no public at that date existing capable of appreciating their influence. The directors had to descend in the scale of entertainment—the policy being first to interest the public, and then by degrees to raise the character of the concerts. The rate of progress was very slow, but very sure; for the motto of the society was "Excelsior," and higher and higher was the standard raised until now, when the first singers of the day delight in singing to the men of hard hands, who are the mainstay of these concerts. The magistrates of Glasgow recognize these concerts as a most valuable auxiliary in keeping the streets quiet on a Saturday night, in the prevention of drunkenness and brawls, and in the improvement of a healthy and moral tone.

When the Saturday Evening Concerts commenced, there were in Glasgow a great number of the lowest class of drinking and singing saloons. These were all rooted out, and in their places rose several large concert halls, capable of holding some 6,000 or 7,000 people.

No more forcible example of the social influence of music can be given than in this short account of the proceedings of the Glasgow Abstinists' Union, for the leading facts of which I am indebted to my friend Mr. Sims Reeves, who frequently takes part in the concerts, and who tells me that the audiences are as appreciative and as enthusiastic as any he has ever seen.

In that wonderful colony which Sir Titus Salt has established in the neighbourhood of Bradford, every agency is applied which is deemed capable of aiding the moral and social improvement of those who are employed in the work. A correspondent from *Saltaire*—a member of the Salt family—thus writes :—

"We have done all we can to promote musical culture in our village; and although the results can scarcely be collected into facts, we cannot but see that the influence of the effects of our movement in the matter is very beneficial. We have a very flourishing glee and madrigal society, which meets weekly. It numbers sixty members, all of whom are mill-workers. They have been in training about three years, and have accomplished several oratorios, Sir S. Bennett's 'May Queen,' and many other things, and the interest keeps up well. I am convinced that music, as a recreation, is a source of social and moral improvement. The very popularity of the practice of good music is proof in favour of the theory, seeing that it is, to say the least, a pure and harmless employment with a strong bias towards becoming an ennobling and elevating pursuit."

In a letter from Florence in the *Echo* of 30th January last we read as follows :—

"On Sunday a mass was performed at Santa Croce, composed by Signor No. 153.—VOL. XXVI.

Roberti, and the choruses and *soli* were sung by the children of the *Pia Casa di Lavoro* (the Florentine Workhouse), and by pupils among the tradespeople of Florence, who have been taught gratuitously by Signor Roberti. This gentleman may be considered a public benefactor. By cultivating this love of music in the artisans of Florence, and allowing them to meet for the purpose of study two or three times a week at his house, the moral benefits are as great as the intellectual ones. It is applying the small end of the wedge, but it will have strength at last to break through the mountain of ignorance and idleness opposed to it."

We will now rapidly glance at those musical institutions in England which have done good service to art.

At the head of this renowned phalanx comes the Triennial Festival of Birmingham. The energy of this wealthy centre of industry is carried into its proceedings when it takes in hand the work of its Festival. Situated in the very heart of railway communication, it enjoys special advantages, but the zeal and tact with which this princely undertaking is carried on, and the attention paid to everything necessary for the good of their one week's series of performances during three years, has resulted in placing the Birmingham Festival in the highest possible position as an art institution.

With Sir Michael Costa as conductor, with the best artistes as principals, and with instrumental and choral forces at command that leave nothing to be desired, the Festival presents a series of superb performances, and stands without a rival in the world. For more than a century the profits of these great meetings have been devoted to the General Hospital, which has benefited to the extent of more than a hundred thousand pounds.

There are also the sister Festivals of Norwich, Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, all of which are not only of great service to art, but also largely aid their local charities.

Would that I could add the towns of

Bradford and Leeds to this list! But, alas! they have withdrawn from a field which their Festivals occupied for some time with such distinction that hopes were raised of their becoming permanent institutions.

The Philharmonic Society of London for a long period enjoyed a monopoly in orchestral performances. It could make entire programmes of works composed expressly for it by the great masters, which would best prove the great influence it has possessed for sixty years.

Then we have in the metropolis the two Italian Operas, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Crystal Palace Concerts, the Handel Festival, the National Choral Society, the New Philharmonic Society, the Musical Union, the Oratorio Concerts, the Monday Popular Concerts, Mr. Henry Holmes's Musical Evenings, and numberless choral and other societies of more or less fame.

In the provinces Mr. Hallé gives splendid series of concerts in Manchester and other northern cities. Liverpool has its Philharmonic Society, and throughout the United Kingdom performances are constantly taking place which speak volumes for the heartiness of the people in their appreciation of music, and the great influence that art is exercising in every direction.

II.

We will now proceed to the second division of my subject, viz. "That municipal corporations and School Boards ought to establish musical elementary education; and, in order to properly develop such a system, a central Metropolitan Institution, aided by Government grants and subject to Government inspection, is necessary to maintain a high standard and to elevate the national taste."

To say that England is not a musical nation is absurd, but to say that English taste requires elevating is to make an assertion which is unfortunately only too well founded. And if England possesses a natural turn for music, to whose ac-

count must we lay the charge that the national taste is at a low ebb? I unhesitatingly assert that the fault lies with our Government, which literally does next to nothing for an art that has the power of making better citizens by its refining influences, whether employed as a means of recreation or education. I fear too many of our politicians belong to that class "who have no music in their souls," and who only know of music as an accessory of pageants, as an illustrator of toasts, or as an accompaniment of dancing!

On reference to the grants made by Parliament, for the year ending March 31, 1872, for the Science and Art Department of the United Kingdom, I find the total amount to be 233,179*l*.

This sum is apportioned to several institutions in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and includes the staff and the administration of the whole of the departments.

Among the items are the following :—

	<i>£</i>
Schools of Science and Art . . .	87,830
School of Mines and Geological Museum	10,403
College of Chemistry	680
Royal College of Science (Dublin)	6,913
Edinburgh Museum	8,824

In addition, the Irish Academy of Music receives an annual grant of 150*l*., and since 1864 (with the exception of the year 1868) the London Royal Academy of Music has received a yearly grant of 500*l*. to enable it to provide suitable accommodation; thus putting it in the position of the learned societies for which Government finds a habitation.

Now, I have not one word of objection to offer to the large grants thus made; on the contrary, it seems to me that Parliament best consults the interests of the nation when it votes money in aid of institutions recommended by Government, more especially when those institutions show such great and good results; but I may be allowed to ask why music does not receive a like support. I can only suppose that the Government does not consider music as one of the fine arts,

or as not worthy of any consideration or assistance. Having in view the highly satisfactory results emanating from the schools and institutions thus helped, why cannot a like system be applied to music? All that we musicians want and ask for is the establishment of a Metropolitan Institution, which should be the heart of musical England—which should enable all who desire to follow music as a profession to obtain a thorough theoretical and practical education—which, by that education, would make artists, and not mere singers and teachers—and which should have as its governing body such an array of our best men, that a musical degree conferred by it would be the greatest honour a musician could obtain.

With such a central institution as this, purely elementary musical education might be left to the local School Boards, and to such academies as might be formed by municipal authorities or by individuals. We should thus ascertain, and very quickly too, all the superior natural talent or genius of the kindgom, and this might be sent up to the central institution, under certain conditions, for help in higher education. The immense influence that such a course of action would have in raising the public taste can hardly be realized by those who are unacquainted with the working of the limited means of musical education which we at present possess.

Left to themselves and their own resources, the people of Great Britain are endeavouring to solve the problem of musical education; for, appreciating the benefits to be derived therefrom, musical education they are determined to have. But, of course, in the absence of a general system, much valuable time is lost.

Mr. Hullah and Mr. Curwen number their followers by thousands, and the exertions of those gentlemen deserve all honourable mention for the steady endeavours they have made to extend musical education, and the good results they have obtained. But how infinitely greater would those good results have been had the Government helped musi-

cal education by its countenance and influence.

Music has this double advantage, that while some of its followers like the technical work which qualifies them to take part in performances, others of less active temperament prefer to listen to the results of that labour. But there is one grand point upon which I have not yet touched, and that is the enormous improvement that would arise from national musical education in the music of our religious services.

Who in this country has not suffered torture from what is too often called church music? Why will people with contralto and bass voices attempt to sing the soprano part of a chant or anthem? Disqualified by nature from doing so, sounds which come under the definition of howlings and groanings are the result. And yet the culprits are not so much to blame as that want of system which allows so-called teachers who know nothing whatever of the theory or practice of music, and so can only teach the children in schools to sing tunes. It is the old story of the blind leading the blind. It is all very well for children, but these children have a knack of becoming men and women. If instruction in the practice of intervals were given in the National Schools with a dash of elementary teaching, we should have in a very few years an influx of young men and women who would be able to sing contralto, tenor, and bass parts, thus becoming a tower of strength to those religious services of which music forms a part.

There are many persons who have not been gifted by nature with musical susceptibility, and who look upon music as an effeminate employment, arguing that it has an enervating influence. But where lie the proofs of this? Are our schoolboys any the worse during the holidays for a knowledge of crotchets and quavers? Are they less manly, or less gentlemanlike? Will their master say that their school work has deteriorated since the introduction of music as a part of school education? Experience gives an emphatic negative

to these questions, for in almost all schools the cry is for still further musical development. Anyone who wishes for a practical exemplification of good results should some Sunday go to Harrow Chapel, where the boys join in the choral parts of the services with a zeal that is more than thrilling.

One other example, and I shall proceed to the third section of my subject.

For more than half a century Germany has had elementary musical education in the national schools, while conservatories more or less connected with the Government have attended to the higher musical education of its people, and Germany is justly entitled to be considered the most musical nation in the world. But no one would venture the proposition that, in the late lamentable war, enervation was one of the national failings. On the contrary, intense vigour was the chief characteristic of the German tactics, and song played a most important part in knitting together the national bonds; for the poet and the musician who were the authors of the "*Wacht am Rhein*" were of enormous service to their country by the enthusiasm roused whenever that poetic embodiment of national ideas was expressed in the deeply earnest voices of the German troops.

We ourselves, the inhabitants of these happy isles, have also lately found that song could do something for us, as the frequent performances of "*God save the Queen*" and "*God bless the Prince of Wales*" on every possible opportunity have amply testified.

III.

All that remains for me to do is to show that the Royal Academy of Music, the only musical institution in the kingdom possessing a Royal Charter, is in a position to be utilized for the advancement of musical education.

There can be no doubt that some time ago it had drifted into a position of extreme debility. The pupils had fallen off in number, and the funds in hand

gradually diminished, until at last, in March 1868, the committee of noblemen and gentlemen who managed the institution, and who had done their best, and willingly given up their time in its interests, resigned their functions, and the Academy that had weathered many a storm since its foundation in 1822, found itself beating about, like a ship without a rudder and without a crew.

The commencement of this collapse took place in 1867, when the committee offered to return the charter to her Majesty, as they saw no means of improving the then condition of the Academy. But the reply was, that "the charter having been granted to a corporate body, it could not be cancelled but through the Court of Chancery."

Thus was the Royal Academy of Music, in March 1868, reduced to such extremity that the termination of its career seemed imminent. Some feared, while others hoped, that it was all over. But life still remained, and, phoenix-like, the institution was to be restored to a state of greater usefulness and prosperity than it had ever previously enjoyed.

The professors themselves took it in hand. A new secretary was appointed, and the first duty of the new board was to clear off the debt, which amounted to some 200*l*. And how did they do this? Instead of receiving their usual fees, they only took 45*l*. per cent. of them, thus virtually making a donation of the remaining 55*l*. per cent. to the Academy.

Sir Sterndale Bennett undertook the duties of Principal, and the distinguished old pupils rallied round him as their acknowledged chief. The efforts of Sir Sterndale have been purely honorary: a very busy man, his best efforts and his valuable time have been ungrudgingly given to the resuscitation of the Academy in which he had been a student and to which he owed so much, and his own pecuniary interests have been sacrificed in order that the Academy might be benefited. Thus, in various degree, has it been with everyone connected with the management.

The result has been that :—

In the term commencing July 1868, the debt was some 200*l.*, and the number of students 76.

In 1869, all progressed in the most satisfactory manner: the debt was paid off, and at the end of the year there was a balance in hand of 650*l.*, the students numbering 91.

In 1870, the balance had become 1,370*l.*, while the students had increased to 117.

At the end of 1871, the balance was some 2,000*l.*, the pupils numbering 129.

At the present time there are 170 students, and increased accommodation is absolutely necessary.

It must not be supposed that the balance in hand is being hoarded, for the greater part of it will be immediately applied to the restoration of those scholarships which had become extinct under former management in consequence of the funds set apart for them having been absorbed in the general expenditure.

Comment upon such facts as these is needless: for an institution that has been restored by the energy and self-abnegation of its professors, when the working of it had failed in the hands of men of the highest social position, cannot but be deemed worthy of national support.

To a limited extent the Academy has

received that support, for a grant of 500*l.* from Government was first paid to it on November 23, 1864, and was continued for 1865, 1866, and 1867. In 1868 the grant was withdrawn, probably on account of the then existing state of affairs. But, thanks to Mr. Gladstone (and the earnest thanks of all musicians are due to him for that timely help), the grant was renewed in 1869, and has been continued since then.

The Academy has its ramifications over the kingdom, for in every town of any consideration its certificated pupils are established as professors, and are performing useful functions of tuition. The services of these gentlemen as examiners might be of the greatest use to those School Boards which have adopted musical elementary education.

Development is all that the Royal Academy of Music requires to start it on a career of far greater usefulness than that to which it has ever been turned. With Government help (which might be given in proportion to results), and Government active official recognition, by the appointment of its representatives on the acting committee, a national institution might be established which would be a great stimulus to musical education, and would elevate the taste of the great body of the people through the length and breadth of the kingdom.

TO GENISTA.

'Tis your birthday; you ask for a rhyme:
 My spirit should stand in your porch,
 Should sing of your youth in its prime,
 Should light at the theme like a torch.

I should send you to-day from my hand
 Lines worthy for you to inspire;
 But my mind is a smouldering brand
 Which even love cannot fan into fire:

A brand which a dull glow consumes
 Till it lays the last fibre in ash,
 Yet feeds not a flame that illumines
 The world with its beautiful flash.

Recalling one exquisite strain
 To which oft we were wont to recur,
 I cry, as it floats through my brain,
 Ah, could I so sing unto her!

The best bard of them all only loved;
 The sweetest song ever was sung
 Only echoed the music that moved
 In his breast ere it rose to his tongue.

But the tide at my heart will not rise
 To my lips in words worthy of you;
 And if still it steals to my eyes,
 That emotion is valueless too.

Unless you should twine for my head
The myrtle far sweeter than bay,
And should take a true feeling instead
Of the song I would send you to-day.

Bright fountains of music unstanched
When the nightingale sings in the wood;
Yet the bird sitting mute on the branch
May thrill with as tender a mood.

My heart through my lips cannot break;
Must it break for that crime at its core;
May I love you, sweet love! for love's sake?
Will you love me, 'sweet love! for no more?

F. N. B.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

BY THE REV. EDWARD GIRDLESTONE, CANON OF BRISTOL.

IN the first twenty-five years of my ministerial life I was benefited in Lancashire. My cure was not in a town. It was in a country district with a widely scattered mixed population of 25,000 colliers, hand-loom weavers, and agricultural labourers. I had been accustomed to comfortable cottages, with good sleeping accommodation; wages such as a family could live upon and be brought up respectably; a fair allowance of beef and mutton for adults; good milk for the children; coals close at hand, and one good fire at least in each house, never put out even at night; warm clothing and bedding; and a people independent and self-possessed, but at the same time warm-hearted and affectionate. In 1862 I migrated to North Devon. My new home was in a purely agricultural parish, with a population of 1,700 scattered over nearly 8,000 acres. I found cottages, in many of which, if I had stabled my horse (even if my conscience and my pocket had not put in an effectual appearance against such a heartless and ruinous proceeding), the Baroness Burdett Coutts would undoubtedly have consigned me to just retribution at the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: wages 8s. per week, plus two quarts of sour cider: for adults, teakettle broth, coarse hard bread, cheese at 3d. per pound, all day, and at night, one meal of potatoes or cabbage, flavoured with a tiny bit of bacon: for the children no milk at all, nothing but the loaf, of which each child got a larger or

smaller slice in proportion as the number of the children was great or small; little Polly Lovell, a true-hearted and affectionate child as ever lived, in her simplicity confiding to me one day, that she was glad her elder sister had gone to service, because mother could now give them each a larger slice of bread: fuel so scarce and dear, that those who took off wet clothes at night were bound to put them on again in the morning nearly as wet as when they took them off: scant under-clothing and still scantier bedding; and a people very grateful to those who treated them with kindness, but at the same time so trodden down, starved, and dispirited, as not only to be afraid to assert their rights, but even accustomed to look upon kindness as that which God did not intend for such as they. It is England's boast that her soil makes free every foot which touches it. But in her western counties certainly, if not elsewhere, that soil is still trodden by slaves. Till within the last few years, in some places, the body of the labourer, when brought for burial, was carried to the grave at once, and not thought worthy to be taken into church.

It is not surprising that labourers in such circumstances as those above described are unable to save against illness or old age. It is as much as any, and more than many, can do to pay their club money; and in a very large number of instances, after they have with much difficulty contrived to keep up this payment for many years, the club, founded

upon erroneous principles or improvidently administered, has failed just when its aid was most needed. I never dared to put to myself the question, "Why does not the labourer in the West of England save?" There is a previous question, to which I could never find an answer. It is, "How does the labourer in the West of England contrive to live?" How a man with a wife and four or five young children can feed, clothe, and doctor them all, bury one-half of those that are born (which is about the proportion of those who succumb to the hard struggle), pay the rent of the cottage and the cost of such fuel as is absolutely necessary,—this is a problem which I have never yet been able to solve, and for the practical solution of which I heartily wish everyone who, sitting at his own well-covered table, denies that the labourer is badly off, might have just one month's personal trial. It is of no use to say, as some do, that the labourer is better off than he was fifty years ago. In the first place, I do not believe it. And even if he is better off than he was fifty years ago, the fact cannot be gainsaid that he is badly off now. Still less truth is there in all the boast about the privileges which he is said to enjoy. The fine fables which those interested invent about these privileges are of themselves quite enough to make it imperative that all wages should, as a very large number of farmers are now desirous, be paid in coin only. The labourer has got potato ground. Has he? Yes; but he pays for it per perch four and sometimes five times as much as his master who lets it to him pays to his landlord. He has a run for a pig. Has he? I have lived nine years in North Devon, and I never yet saw a labourer's pig run anywhere but in the sty. He has fuel given him. What sort of a gift is this? A farmer wants a hedge grubbed up. He says to John, "Grub it up in over-hours and take the wood for your labour." If the farmer paid the labourer in coin for the over-hours he spent in grubbing up this hedge, the

sum paid would purchase twice as much wood as is ever got out of the hedge. But the carter has an addition to his wages of two quarts of cider a day, the labourer of three pints, every woman who works in the fields has one quart, and boys just taken from school (long before they ought to leave it) never less than a pint, and more generally a quart. And whether they will or no they are forced, instead of the coin of the realm, to take this sour compound, often nothing better than the washings of the hogshead, which helps to cripple them up with rheumatism in middle age, habituates them even from childhood to spend what no intelligent member of a higher grade of life would think of spending, one-fifth or sixth of their whole income upon liquor for their own personal use alone, and not unfrequently whets their appetite for still deeper potations at the public-house. Grist-corn or tailings (*i.e.* that portion of the wheat which after it has been sifted is not saleable in the market) is much boasted of as a privilege. When the best wheat is high in price the labourer may reap a slight advantage from grist; but if during the continuance of the bargain, which is always made for a year, wheat happens to fall, all advantage is lost. At any rate, it never can be an advantage to a man to be forced against his will to take anything in place of coin, with which he can buy when, where, and what he pleases. When all the romance of the matter therefore is cleared away, the naked truth comes out, that so-called privilege is a pretty shadow without a substance, and that the labourers in the West of England have nothing which will really do them any good over and above their bare 8s. or 9s. a week. Hence the fact, confirmed by the testimony of a very able medical man who has all his life long had large practice amongst the agricultural labourers, that as a class and with few exceptions, as soon as age or infirmity, often in middle age, disables them from work, they live the remainder of their life on the poor-rate,

and when they die are buried out of the poor-rate. Hence a general absence of all feeling of shame at being paupers. Hence the notorious fact, that the rate is considered a sort of honourable heritage and right, so that young couples marry without any other prospect in case of accident or sickness. Hence the enormous amount to which in the western counties the poor-rate has reached, and the large proportion of outdoor to indoor relief. The labourers of the west are a race of paupers, with one exception however; namely, the county of Cornwall. Owing to the large number of mines and miners, and the presence of machinery, conditions which always sharpen men's wits and make them more independent, that county is an exception to the general rule of the west. The Cornish men say truly that, if Devonshire did not stop the way, Cornwall would be in the world.

The contrast, then, between the northern and western portions of the same island is so great as to be almost inconceivable. It is nothing less than the difference between plenty and starvation, between life and bare existence. The scenery in the west is beautiful; the climate delicious; vegetation, whether in the field, the garden, or the hedgerow, is exuberant; the pastures are so green that they vie in colour with those of the Emerald Isle; the cattle which in countless numbers browse upon them are of the purest Devon breed, each one of itself a picture. All that God has done here for man is good. But what man has done for his fellow is bad. Of what advantage to the poor, over-worked, half-fed labourer are God's manifold blessings above enumerated? What does he know of the pure fresh air in his crowded hovel? What must be his feelings about the oxen, whose flesh he is never allowed to taste, and the cows whose milk he would if he could purchase for his little ones, but can seldom get a preference over the pigs either for love or money? The contrast is so great, so painful, as to be perfectly un-

endurable to those who have been accustomed to a better state of things. I was told when I first came into Devonshire that I should get fat upon the cream, and make a name for myself in my rural retirement by growing gigantic swedes and mangolds. People who have lived all their lives in the country, and have in consequence been so long accustomed to the miserable plight of the peasantry as to take no heed of it, might perhaps do so. But those who have lived part of their lives in a land of plenty, have no heart either to fatten themselves or grow fat vegetables in the midst of their half-starved fellow-men.

What, then, was to be done? Such was the question I put to myself. The system rather than the farmers was in fault. I was well aware that to set about to persuade a farmer to pay wages above the market rate would be lost labour. It would take a long time to persuade men, in whose case habit had become second nature, that high wages mean low poor-rate: and that if they had to dive deeper into one pocket for the first they would have to take less out of the other pocket for the second, and would moreover gain no little by the service of a better fed, stronger, and more happy-minded human animal. The plain matter-of-fact superiority for use of the well-stabled, fed, and groomed horse over poor cabby's half-starved hack had no effect whatever. What, then, was to be done? What could be done? My thoughts at once reverted to my old friends in Lancashire. I knew they had too few labourers. It was clear that Devonshire had too many. Could the account anyhow be balanced? Could some communication be made between the too empty reservoirs in the north and the too full reservoirs in the west? If so, the labour-market would soon find its own level, and all would be right. But it was clear at the very outset that there were great impediments in the way of constructing this communication. Employers, for fear of wages rising, would do all they could to place obstacles in

the way of their low-waged labourer seeking better pay elsewhere. The labourers themselves also would cling to their native village with the tenacity of a snail to his shell, inconceivable to anyone who has not lived amongst those who have never been more than a mile or two from home, and who are so ignorant as often anxiously to ask how many miles of sea they would have to cross between Devonshire and Lancashire. Then there was the cost and trouble of removal, and the odium to which anyone who undertook this would be sure to be exposed. All these difficulties, however, have been overcome. The empty and the full reservoirs have been brought into direct communication with each other. Some four or five hundred labourers, full half of them with wives and families, have been sent from North Devon into the North of England. These, as is done by the Irish emigrants to America, have since sent for many of their relations, friends, and neighbours, and lately other persons in the western counties have begun to direct their energies to the same work, and are receiving from me the names of firms and individuals who want more labourers (5,000 in number) than I can furnish, specially now that I am myself on the point of migration to a new home, where the agricultural labourer is much better paid than here. Migration from the west to the north is in consequence at the present time going on to a large extent. There are many other parts of England, I believe, in which the condition of the agricultural labourer is not much better than in the west. The same process is now being adopted in those places as here, and there is a huge stream, I am informed, flowing northward. But I prefer confining myself to that which I know of my own knowledge, and leaving all description of that which is going on in other parts of the country to those who are personally mixed up with it. This migration movement has by some been much condemned, as unsettling the minds of the labourers, and for various other

reasons. Some have even gone so far as to say, that it is opposed to all the principles of political economy. As far as unsettling a labourer's mind to the extent of pointing out to him how, by a little exertion and self-denial, he may get sixteen shillings instead of eight shillings a week to live upon,—if a clergyman never does anything worse than that, he will not have a very serious account to render either to God or society. While, if to do one's best to persuade demand and supply to meet each other, to bring bellies which are too empty to food which is too abundant, and, when the Tyne and the Tees are begging for 5,000 hands at almost any price, to relieve the western farmers of those to whom they either cannot or will not allow scarcely a bare subsistence,—if this be, as it is said to be, opposed to the first principles of political economy, then either Adam Smith must have been a most unpractical man, or those who make these remarks can never have read what he has written.

There are black sheep in every flock. But, with few exceptions, and these entirely by their own fault, those who have migrated northwards are doing well. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. And if, which is the fact, those who have migrated are happy in their new homes, and have no desire to return westward, and those in whose employ they are now, are urgent in their appeals to the same source for fresh supplies, there can be no doubt that the West of England pudding eats well, and is therefore a good one. There can be no question, therefore, as regards the advantage of migration to those who migrate. But what of those who remain in the old quarters? What of those who are left behind? Has the drawing off of a certain quantity of water from the over-full western reservoir, and pouring it into the half-empty reservoirs of the north, left the water which remains in a healthy state? To a certain extent it has. Wages have risen, are rising, and will rise even more. The eyes of the gentry and

the clergy are becoming a little more open than they were to the social condition of the people among whom they are living. Landowners are more alive to the fact, that land has its responsibilities as well as its honours and emoluments. Farmers are becoming less of tyrants, and labourers less of slaves. The water, so long entirely stagnant, now that some portion has been drawn off, seems to have become to a certain extent aerated. It sparkles, and bubbles, and appears as though it at least wished to move. The West of England seems to be shaking itself, and awaking from its long sound sleep. Cornwall is looking out from the Land's End, and begins to hope that it may yet get into the world, without having to resort to the extreme measure of leaping over Devonshire. A great deal, however, remains yet to be done, and the social torpor of of such long standing, and of such an insidious character, that great care must be taken that it does not again overpower the patient. What, then, does the doctor prescribe? What specific has he in store? What remedy has he at hand? He feels the pulse of the labourer. He examines his empty stomach and bare back. He sees him weak in body, depressed in mind, unwilling to move, afraid almost to speak, alarmed at the extent, small though it is, to which he has just lately shaken off the torpor by which he was so long oppressed, and almost inclined to think that the safest and most comfortable thing for him to do would be to go to sleep again. The doctor sees all this. He ponders it in his thoughts; and then at last he makes up his mind. The malady, he decides, from which the agricultural labourer is suffering, is isolation. He is an unit, and as an unit he is powerless. There are five hundred men living close by him just the same, and as weak as he is, all suffering from the same complaint—isolation. Union is the only medicine which will make these weak units strong. Twine the five hundred threads together, and you have at once in your hands a strong

rope. A single marksman might easily destroy an army of 100,000 men, if they were brought singly within the range of his rifle. United, a dozen of them would be too much for him. Neither migration, nor emigration, nor the most complete agreement between supply and demand, nor all the soundest principles of political economy combined, will ever raise the agricultural labourer to his proper position in the social scale. Such nostrums may raise wages, and give the first stir to the stagnant pool. But strong, real, enduring health, strength, and life, can only be obtained by Union. Alone, the agricultural labourers cannot stand up against every other class united. In combination, they will easily recover and hold their own.

Attention has, perhaps, so far been too exclusively given by the public to the wages part of this question. This is not unnatural or unlikely. For a half-starved peasantry is a sight which, as soon as it is brought to light, appeals directly and powerfully to the heart of the nation, and almost puts out of view other very important features in their condition. A man may be fairly fed and clothed, however, and yet be little better than a slave. He may be in outward appearance a man, but in reality only half a man. Now, this is the condition of the peasantry almost all over England; and if this could be set right, a rise in wages such as would enable a man to live comfortably, bring up his family well, and save so as in sickness and old age to be independent, would soon, as a matter of course, follow. The agricultural labourer is at present denied the franchise which has been bestowed upon all his fellows, the householders in boroughs. In boroughs, it follows as a matter of course, that the artisan is as much courted and canvassed by M.P.'s and expectant M.P.'s as the classes above him, and his interests are well cared for in the House of Commons. In the agricultural districts, on the other hand, it is the gentry and the farmer who are alone

courted and canvassed, and whose interests are carefully looked after in the House of Commons, while the labourer having no vote is left uncared for in the cold. But even such power as the Legislature has at different periods conferred upon the agricultural labourer, he is afraid to use. Every occupier of a rateable cottage in every village in England, no matter whether the rates are paid by himself or his landlord, has the same right as the occupier of every rateable tenement in a town—the same right as the squire who, in the same parish, lives at the big house and park, or the rector who has his comfortable dwelling close by the church, to attend every vestry and parish meeting, and vote for or against this or that man being churchwarden, guardian of the poor, waywarden, or on the School Board. But who ever heard of an agricultural labourer daring to show his face at a vestry meeting, or to give his vote either for or against the persons proposed to fill offices, on the duties of which being well fulfilled or otherwise depends nevertheless in great measure his own as well as his children's welfare? An agricultural labourer, at least in the West of England, would as soon think of taking a seat uninvited at the dinner-table of the Squire or the Rector as of attending a parish meeting. He would be a marked man from that moment, and the farmers would unite as one man to punish with dismissal such an audacious innovator. Never again would such a scoundrel as that find work in his own neighbourhood. He would have to migrate at least—in all probability to emigrate. Thus the wise intentions of the Legislature for making the people self-reliant and self-governing are continually frustrated by the rod in pickle which the master brandishes over the head of his frightened and submissive serf, and the government of country parishes is almost always a one-sided affair, managed chiefly by farmers, and those generally rather the noisiest than the wisest and the best. Now, nothing but union will

make a man of the labourer, and give him courage to claim and use his own, and occupy his proper position. As long as he is an unit he must submit to a hovel, starvation, rough usage, exclusion from power—to the state, in short, to which he is at present depressed. United, like every other class which is united, he will hold his own.

But union is not good for agricultural labourers. Why not? Why is that particular class of her Majesty's subjects the only class which cannot unite for good? Politicians unite—Conservatives having one club, Liberals another. Barristers, doctors, solicitors, artists, manufacturers, all have their unions. There is not a single profession, trade, or handicraft which has not its own union, and which is not benefited by it. Even the clergy, High Church, Middle Church, Low Church, Broad Church, have their several unions. No Bill would ever pass into an Act in either the House of Lords or House of Commons if the members of those august bodies, instead of sitting in compact union on one or the other side of the House, were mingled indiscriminately on the benches on both sides. The farmers have long had their ordinary on market-days, and of late years their Chambers of Agriculture, both of which—the first quite as much and perhaps more practically than the second—are farmers' unions. The chief reason urged against Agricultural Labourers' Unions is, that they will do away with the good feeling between master and man. Does such good feeling in reality, to any great extent, exist? Is the feeling above described a good feeling? Is it a sound and healthy feeling, that our large agricultural population should be practically slaves, rather than freemen? Will it contribute to make England great that her peasantry should be afraid to claim comfortable homes, fair wages, payment in coin instead of dependence upon a master's integrity as regards the kind in which he pays—a vote for the county, and liberty to exercise all the social privileges conferred upon him without fear

of being turned out of work in consequence? Granted that union will make the labourer independent, self-reliant, willing and able to help himself. Need there, on that account, be any antagonism between him and his employer? Not unless the employers as a body resist union amongst their men. The detestable patronage, which is now so frequently bestowed by the gentry, clergy, and farmers upon the agricultural labourer, as if he were a being of a distinct order from themselves; the money prizes received with cringing bows at Ploughing Match dinners for the bringing up of a large family without parochial relief, and all the rest of it, would under union die a natural death, and few intelligent people would be found amongst the mourners. But, though he would in union cease to be a slave, the labourer would remain as respectful as ever to those above him, as grateful as ever, not for patronage, but for real Christian kindness and help, a better educated, more faithful, willing, intelligent, able servant than ever before. Neither landowners nor farmers need have any fear of labourers' unions, unless they themselves by fruitless but perilous opposition put such a spoke in the wheel as shall make the carriage overturn and damage them. United farm-labourers means stronger, more intelligent, better labourers. Better labourers means lands better cultivated. Better cultivated land means more prosperous farmers; and more prosperous farmers means a higher rent. There is every reason, therefore, for landowners and farmers to encourage, rather than oppose, union.

One thing is certain, that, whether encouraged or opposed, agricultural labourers' unions will, before the year is out, be formed all over the country. The die is cast. The word has been spoken. The order has gone forth. And so far God has blessed the movement. If there is one thing more marvellous than another, it is the quiet, inoffensive way in which these poor slaves have asserted their freedom.

Scarcely a strike, no riot, no rick-burning, no destruction of machinery, as in days gone by;—not an angry word. Only one unanimous, plaintive, piteous tale of woe—of a cruel struggle for life of self, and, dearer still, for life of wife and little ones, long and patiently endured. No blame of masters, but a calm, temperate, yet firm and decided assertion of right and claim of independence. There is a good deal said about this movement having originated and being still kept up by professional agitators from London and elsewhere. Nothing can be more devoid of truth. If ever there was a movement which deserves to be described as self-originated and maintained, it is the movement commenced in Warwickshire for the union of agricultural labourers. The labourers very decidedly and very properly refuse to be managed, and are determined to manage for themselves. None but labourers are placed upon the Executive Committee of the Agricultural Labourers' Union. Such gentry as have shown an interest in the movement, have been invited by the labourers to form a Consultative Committee, but it is for advice alone, and without a vote, and wholly dormant, except called into action by the Executive Committee.

The proposed National Agricultural Labourers' Union aims at being a purely defensive body. Its object is not aggression, but protection. Better houses, better wages, payment of wages in coin alone, no cider or any other truck—a day's work defined as consisting of so many hours, and all after-work to be paid for in proportion; none except written agreements between masters and men for term of service or amount of wages; protection in the exercise of all political and social rights; in case of difference, arbitration in preference to dispute and strike; no reduction of wages in bad weather; women to remain at home and keep house, and children to be kept at school instead of, as now, both working in the fields, to the neglect of their own duties and the lowering of men's wages: these, it is believed, are

some of the chief points in the Charter of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union. What fault can, with any show of reason, be found with a programme such as this? The truck system is an abomination, specially in forcing cider upon men, women, and children. The number of hours of overtime which men are obliged to work without any additional wages, and the total cessation of wages in wet weather, are intolerable hardships. Justice may be perverted, as lately happened at a Petty Session in North Devon, owing to a farmer swearing to the existence of a verbal agreement. And men's wages will never rise as they ought as long as women and children are allowed to work in the fields at almost nominal wages. All these are abuses against which the labourer deserves protection. And, since he has failed in obtaining protection elsewhere, he has at last determined upon the best possible course; namely, by union to protect himself. Who will hinder him? Or, rather, why should any attempt to hinder him be made?

The agricultural interest is the backbone of old England. Were it not for the very calm and temperate tone in which this movement for union has been begun and so far carried on, there might have been some apprehension with reference to this sudden excitement of the spinal marrow of a whole nation. As it is, however, there does not seem any cause for alarm. It has been said, that the International has had some share in originating the movement, and there are timid people who see in this movement a sure indication that the working classes are about to take everything into their own hands. There is, however, no proof whatever that the movement is owing to any external agencies. Bodies which have been long torpid when once moved, generally move rapidly. And the impetus having once been given to the long stagnant mass of rural population by migration to new scenes, facility of removal by train, of communication by post, and other instrumentalities, nothing else could be

expected but that it would move spontaneously, and the only wonder is that the movement has been so long delayed. As long ago as 1868, in a paper which I read at the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, I predicted that a movement for union amongst agricultural labourers must sooner or later take place. Nor need there be apprehension of danger to any class, but rather hope of benefit to all. Whatever benefits the labourer must benefit the landowner and the farmer. These three classes are three twines twisted into one cord, and whatever strengthens any one of the twines, at the same time strengthens the whole cord. Nothing can be more unfounded than to suppose that an attempt to improve the labourer is directed against either the owner or occupier of the land. The attempt is directly in favour of both these classes. It is directly in favour also of the mercantile and manufacturing interests. For the better able agricultural labourers are to buy, the larger is the stock which the manufacturer must produce, and in consequence the greater the number of hands he must employ. Agriculture and manufacture are twin sisters, who can have no separate interests. Seeing that so many interests are bound up in this effort on the part of agricultural labourers for self-improvement being brought to a successful issue, and seeing also that there are always hanging about every movement plenty of adventurers watching how to turn it to their own selfish advantage without any care for the public good, and seeing also that the agricultural labourer having been so long trodden under foot and kept in the background, is peculiarly susceptible of such sort of imposition, those who are in a position to control and guide the movement must not stand aloof as from something wrong, but rather do their utmost to ensure that it shall be right. This duty specially devolves upon landowners and occupiers, upon whose action in this matter greatly depends, whether the movement shall bristle with resentment and be soured

with ill-will, or whether it shall end in a truer, happier, and more Christian and enduring relation between master and men than at present exists. Above all, the Clergy and Ministers of all denominations are bound not to stand on one side, and say, What is that to me? Depend upon it, it is of little use, generally speaking, to preach to empty stomachs. A comfortable home, a hearty meal, a mind at ease on worldly matters, are a much better preparation than starvation and a continued struggle with poverty, for the entrance of the Gospel into the heart; and the minister who exhibits active sympathy with temporal wants is the most likely to be accepted as a counsellor in spiritual need. Many no doubt,—such is human nature,

—will use increased wages as a means of increased self-indulgence and vicious conduct. But that is no just reason for withholding better wages, and so making all suffer for the misconduct of a part. Means are at man's disposal. God alone can produce results. Man has nothing to do with them but to accept them. But independently of any result either one way or the other, it seems as plain as the word of God found both in the Old and New Testaments can make it, that social reform is part, and a very important part, of that "Counsel of God," all of which His ministers are bound to "declare" on pain of not being considered pure "from the blood of all men."

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1872.

THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.¹

BY W. G. CLARK.

II.

I COMMENCE my second lecture with a passage from George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," which treats this portion of my subject with a fulness of detail, a conciseness and felicity of expression characteristic of the author:—

"The fifteenth century since the Man Divine
Taught and was hated in Capernaum
Is near its end—is falling as a husk
Away from all the fruit its years have ripen'd.

* * * * *

Europe is come to her majority
And enters on the vast inheritance
Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors,
The seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent harps
That lay deep buried with the memories
Of old renown.

No more, as once in sunny Avignon,
The poet-scholar spreads the Homeric page,
And gazes sadly, like the deaf at song:
For now the old epic voices ring again
And vibrate with the beat and melody
Stirr'd by the warmth of old Ionian days.
The martyr'd sage, the Attic orator
Immortally incarnate, like the gods,
In spiritual bodies, winged words
Holding a universe impalpable,
Find a new audience. For evermore,
With grander resurrection than was feign'd
Of Attila's fierce Huns, the soul of Greece
Conquers the bulk of Persia. The maim'd
form
Of calmly-joyous beauty, marble-limb'd,
Yet breathing with the thought that shaped
its lips,

Looks mild reproach from out its open'd grave
At creeds of terror; and the vine-wreath'd god
Rising, a stifled question from the silence,
Fronts the pierced image with the crown of
thorns.

The soul of man is widening towards the past:
No longer hanging at the breast of life,
Feeding in blindness to his parentage,—
Quenching all wonder with Omnipotence,
Praising a name with indolent piety,—
He spells the record of his long descent,
More largely conscious of the life that was."

In these stately lines the poet sums up the results which the great revival movement begun by Petrarch had accomplished a century after his death.

We must now descend to earth and go a hundred years backward, in order to trace the steps and point out the means by which these results were achieved. Florence was proud of Petrarch as her son. By honouring him she strove to make amends for the unkindness she had shown to Dante. Nowhere had he more fervent admirers, more devoted disciples.

Foremost among these was Boccaccio, author of the ever-to-be-remembered "Decamerone," and the ever-to-be-forgotten "Genealogia Deorum." There is a saying attributed to the Emperor Charles V., that according as one knew so many languages he was so many times a man. Petrarch and Boccaccio spoke and wrote two languages with equal readiness.

¹ Two Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Literary and Philosophical Institution.
No. 154.—VOL. XXVI.

There were two men in each. There was Petrarch, the Italian poet, graceful, tender, and (in Shakespeare's phrase) "high fantastical;" and Petrarch the Latin moralist, stern, uncompromising, and aggressive. There was Boccaccio, the Italian novelist, by turns gay and pathetic, licentious and severe, but always inimitably simple and natural; and Boccaccio, the Latin pedant, laborious without method, indefatigable in research without discrimination. In the living Boccaccio the two characters, so distinct in his books, were blended into one, and doubtless the Latin which he spoke in discussion with his friends was lighted up with the graces of the "Decamerone." His relations with Petrarch were uninterruptedly friendly, always on the recognized footing of disciple and master. The homage of the disciple was graciously accepted; the condescending patronage of the master never gave offence. These two have supplied no chapter to "The Quarrels of Authors." It is true that they never lived in the same place. Distance is a great preserver of peace. Another disciple was Luigi Marsigli, an Augustinian monk of the convent of Santo Spirito, in Florence, who in early youth had seen Petrarch himself, and been stimulated by his encouragement to the study of classical learning; a man of letters, a man of the world, an ardent patriot, who in spite of all these disqualifications became Bishop of Florence. But that was at a later period, in 1389, fourteen years after Boccaccio's death. A third disciple was Coluccio de' Salutati, who wrote in Latin ethical treatises in imitation of those of Petrarch, and a poem on the wars of Pyrrhus in imitation of his "Africa." In April 1375, eight months' before Boccaccio's death, he was made clerk to the Priori of Florence, *i.e.* secretary of state for all departments. He held the office for thirty-one years, and from a servant became virtually prime minister of the Republic. He was the first who wrote despatches with classical precision and elegance. So powerful and persuasive were they that one of the Visconti declared that Salutati's pen had done

him more harm than a thousand Florentine spears. In the war between Florence and Pope Gregory XI. (1375—1378) he secured the sympathies of all Italy by denouncing the Breton mercenaries—the Papal Zouaves of five hundred years ago—whom the Holy Father had enlisted to kill, burn, and ravage in his cause. From this time forward every state held it indispensable to have an elegant Latinist for its secretary: and this helped to wrest the direction of public affairs out of the hands of the clergy. We all remember what services, nearly three centuries later, Milton in that capacity rendered to the government of Cromwell.

The three men I have mentioned, in conjunction with others of like mind, founded a society for mutual improvement and discussion, which they called the "Accademia," the model and precursor of many similar societies, whose influence in the next century was incalculable. It was, in fact, the first "Literary and Philosophical Institution." It held its meetings at Santo Spirito, in Marsigli's chamber, or in the convent garden, according to the season and the weather. The very foundation of such a society was a portentous sign of the times. The thoughts of men were ripe for revolt, and here was the standard of revolt set up. The Church, which was supreme in all universities and schools, had hitherto controlled education and directed thought. The disobedience of Benedictine monks, whose only overt act was the transcription of some profane manuscript, had escaped notice in the secrecy of cloistered life; more public attempts at rebellion had been easily suppressed because they were isolated and premature; but now the hour was come, and the men. The Accademia which assembled at San Spirito was as much a dissenting meeting as the first gathering of Covenanters on the hill-side. Each was the symptom of a movement too strong to be put down by external pressure. Soon every city in Italy had its Academy founded upon the model of that at Florence. The questions proposed for debate were

dry and abstract enough, with no apparent reference to politics or religion: the hostility to existing institutions and forms of thought, which was latent in the spirit and afterwards manifest in the effect of these academies, was at first unsuspected by the Church and perhaps by the members themselves. Intellectual power, prompted by enthusiasm, was now for the first time directed with sustained and organized effort towards an object which the Church had not sanctioned. If we can picture to ourselves the impatient delight of the Neapolitan antiquaries as they watched the shovelling-away of the volcanic dust which had covered Pompeii for seventeen centuries, and saw the ancient city rising house by house and street by street from its grave; or the reassured hopefulness of Columbus as he saw the floating sea-weed and the flights of strange birds, and knew that land was near; or the trembling eagerness of the alchemist, when at length he believed that he held in his crucible the potential gold;—we may realize the ardent curiosity, stimulated from time to time by the pleasure of discovery, with which the Academicians investigated the treasures of that old world which to them was new. And the treasures were then, literally, “untold.” For us they have been thoroughly explored and sifted; they stand upon our shelves indexed, labelled, sorted; nor can we reasonably hope to add to their number. But it was otherwise with the scholars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The diligent search which was now for the first time set on foot, brought to light first one and then another long lost volume, and every man might hope to immortalize his name by a like discovery. Urged by such a hope, Boccaccio, whose name has become immortal on other grounds, visited the convent of Monte Cassino and asked to see the famous library. “Go up stairs,” said one of the brethren, “you will find it open.” In fact he found it unprotected even by a door. It was in a deplorable state: there were books without bindings, and, sadder still, bindings without books. For the

book-worms of the convent had of late occupied themselves in erasing the ancient writing from the parchments and converting them into Psalters, breviaries, and texts, worn as amulets, which were worth more—to sell.¹ In fact, since the establishment of the Mendicant orders, which had attracted to themselves all the more ardent and energetic men, the Benedictines had lost their old repute. The once busy hives were now filled with drones, who did nothing or did mischief. Sometimes there were wasps in the hive. In 1386 Peter Tartarus, Abbot of Monte Cassino, led a body of troops to besiege Pope Urban at Nocera, and was distinguished for the ingenuity with which he devised various tortures for his prisoners (Milman, *Lat. Christ.* bk. xiii. ch. 2).

The revival movement was a thoroughly lay movement. It was begun independently of all existing organizations, ecclesiastical and scholastic, and it was carried forward in spite of their avowed hostility or sullen antipathy. Among the foremost promoters of the movement were the self-appointed professors, who wandered from city to city giving lectures on ancient Latin literature. Here again we trace the immediate influence of Petrarch, for the first to set the example was Giovanni Malpaghino, usually called, from his birthplace, Giovanni da Ravenna, who had served for years as Petrarch’s secretary, copying his letters, as Tiro copied those of Cicero, and had caught from him “the enthusiasm of the Humanities.”

He took for his chief text-books Cicero and the Latin poets. With him, as with his old patron, knowledge of Greek was an aspiration not an acquisition. He lectured, with a success of which the achievements of his pupils are the best proof, in many Italian

¹ A few years ago I spent two days in the convent of Monte Cassino. I found the library, or what remains of it, carefully guarded and well arranged. The librarian accounted for the missing books by saying that some of their Abbots, who had become Popes, had carried the chief treasures away to the Vatican.

cities, and especially at Florence, the metropolis of the new learning. All ranks and all ages (but not, so far as I know, both sexes) crowded to hear him. The Princes of Ferrara induced him to settle there by the gift of an honourable office, but he wearied of the little court and the dull life, and resumed his old wandering habits. Among the list of his scholars we find many names of men afterwards distinguished for their enlightened patronage or diligent prosecution of literature, such as Palla degli Strozzi, Roberto dei Rossi, Lionardo Bruni, Poggio Bracciolini, Vittorino of Feltre, Guarino and Traversari. Many followed his example and became itinerant lecturers, meeting everywhere honourable welcome and receiving substantial reward. In reading of these men we are reminded of the Greek philosophers and rhetoricians who in the fifth century B. C. went from city to city, finding everywhere audiences eager to listen, and willing to pay. In both cases, though by very different means, the tendency of the lecturers' teaching was hostile to received opinions and creeds. Nor is this the only point of resemblance. A very elaborate parallel might be drawn between the republics of ancient Greece and those of mediæval Italy. At a later period, when Greek antiquities began to be known as well as Latin, the Florentine scholars discovered the resemblance of their own city to Athens, and endeavoured to heighten that resemblance by deliberate imitation.

It was impossible for the enthusiastic worshippers of ancient Latin literature to remain content with it. Every page of their favourite authors reminded them that there was a literature still more venerable, derived from an antiquity still more remote, the literature of Greece. The subject-matter of all the Roman philosophers, the rhetorical forms of all the Roman orators, the very metres of all the Roman poets, were derived from the philosophy, the oratory and the poetry of Greece. Virgil's Eclogues were suggested by the Idylls of Theocritus, his Georgics by the Works

and Days of Hesiod, his *Æneid* by the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* of Homer. We have seen how earnestly Petrarch longed, and longed in vain, for the knowledge which should enable him to read Homer. A few Greek books might still be found in the libraries of the West, but not a single Greek grammar or Greek dictionary. A living teacher was wanted, such as Petrarch hoped to have found in Barlaam. The lost opportunity was not likely soon to recur.

In reading mediæval history one cannot fail to be struck with the frequent intercourse which took place between the various nations of the West. The limits of those nations were not by any means so clearly defined as at present. The kings of England held, or claimed, large territories in France, which they were constantly endeavouring to secure, re-conquer, or extend; the German emperors had indefinite rights of sovereignty over Italy, which they from time to time asserted in person by peaceful parade or by force of arms. The court of Rome exercised authority and jurisdiction over every diocese, and had relations pastoral or pecuniary with every bishop and abbot throughout Western Christendom. Many a matter of business could only be settled by personal attendance at the Papal Chancery, and piety drew pilgrims from distant lands to worship at the shrines of Rome and Loreto, Compostella, Canterbury and Walsingham. The common colloquial Latin enabled a man to feel at home wherever he went. But there was no such community of language or facility of intercourse between the nations of the West and the Greek empire of the East. Neither at the time of the Latin conquest of Constantinople, nor during the continuance of the Latin empire there, was the thirst for knowledge in the West sufficiently keen to take advantage of the opportunity. The reckless barbarity of the conquerors only served to deepen the hostile feeling which had existed for centuries between the Eastern and Western Churches. Neither wanted anything from the other. In the Eastern Church all the writings

of Western divines lay under suspicion of heresy ; and the Western Church was not disposed to encourage the study of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament or the Greek original of the New, because such a study would have called in question the Vulgate, or Latin version of Jerome, to which it had for centuries appealed as to an infallible authority.¹ Some attempts had, indeed, been made from time to time to revive it by men who were before their age and therefore failed. Theodore, himself a Greek, consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in 668, established a school there for the study of his native language. And we are told that Alcuin learned both Greek and Hebrew in the Episcopal school at York about the middle of the eighth century. But the knowledge soon died out under the discouragement of Churchmen less liberal than the Anglo-Saxon bishops, Egbert and Albert. It was probably from some scholar of Alcuin that Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne, learned to read Greek. We are told, however, but on doubtful authority, that of Hedio, quoted by Du Boulay, that both Pepin and Charlemagne sent learned men come from Greece to teach Greek to the monks. Perhaps the "Greece" here meant is Magna Græcia, where the old language lingered for centuries after this time. Johannes Scotus Erigena, who in the time of Charles the Bald (840-876 A. D.) translated Dionysius the so-called Areopagite, was regarded in consequence as a prodigy of learning. The labours of Charlemagne's great teachers can have borne but little fruit. Scotus himself was supposed to have acquired his knowledge at Athens. If no Roman priest or prelate learned Greek, it was not for want of opportunity. So late as the year 1111 there were enough Greeks resident in Rome to be marshalled in a separate body, to welcome the Emperor Henry V. But the Romans, clergy and laity, were probably at that time among the most ignorant, and most

contentedly ignorant, people in Europe. In France at the same period there was no such opportunity of learning Greek, else Abelard, who craved after universal knowledge, would certainly have availed himself of it. His scholar, John of Salisbury, gave titles derived from Greek to his works in prose and verse, "Polycraticus," or "Entheticus ;" but there is no evidence that he knew even the rudiments of the language. The accomplished Emperor Frederick II., in the next century, could speak Greek, but then Greek was still spoken by some of his subjects in Southern Italy, where, and in Sicily, his youth was spent. On the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1203, Pope Innocent III. urged the University of Paris to send some of their promising students thither, "to drink at the fountain-head of knowledge," and Philip Augustus founded at Paris the "College of Constantinople" for young Greeks coming to study there. But Western students could not feel secure under the protection of the Latin empire, and a Greek going to study in Paris would certainly be stigmatized as a traitor and renegade. So these well-intentioned efforts came to nothing, or to very little. Robert Grossetête, bishop of Lincoln, in the middle of the thirteenth century brought over four or five natives of Magna Græcia to teach his countrymen. From one of these the famous Roger Bacon learned Greek, but he cannot have known much, for he professed to be able to teach all he knew in three days.

In England in the thirteenth century there was no demand for Greek ; in Italy in the fourteenth century the demand became so great, that in spite of all obstacles the supply could scarcely fail to come. Barlaam's success in obtaining a bishopric as a reward of apostasy induced another countryman of his, Leo Pilatus, to try his fortune in the same enterprise. In 1360 he arrived at Venice on his way to Avignon. Boccaccio heard of this precious treasure, a real live Greek, and hastened to secure him for Florence. People in the West knew so little at that time

¹ So even Lionardo Aretino endeavours to dissuade Poggio from the study of Hebrew. *Epist.* B. ix., ep. xii. (Shepherd, p. 66.)

of Constantinople that they supposed the language spoken in its streets was the language of Plato and Demosthenes, whereas the language really spoken there was a base jargon which had lost all the grammatical inflexions and all the structural organization which gave to the ancient language its precision, beauty, and force. The knowledge of the ancient language was confined to a few students, to whom accurate knowledge was doubly difficult of attainment because they had so much to unlearn. The casual Greek native, picked up at haphazard, was no more fit to lecture on Homer than a lazzarone of Naples to lecture on Virgil.

When Leo arrived at Florence, Boccaccio was delighted. In his shaggy hair and long beard unacquainted with the comb, in his uncleanly habits and surly manners, he discerned the very type of the ancient cynic—Diogenes without the tub. He lodged him in his own house, and got him appointed Professor of Greek with a salary from the State. As the Professor knew little Greek, less Latin, and no Italian, these lectures must have been something wonderful to hear. He dictated to Boccaccio a translation of Homer which, even after the corrections which the latter must have made, was a miracle of bald and bad Latinity, and full of errors as regards the sense of the original. A copy was sent to Petrarch, which fortunately was lost on the way. His reverence for Homer would scarcely have survived the reading of the translation. On the authority of Leo, Boccaccio gives the most ridiculous etymologies with unhesitating faith. Leo paid a visit to Petrarch, who saw through him. "That Lion of yours," he wrote to his friend, "seems to me a great brute." At length the good Florentines began to see through him too. Probably, in consequence, they stopped his salary. At all events he returned to his own country, leaving behind him a very faint odour of Greek literature. A few years later the poor man came to a melancholy end. He was returning to Italy on a visit to Petrarch, uninvited, when he was struck

dead by lightning on board ship in the Adriatic. Petrarch tells the story to Boccaccio, in a letter dated from Venice, in a serio-comic style, which reminds us of Erasmus. The body, he says, was thrown overboard, so he who had been destined for Byzantine worms became food for Italian fishes. The sailors were honest enough to bring his luggage ashore, for it was not worth stealing. Petrarch hoped, however, to find among the squalid books which composed his wardrobe Euripides and Sophocles. As we hear no more of it, I suppose he was disappointed.

Florence had to wait thirty years longer before she found a Professor of Greek able to teach what he professed. This was Manuel Chrysoloras, a man of real learning in the ancient language of his country, and sufficiently acquainted with Latin to express himself with ease and clearness. The latter accomplishment had recommended him to the Emperor Manuel as a fit ambassador to Venice and other states of the West, whose aid he was to solicit against the ever advancing and threatening Turk. Two Florentine nobles, Scarparia and Dei Rossi, went to see him at Venice: one accompanied him to Constantinople, the other returned to Florence, where he reported so favourably of Chrysoloras that an invitation was despatched to him to come and live at Florence as Greek Professor, with a liberal salary from the State. In this Salutati was chiefly instrumental. He was now sixty-five, but he did not think himself too old to learn Greek, remembering the example of Cato, who had learned it at eighty. Chrysoloras accepted the invitation, and lectured for some years at Florence, and in other cities of Italy also, with signal success. All the scholars of John of Ravenna, old and young, were his scholars also. He seems to have commanded the admiration and won the love of all. Their letters are filled with expressions of grateful affection. Forty years after his death, Guarino, then past eighty himself, speaks of his old master as "the wise and god-like philosopher, his dearest teacher."

Such a man, eloquent, persuasive, full of real knowledge, and animated by sincere convictions, might have succeeded, had success been possible, in his first mission as well as he succeeded in his second. The object of the first was to unite the Western nations, or at least the states of Italy, in a crusade for the protection of the Eastern empire against the common enemy of Christendom; the object of the second, or rather the result, which far surpassed all expectation, was to restore the empire of Greek philosophy and letters to its primacy in the minds of men. The time which was ripe for the second was eminently unfavourable to the first. France was but just recovering from the blows which had been dealt her by Edward III.; Germany was (as ever) weak and divided, under an empire which, owing to its incurably vicious organization, never could be a bond of union; England's strength was helpless, guided by the feeble and irresolute Richard II.; Spain was engaged in a domestic crusade against the Moors; in Italy the only power which could have united her petty tyrannies and fierce democracies—the power of a great and venerated Pontiff—was wanting. For it was the time of the Great Schism, which began in 1378 by the creation of two rival Popes, and was aggravated by the Council of Pisa in 1409; whose result was the establishment of three Popes instead of two, and was finally healed by the Council of Constance in 1417. For these forty years Pope and Anti-Pope hurled at each other anathemas, interdicts, excommunications, and employed against each other every weapon of open war and secret treachery. The effect of this schism upon the minds of men was great at the time, and incalculable in its later results. Those who had believed implicitly in one infallible Vicegerent of Christ could not believe in two, of whom each denounced the other as Vicegerent of Anti-Christ.

This abeyance of Church authority was highly favourable to the spread of the new learning. Theologians, who might have combined to persecute and

suppress their new enemy, were too much occupied with their partisan warfare against each other, even to notice that the new learning was their enemy. And thoughtful laymen turned in disgust from the ferocious strife which was raging around them, calling itself the Christian religion, to the high thoughts, the calm wisdom and polished language of writers to whom Christianity was unknown. What wonder, if many a pious man became a Platonist, and ceased to be a Christian?

The effects of the schism were less felt in the outlying states of Christendom than in Italy, where education was more advanced, and where men were eye-witnesses of the scandals and atrocities of the conflict. Yet, even in distant England, it gave a great impulse to the spread of the doctrines of Wicliff, which so alarmed the clergy, that, in return for a liberal subsidy, they obtained from the Legislature the precious privilege of burning heretics. Unlike the movement whose progress we have been tracing in Italy, the movement begun by Wicliff was essentially popular, advocated by preachers who read and expounded the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, and addressed themselves rather to the awakening of the conscience than the enlightening of the intellect—a movement which, suppressed for the time, became irresistible a century later, when the study of the Humanities imported from Italy superseded the old scholastic theology in the universities and schools, and thus the intellect and conscience of the nation combined in a revolt against an irrational and immoral tyranny.

To return one moment to the schism. It is remarkable how the nations ranged themselves on one side or the other, not on religious grounds, but according to national sympathies and antipathies. Thus Italy sided with the Neapolitan Urban; France with her creature, the Genevese Clement. England took the side of Urban in opposition to France, Scotland that of Clement in opposition to England. The Reformation, which made

both nations Protestant and alienated Scotland from France, first prepared the way for the union which has made Britain great. Without doubt the schism of the fourteenth century and the Reformation of the sixteenth are connected in cause and effect, distant though the interval may be. It is seldom that the men who initiate a great movement live to see its full development, and to reap its full results. The old Greek poet says that "the generations of men are like the leaves." On the great tree of humanity the leaves come and go many times while the fruit is ripening.

The ultimate results of the revival movement in Italy ("the *Rinascimento*," as it was proudly called) were not foreseen by any of its promoters. They were, indeed, too much excited, too intent upon the enjoyment of their new pleasure, to foresee anything. All forwarded the great work according to their characters and circumstances. The wealthy men collected libraries and employed the poorer scholars as secretaries to transcribe MSS. Those in whom the thirst for learning was combined with an equally ardent love of teaching became schoolmasters; the active and enterprising travelled from city to city, from convent to convent, in search of lost books. Many of them wrote, and carefully preserved, in imitation of Cicero and Petrarch, countless letters of interminable length, which would have been more interesting if the writers had thought more of their matter and less of their manner. In those days, a man who had nothing to say, and said it in sonorous Latin, was more admired than a man of deep meaning and few words. The best materials for biography are letters not meant for publication, and therefore written without art. Nevertheless, from these voluminous records many interesting facts and traits of manners may be gathered, and there is hardly one of these early scholars who has not found an admiring biographer. Time would not permit me to do more than mention the names—it would be a long list—with the dates of the birth and

death of each, leaving out all which makes names and dates interesting. Instead of this, I will mention at somewhat greater length one or two representative men.

Among the scholars of John of Ravenna and of Chrysoloras at Florence, I have already named Guarino of Verona. He was one of the first of those whose ardour for learning Greek, and buying Greek books, induced them to take a journey to Constantinople. Some of the books which he bought there were lost at sea, on their way to Italy: it is said that Guarino's hair turned gray for sorrow. The date of this visit to the East has been a matter of dispute among his biographers. A curious accident has enabled me to solve the question. A few years ago, while I was examining the MSS. of Aristophanes in the Vatican Library, I came upon one, on the fly-leaf of which was written, in a delicately beautiful hand, some words in Latin, to this effect:—"The book of me, Guarino. Bought at Constantinople on the 1st of March, 1406." He was then thirty-six years old, and he lived to be eighty-nine. All the latter part of his life was spent in teaching Greek and Latin at Ferrara, under the patronage of the house of Este; so zealously devoted to his calling that he grudged any hours stolen from it for the purposes of eating and sleeping.

Another great schoolmaster was Vittorino of Feltre, whose school was at Mantua, under the protection of the Gonzagas; he also devoted a long life to the teaching of the Humanities. He is represented as a little, vivacious, kind-hearted, unselfish man, indifferent to everything but his work, even to money. Whenever he found an intelligent boy too poor to pay anything, he took him into his house, clothed, boarded, and taught him for nothing. Of these he had sometimes as many as forty in his house at one time. Of course he got into debt, but whenever his creditors insisted upon being paid, Vittorino went to the Duke and insisted upon *his* paying them, which he did. It would not be easy to find now-a-days a poor man

keeping a boarding-school on this system; but then it would not be easy to find such a patron as the Gonzaga, either.

Another scholar of John of Ravenna and Chrysoloras was Poggio Bracciolini, born at Terranuova, near Arezzo, in 1380. About the year 1402 his skill in writing Latin recommended him to Pope Boniface IX. as a fit person to be secretary in the Papal Curia, or Chancery. So he removed from Florence to Rome, and continued to hold his office under several successive pontiffs, though he complained that it was not well paid. He accompanied Pope John to the Council of Constance in October 1414. John entered the city in state as sovereign pontiff; he left it in the disguise of a postilion. The Council which had assembled at his command deposed both him and the two other rival popes, and elected Cardinal Colonna, whose authority as Martin V. was once more acknowledged by united Christendom in the West. The Council sat three years and a half; made itself famous by healing the Great Schism, infamous by the murder of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and after all left its chief business, the reform of abuses in the papal court and system, undone. It was attended by 18,000 clergymen of all ranks, and by more than 80,000 laymen, of all ranks also, from the Emperor Sigismund downwards. It was made the occasion of a great fair, where the vintners and goldsmiths of Italy encountered the dealers in Russian furs and Baltic amber. Among the motley throng were 75 confectioners, 250 bakers, 65 heralds-at-arms, 306 barbers, and 346 jugglers and clowns. Here, too, the prelates of the North and their secretaries found their barbarous Latin an object of ridicule to the more polished Italians, and were made ashamed of their ignorance, which is the first step to knowledge. Sigismund himself, speaking of the reform movement in Bohemia, called it "*nefanda illa schisma*." A voice from the crowd said, "Please your majesty '*schisma*' is neuter." To which the

Emperor replied, "*Rex Romanus sum, et super grammaticam*." Another less probable, certainly less pointed version, given in Luther's "*Table-talk*," attributes the mistake to a cardinal, the correction to the Emperor.

There were however, even then, some men born north of the Alps, who could express themselves in Latin with elegance and force. The splendid eloquence and ready power of reply which Jerome of Prague exhibited at his trial moved Poggio, who was present, so much, that he was ready to forgive the heretic for the sake of the orator. But Poggio's heart was not in theological questions. His chief occupation was in making excursions to the monasteries of Switzerland, France, and Southern Germany in quest of classical MSS. After the fall of his master, Pope John, he was supplied with money for this purpose by Niccolo Niccoli, a scholar and bibliomaniac of Florence, who had collected there the greatest classical library in the world. He was also helped by Francesco Barbaro, a Venetian scholar and noble, and encouraged by the praise of Guarino, who had no money to give. In the monastery of St. Gall, in a dungeon of a tower, he found a copy of Quintilian, far more perfect than any yet known. In other places he brought to light several lost treatises and orations of Cicero. He, or his coadjutor, one Bartolomeo da Montepulciano, discovered Lucretius; and Nicholas of Treves, whom he employed in making researches, found somewhere in Germany twelve long-missing comedies of Plautus.

At Constance, Poggio met with Henry of Beaufort, bishop of Winchester. He was the second son of John of Gaunt and Catharine Swinford, therefore uncle of King Henry V., then on the English throne; afterwards, in 1426, made cardinal by Pope Martin V.,—the same Cardinal Beaufort whose terrible death-bed, as recorded by Shakspeare, and whose beautiful tomb, as seen in Winchester Cathedral, have perpetuated his memory. At his invitation, Poggio, after the close of the Council, went to

England, hoping to receive a rich benefice from his patron¹ (for so lax were the rules of the Church then, that a benefice might be held by a favoured layman), and hoping also to find some classical MSS. in the English libraries. He was disappointed in both. After long waiting, he got a very small benefice, and all his researches in convent libraries resulted only in the discovery of an insignificant fragment of Petronius Arbitr. No signs of the revival were yet visible in England. He found Schoolmen in abundance, but no scholars. He complains that the English sat an inordinately long time over their dinner. To ask a man to dinner, was considered by these barbarians the greatest mark of kindness. A week after, a guest meeting his host would say, "What a good dinner you gave us the other day!"

In this uncongenial society and ungenial climate, Poggio soon became home-sick, and gladly accepted an offer of employment under the new Pope. He returned to Rome in 1420. At Rome he found the new learning rapidly becoming fashionable, cardinals collecting libraries and coveting MSS., and himself regarded with reverence as the highest authority. He was the first to examine critically the ancient ruins, which Petrarch had wondered at and Rienzi dreamt about. He also had excavations made in the ruins of the vast imperial villas of the Campagna. He was as successful in finding statues as he had been in finding MSS. The fashion (or what the Italians appropriately call the *furor*) spread; every man of wealth, who desired to pass for a man of taste, began to form a gallery of statues or a cabinet of coins. The ever-increasing demand for old Greek MSS. and for secretaries to transcribe

them induced numbers of the subjects of the Eastern Empire to settle in Italy. Many had been brought to indigence by some new conquest of the Turks; many more were terrified by the impending ruin of the Empire. The imminence of the danger led the Emperor John Palæologus to make a desperate effort to secure assistance from the West, by the reconciliation of the two Churches. With this view, himself in person, attended by the Patriarch and others, —among them the celebrated Bessarion —came to Italy in 1438, to attend the Council which was first held at Ferrara, and afterwards adjourned to Florence. The Greeks, after a show of resistance, professed themselves vanquished in argument, accepted the clause of the Nicene Creed, which they had for centuries denounced as an heretical interpolation, and returned to Constantinople only to find their apostasy disavowed at home, and unrewarded by any help from abroad. Almost the only one who found any profit from the transaction was Bessarion, who remained in Italy to receive wealth and honours, to become cardinal, and to distinguish himself as a munificent patron of letters. He gave employment to his poor countrymen, who, after the fall of Constantinople in 1453, flocked to Italy in greater numbers than ever, and earned their bread by transcribing MSS.; he spared no pains or cost in the purchase of older MSS., and at his death bequeathed his collection to Venice as the nucleus of the great library of St. Mark.¹

The most important event in the literary history of the time is the election of Thomas of Sarzana to the Papal chair in 1447, which gave to the study of the ancient classics the sanction of the highest earthly authority. He had been employed, while still a humble priest, by Cosimo dei Medici at Florence, as his chief agent and adviser in the formation of his library. The catalogue which he

¹ Perhaps Poggio had read Fazio degli Uberti's description of the wealth and splendour of Britain given in his "Dittamondo." See the passage translated by Rossetti, "Early Italian Poets," pp. 166-170. By the way, "Gagata," mentioned along with pearls as a British product, is certainly "jet," not "coal."

¹ Petrarch, indeed, a century before bequeathed his books to the Republic of Venice, but they have all disappeared.

wrote with his own hand is still to be seen. As Thomas of Sarzana he had done for scholarship all that zeal and knowledge could do; as Pope Nicholas V. he had boundless wealth at his command, and could gratify his long-cherished desire of forming a library for himself. Martin V. had transferred some books from Avignon to Rome, but Nicholas was the real founder of the Vatican Library, that great, and in some respects unrivalled, collection. He also proved to the world that a great scholar may be a successful politician and a powerful ruler of men. The secret of his success lay in his simplicity and honesty. Our friend Poggio was enriched by his munificence. Greater wealth still was in store for him. When in 1453 Carlo of Arezzo, chancellor of Florence, died, Poggio was, by the influence of his friends the Medici, appointed to fill the office, though he was then in his seventy-third year. The remainder of his life—six years—he passed at Florence or at a villa in the neighbourhood, surrounded with his books and statues. The duties of his office could not have been very engrossing, for he found leisure to compose his *History of Florence* (from the year 1530 to 1455). He died in 1459, nearly eighty years old. Dr. Johnson would have loved this man, for he was a warm friend and a good hater. With Cosmo dei Medici, Lionardo Bruno, Ambrogio Traversari, he had uninterrupted amity; with Guarino and Nicolo Niccoli transient disagreements; with Filelfo, Valla, and George of Trebizond, irreconcilable war. Scholars, in the bitterness of their mutual hatred, have sometimes rivalled theologians. To the Italian scholars a quarrel was all the more welcome, as it gave them an opportunity of imitating Cicero's *Philippics*. Poggio's literary activity did not save him from that licentiousness of morals which always characterizes an age of declining faith, and which was common to almost all his contemporaries, lay and clerical. At fifty-five he reformed and married a wife

of eighteen, who bore him five sons. Four of these took orders, and one was hanged for his share in the famous conspiracy of the Pazzi. But that was long after the death of his father.

Poggio had complained bitterly of the indifference of princes and pontiffs to his discoveries, and their neglect of those ancient writers "by whose wisdom alone," he said, "mankind learns the way to true happiness." He means not the Evangelists and Apostles, but Plato, and Cicero, and Seneca. He lived long enough to see many princes zealous patrons of literature, and a Pope whose claims to eminence rested on his scholarship. Under Cosimo dei Medici Platonism was fast superseding Christianity among the learned of Florence, and became, so to say, the established religion under Lorenzo. If his son Giovanni, who became Pope Leo X., had any religion at all, it was this. His secretaries, Bembo and Sadoleto, both ultimately cardinals, were of like mind with their master. The former writes to the latter dissuading him from reading St. Paul's epistles—"ineptias istas," he calls them—for fear of spoiling his Greek style. The Pope and his court laughed at the credulity of the British or German barbarians, whose tribute flowed into the Roman treasury. Compared with such cynicism, hypocrisy seems almost a virtue. The outraged conscience of mankind at length spoke by the voice of Luther, and the revolt which he led frightened the Roman Church into a reformation of the grosser abuses and her Pontiffs into at least a semblance of austere morals and orthodox belief.

The passionate admiration for ancient literature, manners, and morals necessarily led also to a passion for ancient art, and this to the idea of reconstructing the Basilica of St. Peter in such style and of such size as to outdo the monuments of ancient Rome. The expenses of the undertaking exhausted the Papal treasury, and the deficit was attempted to be supplied by an increased sale of indulgences, which gave occasion to the first indignant protest of Luther.

The Renaissance architecture became

the established style in Italy at the commencement of the fifteenth century. It was not introduced into England till the reign of Elizabeth, 150 years later, nor did it quite supplant the older style till the reign of Charles I.

The movement for the revival of classical literature spread more rapidly in Transalpine countries than that for the revival of classical art. The contagion was just caught in France, which had more easy and more frequent intercourse with Italy than the Germanic nations. Both in France, Germany, and Britain it was propagated more by the zeal of scholars than by the patronage of princes. There were, however, some notable exceptions. The Emperor Sigismund himself, though not a profound scholar, spoke Latin with fluency, and was not so much "super grammaticam" as to refuse his patronage to those who could speak it with correctness. The King of Hungary, Matthias Corvinus, collected at Buda a magnificent library, which afterwards fell a prey to the Mahometans, as that of Alexandria had fallen to the Caliph Omar. The Duke of Gloucester, the "good Duke Humphrey," as he was called by the people who loved his gentleness and pitied his fate, gave to Oxford in 1439 and 1443, 255 volumes, consisting in great part of classical literature, together with Latin works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Of this magnificent gift three volumes only are found in the Bodleian: Valerius Maximus, The Epistles of Pliny, and the translation of Aristotle's Politics, which Lionardo Bruno had dedicated to the Duke.

In 1379—1386 William of Wykeham founded Winchester, and New College at Oxford, and in 1443 Henry VI. imitated the munificence of the Bishop by founding Eton and King's College, Cambridge, on a similar plan. But libraries and colleges are useless unless there be men in them to read and teach. And such were not wanting. Many Germans and English came to Italy to learn what they had not the means of learning in their own country. Of some the names have been recorded. Among

the English who learned Greek under Guarino at Ferrara, were William Grey, afterwards Bishop of Ely, and John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester. Grey collected a library, which he left to Balliol College.

These returned to their own country to spread the new learning there. Among the early German scholars, the most celebrated are Alexander Hegius, who taught at Deventer, where he was Rector of the High School; Rudolf von Langen, who created a famous school at Münster, and devoted a long life (he was born 1438 and died 1519) to learning and teaching; Rudolf Agricola, who died at the age of 40, in 1485, and who, in his wandering life, emulated the activity and usefulness of John of Ravenna and Chrysoloras; and Johann Wessel, one of the precursors of Luther, born before the times were ripe. These men all derived their knowledge from those who had learned it in Italy, or went to Italy themselves for the purpose of learning it.

Few Italian scholars were so inspired with missionary zeal as to visit other lands for the mere purpose of teaching. For the most part, they were content with the honours and repute they had obtained at home, and regarded the rest of mankind, especially the Germans and English, as "outside barbarians." We find, however, three Italians—Cornelio Vitelli, Cipriano, and Nicola—settled at Oxford, as teachers of Greek and Latin, in 1488 (A. Wood, *Annals*, i. 646); and in 1491 the University of Cambridge hired an Italian, Caio Auberino, to compose orations and epistles (Cooper, i. 240). Auberino received 20*d.* for each epistle.

There was at an earlier period another Italian to whom Germany was deeply indebted for the impulse which he gave, and that was Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II. Strange, that among the forerunners and harbingers of the Reformation we should have to count even Popes! At the great Council of Basle (1434—1449) the last really General Council of Western Christendom, which was summoned to

take up the great work of Church reform, left undone by the Council of Constance, and after years of disputation failed to effect it, Æneas Sylvius had distinguished himself by his eloquence and diplomatic talent. In fact, it was he who, by going over from the side of the Reformers to that of the Conservatives, more than anyone else, frustrated the efforts of his former friends, and thus prevented a reform which might have prevented the Reformation. So adroitly was this done, that he gained the reward, without incurring the disgrace, of apostasy. But eighty years later the Church paid a terribly long bill for Cardinal Piccolomini's hat. In 1442 the Emperor Frederick III. gave him a high post in the Imperial Chancery, much to the disgust of true Germans. But his winning manners and eloquent tongue soon assembled round him a body of admiring followers, whom he imbued with a love of the new learning, and through whom he diffused over all Germany a desire for its acquisition. He and Poggio became among Germans the most popular authors of the time. I regret that time does not allow me to dwell at greater length upon his interesting and eventful life. He has left us a highly entertaining account of the conclave which elected him Pope. He took the name of "Pius," which was doubtless suggested by Virgil's "Pius Æneas." Nothing is more instructive than the contrast between Piccolomini, the man of the world, the accomplished scholar, the licentious novelist, the worshipper of Venus and Bacchus, and Pope Pius II., preaching a new crusade against the Turks, and, failing that, writing a theological treatise to convert the Sultan. There is one episode in his life which, speaking before a Scottish audience, I am tempted to refer to, though it is not strictly germane to my subject. While still a young man, he was ordered by the Pope to go on an errand to Scotland. He dared not offend his Holiness by refusing the perilous mission, for such it seemed. Many Italians had held benefices in Britain, but none had ever

dreamed of spending any part of their revenues in visiting their flocks. Piccolomini set out, quoting his favourite Horace, "*Visam Britannos hospitibus feros*," and thinking with a shudder that what to Horace was but a poet's dream, was to him a terrible reality. He crossed the Channel and reached London. He could not get permission from the English Government to prosecute his journey, so he was compelled to return and go all the way by sea from a Flemish port. He had a long and stormy passage. Under the pressure of bodily fear and sea-sickness, his scepticism and philosophy gave way. He made a vow to the Virgin, which his first care on landing was to fulfil, by a pilgrimage, barefooted, to one of her shrines. It was the depth of winter. No wonder that he saw everything *en noir*, that

"His spirits failed within the mist,
And languished for the purple seas."

In Scotland, he says, there are only four hours of daylight. There are no trees, consequently no firewood, and the natives keep themselves warm by burning a kind of sulphureous stone which they dig up out of the earth. Their houses are made of clay, with skins of beasts for doors. In the mountains there is a people still more savage, speaking, if possible, a still more barbarous language. You cannot, he says, please the Scotch better than by abusing the English. No doubt he did so in his choicest Latin, which, it seems, there were some who could understand. When the wily Italian got across the border, he pleased the English by abusing the Scotch. His experience of the sea induced him to return *via* the ferocious English, as the less of two evils. He accordingly made the journey in disguise, through the rough tribes of the border always at war, to Durham and York. The gigantic size of York Minster, with its walls of painted glass, struck him with astonishment, though he had seen the Cathedral of Milan and many others almost as splendid. He admired London, then a much more picturesque

city than it is now; he envied the wealth heaped on the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury; but among the rude inhabitants of the country he found no intelligence and no sympathy. At last he got safely home, and ever afterwards looked upon himself as one of the heroes of travel.

Very different was the impression which our island made upon Erasmus, when he first visited it in 1498. "You ask me," he writes to a correspondent at Rome, "how I like England. Nothing ever delighted me so much. I have found the climate most agreeable and most healthy, and so much humanity, so much learning, and that not trite and trivial, but profound and accurate, so much familiarity with the ancient writers, Latin and Greek, that except for the sake of seeing it, I hardly care to visit Italy. . . . When I hear Colet, I seem to hear Plato. Who would not admire Grocyn's vast range of knowledge? What can be more subtle, more deep, more fine, than the judgment of Linacre? Did Nature ever frame a disposition more gentle, more sweet, more happy, than that of Thomas More?" In contrasting the description of Æneas Sylvius with that of Erasmus, we must bear in mind that the former was an Italian, accustomed to luxuries, travelling through England in disguise and dread of detection, the latter a native of Rotterdam, who had experienced no climate more southerly than that of Paris, and now, after years of obscurity and privation, found in England ardent admirers and bountiful patrons. Yet it cannot be doubted that the England which Erasmus saw was very different from that seen by Æneas. The strife of the rival Roses had been ended by the battle of Bosworth, thirteen years before. And then began a rapid advance in all the arts of peace. Colet, Grocyn, Linacre, and William Latimer all went to Italy to study Latin under Politian and Greek under Demetrius Chalcondylas, who had succeeded to the office and renown of Chrysoloras. Lilly (afterwards, in 1510, made the first master of St. Paul's

School by its founder, Dean Colet) had spent five years in Rhodes, which was still defended against the Turks by the Knights of St. John, and there had thoroughly familiarised himself with Greek.

From these men Erasmus learned more than he could teach them. All of them had been, or still were, at Oxford, where Erasmus resided some time. Thence he went as Greek Professor to Cambridge, where his memory is still cherished. The rooms he occupied in Queens' College are still pointed out, and a walk by a broad and stagnant ditch—which he frequented, perhaps, because it reminded him of his native Holland—is still called Erasmus's walk. As Gibbon says, Erasmus learned Greek at Oxford to teach it at Cambridge. But very soon, under Sir John Cheke and Sir T. Smith, Cambridge took the lead.

At both Universities, the chief opponents of the new learning were the Dominicans and Franciscans, who saw their monopoly in education threatened, and forgot their mutual hatred in antipathy to the common enemy. They were backed in this opposition by some ecclesiastics of high official rank and low mental calibre, who had, as such persons always have, an instinctive dread of novelty and change. "*Cave à Græcis, ne fias hæreticus*," was a common proverb among these men. There were, however, some noble exceptions among the hierarchy; Cardinal Wolsey and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, were zealous promoters of the new school.

There was also a strong faction among the undergraduates, who regarded the introduction of a new language as the invention of a new instrument of torture to be applied to them. They banded themselves together under the name of Trojans, to oppose and drive away the invading Grecians. They hissed and pelted the professors. Anthony Wood, who tells the story, writing in the latter half of the seventeenth century, when the study of Greek had taken its place among established and orthodox usages, says, "I cannot but wonder when I think of it."

And here I must bring to a close this sketch, which has been, necessarily, rapid and fragmentary, but not hasty, nor, I trust, merely superficial. My chief difficulty, indeed, has been how to compress into my limited space a subject which might well have engaged our attention during a long course. Thus I have been obliged to turn aside from many interesting topics, and to leave unmentioned many famous names. I have not alluded to the later scholars of Italy, or the illustrious band who adorned France in the sixteenth century. I have confined myself to the originators in Italy and the propagators in England.

What, in conclusion, have been the results of the great movement, whose progress I have endeavoured to trace? It set the human intellect free from the bonds of dogma and tradition. It stimulated individual thought and made independent research possible. Not only the Reformation, with all its blessings (blessings not confined to those who separated from the Church of Rome, but shared by those who remained in her communion), but all subsequent advances in all departments of human knowledge, are due ultimately to the same cause. In our own country the study of the Humanities has been of immense value as completing a culture which otherwise would have been too exclusively Hebraic. It discourages religious intolerance and national vanity. Of course it has produced evil as well as good. In several countries the natural and healthy growth of a vernacular literature has been hindered and cramped by an excessive admiration and imitation of Greek and Latin models. An exaggerated estimate of their value and an indiscriminate worship of whatever was ancient have led to a great waste of mental effort. The classics have usurped more than their fair share in our system of edu-

cation, to the detriment or exclusion of scientific and professional studies. Let us by all means rectify this, and give to each branch of study a place proportioned to its usefulness in the training and discipline of the mental and moral faculties. But I cannot believe that a day will ever come when the study of the Humanities (taking the word in its largest sense) shall cease to be one of the chief bases of a liberal education. Unless, indeed, we adopt the principle that nothing is worth learning except what will directly help a man to "get on in life;" that the proper study of mankind is—money. But such an education would not be a liberal education at all. It would fling away as worthless all the treasures of wisdom which our fathers have gathered and garnered. It would give for gold what gold could never buy. It would quench the sacred lamp which devout hands have fed through successive generations, and would make the ages to come darker than the darkest ages of the past. But such a retrogression is, I trust, impossible. It is, however, too probable, that the Humanities, so long dominant in education, will now be discarded altogether; and thus the reproach of the old system, that it was one-sided and wanting in breadth, will be merited by the new. The advocates of Physical Science are as prone to depreciate the importance of literature as the defenders of the established system to exaggerate it. The common sense of most will strike a just balance between them. If Physical Science were to be exclusively used as a means of education, the new system would be as liable to abuse as the old. The Goddess of Dulness would be as well pleased with the gift of "a nest, a toad, a fungus or a flower," as with all the "nonsense verses" which have been offered on her shrine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON CAVIARE AND OTHER MATTERS.

"At the inn where we stopped he was exceedingly dissatisfied with some roast mutton which he had for dinner. The ladies, I saw, wondered to see the great philosopher, whose wisdom and wit they had been admiring all the way, get into ill-humour from such a cause."

"THERE is no Paradise without its Serpent," said my Lady, with a sigh, as we were about to leave the white streets of Kendal for the green heart of the Lake district.

A more cruel speech was never made. Arthur, for aught we knew, might be lying smashed up in a Yorkshire ditch. He had not overtaken us even on the morning after our arrival in Kendal. No message had come from him. Was this a time to liken him to the Father of Lies, when perhaps the Major's cob had taken him down a railway cutting or thrown him into a disused coalpit? What, for example, if his corpse had been brought into the King's Arms in which the above words were uttered? Would the Lieutenant have spoken of him contemptuously as "a pitiful fellow—oh, a very pitiful fellow!" Would Bell have borne his presence with a meek and embarrassed resignation; or would Queen Tita have regarded the young man—who used to be a great friend of hers—as one intending to do her a deadly injury?

"Poor Arthur!" I say. "Whither have all thy friends departed?"

"At least, he does not want for an apologist," says Tita, with a little unnecessary fierceness.

"Perhaps thou art lying under two wheels in a peaceful glade. Perhaps thou art floating out to the ocean on

the bosom of a friendly stream—with all the companions of thy youth unheeding——"

"Stuff!" says Queen Titania; and when I observe that I will address no further appeal to her—for that a lady who lends herself to match-making abandons all natural instincts and is insensible to a cry for pity—she turns impatiently and asks what I have done with her eau-de-cologne, as if the fate of Arthur were of less importance to her than that trumpery flask.

Wherever the young man was, we could gain no tidings of him; and so we went forth once more on our journey. But as the certainty was that he had not passed us, how was it that Queen Tita feared the presence of this evil thing in the beautiful land before us?

"For," said the Lieutenant, pretending he was quite anxious about the safety of the young man, and, on the whole, desirous of seeing him, "he may have gone to Carlisle, as he at first proposed, to meet us there."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Bell, eagerly. Was she glad, then, to think that during our wanderings in her native county we should not be accompanied by that unhappy youth?

But the emotions which perplexed my Lady's heart at this time were of the most curious sort. It was only by bits and snatches that the odd contradictions and intricacies of them were revealed. To begin with, she had a sneaking fondness for Arthur, begotten of old associations. She was vexed with him because he was likely to ruin her plan for the marriage of Bell and the Lieutenant; and when Tita thought of this delightful prospect being destroyed

by the interference of Arthur, she grew angry, and regarded him as an unreasonable and officious young man, who ought to be sent about his business. Then again, when she recalled our old evenings in Surrey, and the pleasant time the boy had in sweethearting with our Bonny Bell during the long and lazy afternoon walks, she was visited with remorse, and wished she could do something for him. But a claimant of this sort who represents an injury is certain, sooner or later, to be regarded with dislike. He is continually reminding us that we have injured him, and disturbing our peace of mind. Sometimes Tita resented this claim (which was entirely of her own imagining) so strongly as to look upon Arthur as a perverse and wicked intermeddler with the happiness of two young lovers. So the world wags. The person who is inconvenient to us does us a wrong. At the very basis of our theatrical drama lies the principle that non-success in a love affair is criminal. Two young men shall woo a young woman; the one shall be taken, and the other made a villain because he paid the girl the compliment of wanting to marry her, and justice shall not be satisfied until everybody has hounded and hunted the poor villain through all the phases of the play, until all the good people meet to witness his discomfiture, and he is bidden to go away and be a rejected suitor no more.

It was only in one of these varying moods that Tita had shown a partial indifference to Arthur's fate. She was really concerned about his absence. When she took her seat in the phaeton, she looked back and down the main thoroughfare of Kendal, half expecting to see the Major's cob and a small dogcart come driving along. The suggestion that he might have gone on to Penrith or Carlisle comforted her greatly. The only inexplicable circumstance was that Arthur had not written or telegraphed to Kendal, at which town he knew we were to stop.

About five minutes after our leaving Kendal, Arthur was as completely forgotten

as though no such hapless creature was in existence. We were all on foot except Tita, who remained in the phaeton to hold the reins in a formal fashion. For about a mile and a half the road gradually rises, giving a long spell of collar-work to horses with weight to drag behind them. Tita, who weighs about a feather and a half, was commissioned to the charge of the phaeton while the rest of us dawdled along the road, giving Castor and Pollux plenty of time. It was a pleasant walk. The Lieutenant—with an amount of hypocrisy of which I had not suspected him guilty—seemed to prefer to go by the side of the phaeton, and talk to the small lady sitting enthroned there; but Bell, once on foot and in her native air, could not so moderate her pace. We set off up the hill. There was a scent of peat-reek in the air. A cool west wind was blowing through the tall hedges and the trees; and sudden shafts and gleams of sunlight fell from the uncertain sky and lit up the wild masses of weeds and flowers by the roadside. Bell pulled a white dog-rose, and kissed it as though a Westmoreland rose was an old friend she had come to see. She saw good jests in the idlest talk, and laughed; and all her face was aglow with delight as she looked at the beautiful country, and the breezy sky, and the blue peaks of the mountains that seemed to grow higher and higher the further we ascended the hill.

"You silly girl," I say to her, when she is eager to point out cottages built of stone, and stone-walls separating small orchards from the undulating meadows, "do you think there are no stone cottages anywhere but in Westmoreland?"

"I didn't say there wasn't," she answers, regardless of grammar.

Yes, we were certainly in Westmoreland. She had scarcely uttered the words when a rapid pattering was heard among the trees, and presently a brisk shower was raining down upon us. Would she return to the phaeton for a shawl? No. She knew the ways of Westmoreland showers on such a day as

this—indeed, she had predicted that some of the heavy clouds being blown over from the other side of Windermere would visit us in passing. In a few minutes the shower lightened, the wind that shook the heavy drops from the trees seemed to bring dryness with it, and presently a warm glow of sunshine sprang down upon the road, and the air grew sweet with resinous and fragrant smells.

"It was merely to lay the dust," said Bell, as though she had ordered the shower.

After you pass Rather Heath, you go down into the valley of the Gowan. The road is more of a lane than a highway; and the bright and showery day added to the picturesqueness of the tall hedges and the wooded country on both sides by sending across alternate splashes of gloom and bursts of sunlight. More than once, too, the tail-end of a shower caught us; but we cared little for rain that had wind and sunlight on the other side of it; and Bell, indeed, rather rejoiced in the pictorial effects produced by changing clouds, when the sunshine caused the heavier masses to grow black and ominous, or shone mistily through the frail sheet produced by the thinner masses melting into rain.

Tita is a pretty safe driver in Surrey, where she knows every inch of the roads and lanes, and has nothing to distract her attention; but now, among these hilly and stony Westmoreland roads, her enjoyment of the bright panorama around her considerably drew her attention away from the horses' feet. Then she was sorely troubled by news that had reached us that morning from home. An evil-doer, whom she had hitherto kept in order by alternate bribes and threats, had broken out again, and given his wife a desperate thrashing. Now this occurrence seldom happened except when both husband and wife were intoxicated; and for some time back my Lady had succeeded in stopping their periodical bouts. With these evil tidings came the report that a horrible old creature of sixty—as arrant

a rogue as ever went on crutches, although my Lady would have taken the life of anyone who dared to say so of one of her pets—had deliberately gone to Guildford and pawned certain pieces of flannel which had been given her to sew. In short, as Bell proceeded to point out, the whole neighbourhood was in revolt. The chief administrator of justice and Queen's Almoner of the district was up here skylarking in a phaeton, while her subjects down in the south had broken out into flagrant rebellion. History tells of a Scotch parish that suddenly rose and hanged the minister, drowned the precentor, and raffled the church bell; who was now to answer for the safety of our most cherished parochial institutions when the guardian of law and order had withdrawn herself into the regions of the mountains?

"That revolt," it is observed, "is the natural consequence of tyranny. For years you have crushed down and domineered over that unhappy parish; and the unenfranchised millions, who had no more liberty than is vouchsafed to a stabled horse or a chained dog, have risen at last. *Mort aux tyrans!* Will they chase us, do you think, Bell?"

"I am quite convinced," remarked my Lady, deliberately and calmly, "that the poor old woman has done nothing of the kind. She could not do it. Why should she seek to gain a few shillings at the expense of forfeiting all the assistance she had to expect from me?"

"An independent peasantry is not to be bought over by pitiful bribes. 'Tis a free country; and the three balls ought to be placed among the insignia of Royalty, instead of that meaningless sphere. Can any student of history now present explain the original purpose of that instrument?"

"I suppose," says Bell, "that Queen Elizabeth, who always has it in her hand, used to chastise her maid-servants with it."

"Wrong. With that weapon Henry the Eighth was wont to strike down and murder the good priests that interfered with his unholy wishes."

"Henry the Eighth——" says my Lady; but just at this moment Castor caught a stone slightly with his foot, and the brief stumble caused my Lady to mind her driving; so that Henry the Eighth, wherever he is, may be congratulated on the fact that she did not finish her sentence.

Then we ran pleasantly along the valley until we came in sight, once more, of Windermere. We drove round the foot of the green slopes of Elleray. We plunged into the wood, and there was all around us a moist odour of toadstools and fern. We went by St. Catherine's, and over Troutbeck Bridge, and so down to the lake-side by Ecclerigg House and Lowood. It was along this road that our Bell and her companion had walked the night before, when the yellow moon rose up in the south and threw a strange light over Windermere. The Lieutenant had said not a word about the results of that long interview; but they had clearly not been unfavourable to him, for he had been in excellent good spirits during the rest of the evening, and now he was chatting to Bell as if nothing had occurred to break the even tenor of their acquaintance-ship. They had quite resumed their old relations, which was a blessing to the two remaining members of the party. Indeed, there was no bar now placed upon Bell's singing except her own talking; and when a young lady undertakes to instruct her elders in the history, traditions, manners, customs, and peculiarities of Westmoreland, she has not much time for strumming on a guitar. Bell acted the part of *valet de place* to perfection, and preached at us just as if we were all as great strangers as the Lieutenant was. It is true our guide was not infallible. Sometimes we could see that she was in deep distress over the names of the peaks up in the neighbourhood of the Langdale Pikes; but what did it matter to us which was Scawfell and which was Bowfell, or which was Great Gable and which Great End? We had come to enjoy ourselves, not to correct the Ordnance Survey Maps.

"I am afraid," said my Lady, when some proposal to stop at Ambleside and climb Wansfell Pike had been unanimously rejected, "that we have been throughout this journey disgracefully remiss. We have gone to see nothing that we ought to have seen. We have never paid any attention to ancient ruins, or galleries of pictures, or celebrated monuments. We have not climbed a single mountain. We went past Woodstock without looking in at the gates—we did not even go to see the obelisk on Evesham Plain——"

"That was because some of you drove the horses the wrong way," it is remarked.

"Indeed, we have done nothing that we ought to have done."

"Perhaps, Madame," said the Lieutenant, "that is why the voyage has been so pleasant to us. One cannot always be instructing oneself, like a tourist."

If you wish to vex my Lady, call her a tourist. This subtle compliment of the Lieutenant pleased her immensely: but I confess myself unable to see in what respects we were not tourists, except that we were a little more ignorant, and indifferent to our ignorance, than holiday travellers generally are. What tourist, for example, would have done such a barbaric thing as go through Ambleside without stopping a day there?

That was all along of Bell, however, who insisted on our spending the treasure of our leisure time upon Grasmere; and who was strengthened in her demands by my Lady, when she came in view of a considerable number of unmistakable tourists lounging about the former town. The poor men were for the most part dressed as mountaineers—otherwise they were quite harmless. They were loitering about the main thoroughfare of Ambleside, with their hands in the pockets of their knickerbockers, gazing in at a stationer's window, or regarding a brace of setters that a keeper standing in front of a hotel had in leash. They did not even look narrowly at the knees of our horses—an

ordinary piece of polite impertinence. They were well-meaning and well-conducted persons; and the worst that could be said of them, that they were tourists, has been said about many good and respectable people. A man may have climbed Loughrigg Fell, and yet be an attentive husband and an affectionate father; while knickerbockers in themselves are not an indictable offence. My Lady made no answer to these humble representations; but asked for how long the horses would have to be put up, before we started again.

Bell's enthusiasm of the morning had given way to something of disappointment, which she tried hard to conceal. Ambleside, one of the places she had been dreaming about for years, looked painfully modern now. In thinking about it, down in our southern home, she had shut out of the picture, hotels, shops, and fashionably-dressed people, and had dwelt only on the wild and picturesque features of a neighbourhood that had at one time been as familiar to her as her mother's face. But now, Ambleside seemed to have grown big, and new, and strange; and she lost the sense of proprietorship which she had been exhibiting in our drive through the scenery of the morning. Then Loughrigg Fell did us an evil turn—gathering up all the clouds that the wind had driven over, and sending them gently and persistently down into the valley of the Rothay, so that a steady rain had set in. The Lieutenant did not care much how the sky might be clouded over, so long as Bell's face remained bright and happy; but it was quite evident she was disappointed, and he in vain attempted to reassure her by declaring that these two days had convinced him that the Lake country was the most beautiful in the world. She could not foresee then that this very gloom, that seemed to mean nothing but constant rain, would procure for us that evening by far the most impressive sight that we encountered during the whole of our long summer ramble.

Our discontent with Loughrigg Fell took an odd turn when it discharged

itself upon the Duke of Wellington. We had grown accustomed to that foolish picture of the Waterloo Heroes, in which the Duke, in a pair of white pantaloons, stands in the attitude of a dancing-master, with an idiotic simper on his face. All along the road, in public-houses, inns, and hotels, we had met this desperate piece of decoration on the walls, and had only smiled a melancholy smile when we came upon another copy. But this particular print seemed to be quite offensively ridiculous. If Henry the Eighth had been inside these long white pantaloons and that tight coat, my Lady could not have regarded the figure with a severer contempt. We picked out enemies among the attendant generals, just as one goes over an album of photographs and has a curious pleasure in recording mental likes and dislikes produced by unknown faces. Somehow all the Waterloo Heroes on this evening looked stupid and commonplace. It seemed a mercy that Napoleon was beaten; but how he had been beaten by such a series of gabies and nincompoops none of us could make out.

Then the Lieutenant must needs grumble at the luncheon served up to us. It was a good enough luncheon, as hotels go; and even my Lady was moved to express her surprise that a young man who professed himself able to enjoy anything in the way of food, and who had told us amusing stories of his foraging adventures in campaigning time, should care whether there were or were not lemon and bread-crumbs with a mutton cutlet.

"Madame," said the Lieutenant, "that is very well in a campaign, and you are glad of anything; but there is no merit in eating badly-cooked food—none at all."

"A soldier should not mind such trifles," she said; but she smiled as though to say that she agreed with him all the same.

"Well, I think," said the young man, doggedly, "that is no shame that anyone should know what is good to eat, and that it is properly prepared.

It is not any more contemptible than dressing yourself in good taste, which is a duty you owe to other people. You should see our old generals—who are very glad of some coarse bread, and a piece of sausage, and a tumbler of sour wine, when they are riding across a country in the war—how they study delicate things, and scientific cookery, and all that, in Berlin.”

“And do you follow their example when you are at home?”

“Not always; I have not enough time. But when you come to my house in Berlin, Madame, you will see what luncheon you shall have.”

“Can’t you tell us about it now?” says Tita.

“Pray do,” echoes Bell, after casting another reproachful glance at the rain out of doors.

The Lieutenant laughed; but seeing that the women were quite serious, he proceeded in a grave and solemn manner to instruct them in the art of preparing luncheon.

“First,” said he, “you must have Russian black bread and French white bread cut into thin slices—but you do not use the black bread yet a while; and you must have some good Rhine wine, a little warmed if it is in the winter; some Bordeaux, a bottle of green Chartreuse, and some champagne, if there are ladies. Now, for the first, you take a slice of the white bread, you put a little butter on it, very thin, and then you open a pot of real Russian caviare, and you put that on the slice of bread three-quarters of an inch thick, not less than that. You must not taste it by little and little, as all English ladies do, but eat it boldly, and you will be grateful. Then half a glass of soft Rhine wine—if it is a good Marcobrunner, that is excellent. Then you eat one slice of the black bread, with butter on it, more thick than on the white bread. Then you have two, perhaps three, Norwegian anchovies——”

“Would you mind my writing these things down?” says my Lady.

The Lieutenant of course assents; she produces a small bunch of ivory tablets; and I know the horrible pur-

pose that fills her mind as she proceeds to jot down this programme.

“You must have the caviare and the anchovies of real quality, or everything is spoiled. With the anchovies you may eat the black bread, or the white, but I think without butter. Then half a glass of Rhine wine——”

“Those half-glasses of Rhine wine are coming in rather often,” remarks Bell.

“No, Mademoiselle, that is the last of the Rhine wine. Next is a thin slice of white bread, very thin butter, and a very thin slice of Bologna sausage. This is optional——”

“My dear,” I say to Tita, “be sure you put down ‘This is optional!’”

“With it you have a glass of good and soft Bordeaux wine. Then, Madame, we come to the reindeer’s tongue. This is the *pièce de résistance*, and your guests must eat of it just as they have their hour for dinner in the evening. Also, if they are ladies, they may prefer a sparkling wine to the Bordeaux, though the Bordeaux is much better. And this is the reason:—After the reindeer’s tongue is taken away, and you may eat an olive or two, then a *pâté de foie gras*—real from Strasburg——”

“Stop!” cries one of the party. “If I have any authority left, I forbid the addition to that disastrous catalogue of another single item! I will not suffer their introduction into the house! Away with them!”

“But, my dear friend,” says the Lieutenant, “it is a good thing to accustom yourself to eat the meats of all countries—you know not where you may find yourself.”

“Yes,” says Bell, gently, “one ought to learn to like caviare, lest one should be thrown on a desert island.”

“And why not?” says the persistent young man. “You are thrown on a desert island—you catch a sturgeon—you take the roe, and you know how to make very good caviare——”

“But how about the half-glass of Rhine wine?” says my Lady.

“You cannot have everything in a desert island; but in a town, where you have time to study such things——”

"And where you can order coffins for half-past ten," it is suggested.

"—A good luncheon is a good thing."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Bell, "the rain has ceased."

And so it had. While we had been contemplating that imaginary feast, and paying no attention to the changes out of doors, the clouds had gradually withdrawn themselves up the mountains, and the humid air showed no more slanting lines of rain. But still overhead there hung a heavy gloom; and along the wet woods, and on the troubled bosom of the lake, and up the slopes of the hills, there seemed to lie an ominous darkness. Should we reach Grasmere in safety? The Lieutenant had the horses put to with all speed; and presently Bell was taking us at a rapid pace into the wooded gorge that lies between Nab Scar and Loughrigg Fell, where the gathering twilight seemed to deepen with premonitions of a storm.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT NIGHT ON GRASMERE.

*"Ye who have yearned
With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind unto a forest old;
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake."*

We drove into the solitude of this deep valley without uttering a word. How could we tell what the strange gloom and silence might portend? Far away up the misty and rounded slopes of Loughrigg the clouds lay heavy and thick, and over the masses of Rydal Fell, on the other side of the gorge, an ominous darkness brooded. Down here in the chasm the trees hung cold and limp in the humid air, crushed by the long rain. There was no sign of life abroad, only that we heard the rushing of the river Rothay in among the underwood in the channel of the stream. There was not even any motion in that wild and gloomy sky, that looked all

the stranger that the storm-clouds did not move.

But as we drove on, it seemed to become less likely that the rain would set in again. The clouds had got banked up in great billows of vapour; and underneath them we could see, even in the twilight, the forms of the mountains with a strange distinctness. The green of the distant slopes up there grew more and more intense, strengthened as it was by long splashes of a deep purple where the slate was visible; then the heavy grey of the sky, weighing upon the summits of the hills.

But all this was as nothing to the wild and gloomy scene that met our view when we came in sight of Rydal Water. We scarcely knew the lake we had loved of old, in bright days, and in sunshine, and blowing rain. Here, hidden away among reeds, lay a long stretch of dark slate-blue, with no streak of white along the shores, no ripple off the crags, to show that it was water. So perfect was the mirror-like surface, that it was impossible to say in the gathering gloom where the lake ended and the land began. The islands, the trees, the fields, and the green spaces of the hills, were as distinct below as above; and where the dark blue of the lake ran in among the reeds, no one could make out the line of the shore. It was a strange and impressive scene, this silent lake lying at the foot of the hills, and so calm and death-like that the motionless clouds of the sky lay without a tremor on the sheet of glass. This was not the Rydal Water we had been hoping to see, but a solitary and enchanted lake, struck silent and still by the awful calmness of the twilight and the presence of the lowering clouds.

We got down from the phaeton. The horses were allowed to walk quietly on, with Tita in charge, while we sauntered along the winding road, by the side of this sombre sheet of water. There was no more fear of rain. There was a firmness about the outlines of the clouds that became more marked as the dusk fell. But although the darkness was coming on apace, we did not hasten our steps

much. When should we ever again see such a picture as this, the like of which Bell, familiar with the sights and sounds of the district from her childhood, had never seen before?

What I have written above conveys nothing of the impressive solemnity and majesty of this strange sight as we saw it; and indeed I had resolved, before entering the Lake district, to leave out of the jottings of a mere holiday traveller any mention of scenes which have become familiar to the world through the imperishable and unapproachable descriptions of the great masters who lived and wrote in these regions. But such jottings must be taken for what they are worth—the hasty record of hasty impressions; and how could our little party have such a vision vouchsafed to them without at least noting it down as an incident of their journey?

We walked on in the darkness. The slopes of Nab Scar had become invisible. Here and there a white cottage glimmered out from the roadside; and Bell knew the name of every one of them, and of the people who used to occupy them.

"How surprised some of our friends would be," she said to Tita, "if we were to call on them to-night, and walk in without saying a word."

"They would take you for a banshee," said my Lady, "on such an evening as this. Get up, Bell, and let us drive on. I am beginning to shiver—whether with fright or with cold I don't know."

So we got into the phaeton again, and sent the horses forward. We drove along the broad road which skirts the reedy and shallow end of Rydal Water, and entered the valley of the stream which comes flowing through the trees from Grasmere. It was now almost dark; and the only sound we could hear was that of the stream plashing along its rocky bed. By and by, a glimmer of yellow light was observed in front; and Bell having announced that this was the Prince of Wales hotel, we were soon within its comfortable precincts. In passing we had got a glimpse of a dark steel-grey lake lying

amid grey mists and under sombre hills—that was all we knew as yet of Grasmere.

But about an hour afterwards, when we had dined, the Lieutenant came back from the window at which we had been standing for a minute or two, and said—

"Mademoiselle, I have a communication for you."

Mademoiselle looked up.

"If you will go to the window——"
Bell rose and went directly.

"I know," said my Lady, with a well-affected sigh. "The night has cleared up—there is starlight or moonlight, or something, and I suppose we shall have to go out in a boat to please these foolish young people. But I think you will be disappointed this time, Count von Rosen."

"Why, Madame?"

"This is a respectable hotel. Do you think they would give you a boat? Now if there was some old lady to be cajoled, I daresay you would succeed——"

"Oh, you do think we cannot get a boat? I do not suppose there is any trouble about that, if only Mademoiselle cares about going on the lake. Perhaps she does not—but you must see how beautiful is this lake at present."

The idea of Bell not wishing to go out on Grasmere—at any hour of the night—so long as there was a yellow moon rising over the dusky heights of Silver Home! The girl was all in a flutter of delight when she returned from the window—anxious that we should all see Grasmere under these fine conditions, just as if Grasmere belonged to her. And the Lieutenant, having gone outside for a few minutes, returned with the information that a boat was waiting for us. There was no triumph in his face—no exultation; and it never occurred to anyone to ask whether this young Uhlan had secured the boat by throwing the owner of it into the lake. The women were quite satisfied to accept all the pleasant things he brought them, and never stopped to inquire by what tyrannical or disgraceful means the young Prussian had succeeded in his fell

endeavours. But at all events he managed to keep out of the police-office.

As a matter of fact, the boat was not only waiting when Tita and Bell, having dressed for the purpose, came downstairs, but was supplied with all manner of nice cushions, plaids, rugs, and a guitar-case. The women showed a good deal of trepidation in stepping into the frail craft, which lay under the shadow of a small jetty; but once out in the open lake, we found sufficient light around us, and Bell, pulling her grey and woollen shawl more tightly around her, turned to look at the wonders of Grasmere which she had not seen for many years.

It was a pleasant night. All the hills and woods on the other side of the lake seemed for the most part in a black shadow; but out here the moonlight dwelt calmly on the water, and lit up the wooded islands further down, and shone along the level shores. As we went out into the silent plain, the windows of the hotel grew smaller and smaller, until in the distance we could see them but as minute points of orange fire that glittered down on the black surface below. Then, in the perfect stillness of the night—as the measured sound of the rowlocks told of our progress, and the moonlight shone on the gleaming blades of the oars—we were all at once startled by a loud and hissing noise, that caused Tita to utter a slight cry of alarm.

We had run into a great bed of water-weeds, that was all—a tangled mass of water-lily leaves, with millions of straight horsetails rising from the shallow lake. We pushed on. The horsetails went down before the prow of the boat; but all around us the miniature forest remained erect. The moonlight sparkled on the ripples that we sent circling out through those perpendicular lines. And then the Lieutenant called out a note of warning, and Bell plunged her oars in the water just in time, for we had nearly run down two swans that were fast asleep in among the tall weeds.

We forsook this shallower end of the lake, and, with some more hissing of

horsetails, pushed out and into the world of moonlight and still water; and then, as Tita took the oars, and just dipped them now and again to give us a sense of motion, Bell rested her guitar on her knee and began to sing to us. What should she sing under the solitude of the hills, when all our laughter of dinner-time was over, and we were as silent as the lake itself? There was not even a breath of wind stirring; and it was in a very low voice, with something of a tremor in it, that Bell began to accompany the faint touching of the guitar.

"I've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking,"

she sang, and her voice was so low and tremulous that Tita forgot to dip the oars into the water, that she might listen to the girl.

"Lasses a lilting before the break o' day,

But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—

The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away."

Had Grasmere ever listened to a more pathetic ballad, or to a tenderer voice? It was as well, perhaps, that the Lieutenant could not see Bell's face; for as she sang the last verse—

"We hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away,"

—there was a sort of indistinctness in her notes; and when the Lieutenant said that it was the finest English song that he had yet heard, and that the air was so very different from most of the old English tunes, she could not answer him for a minute or two.

But when she did answer him, fancy our astonishment!

"It isn't English," she said, with just a trace of contempt in her tone. "When did you find the English able to write a song or an air like that?"

"Grant me patience!" cries my Lady, with a fine theatrical appeal to the moonlight overhead. "This girl, because she was born in Westmoreland, claims the possession of everything north of the Trent."

"Are not you also English, Mademoiselle?" says the Lieutenant.

"I belong to the North Country," says Bell proudly; "and we are all the same race up here."

Now you should have seen how this cue was seized by the Lieutenant. The boy had about as much knowledge of the colonization of this country as most youths pick up at schools; but the manner in which he twisted it about to suit the wild and audacious statement that Bell had uttered was truly alarming. Before we knew where we were, we were plunged into the history of Strathclyde, and invited to consider the consistency of character that must have prevailed in the great Welsh kingdom that stretched from Dumbarton to Chester. We had also some pleasant little excursions into Bernicia and Deira, with abundance of proof that the Lowland Scotch speak the best English now going—a piece of information which we accepted with meekness. We were treated to a recapitulation of the settlements of the Angles, together with a learned disquisition on the aims of Ida. This was all very well. It passed the time. Bell thought she was firmly established in her position. Her traditional reverence for the "North Country" and all its belongings had, it turned out, some definite historical justification. She had a right to claim the songs of the Lowland Scotch; was she not herself of that favoured race? At length, Queen Tita burst into a merry fit of laughter!

"I don't know what you mean to prove, Count von Rosen," she said; "you prove so much. At one time you insist that Bell is Scotch; at another time you show us that she must be Welsh, if all the people in Strathclyde were Welsh. But look at her, and what becomes of all the theories? There is no more English girl in all England than our Bell."

"That is no harm said of her," replied the Lieutenant, abandoning all his arguments at once.

"I suppose I am English," said Bell, obstinately, "but I am North Country English."

Nobody could dispute that; and doubtless the Lieutenant considered

that Bell's division of this realm into districts mapped out in her imagination was of much more importance than the idle inquiries of historians into the German occupation of England.

Then we pulled away over to the island, and round underneath the shadows of its firs, and back through the clear moonlight to the small jetty of the hotel. We entered the warm and comfortable building. The folks who had been dining had all gone into the drawing-room; but neither my Lady nor Bell seemed inclined to venture in among the strangers; and so we procured a private sitting-room, in which, by good luck, there was a piano.

The Lieutenant sat down.

"Madame," he said, "what shall I play to you? It is not since that I was at Twickenham I have touched a piano—oh, that is very bad English, I know, but I cannot help it."

"Sing the *rataplan* song that Bell was humming the other day," said Tita. "You two shall sing it—you shall be the old sergeant, and Bell the daughter of the regiment."

"Yes, I can sing it," he said; "but to play it—that I cannot do. It is too fine for my thick fingers."

And so he gave way to Bell, who played the accompaniment dexterously enough, and sang with a will. You would have fancied that the camp was really her birthplace, and that she was determined to march with the foremost, as the good song says. The Lieutenant had not half the martial ardour of the girl, who was singing of fire and slaughter, of battle and sudden death, as though she had been the eldest daughter of one of the kings of her native Strathclyde. And then, when she had finished that performance, it needed only the least suggestion of the Lieutenant to get her to sing Maria's next song, "*Ciascun lo dice*," so that you would have thought she had the spirit of the whole regiment within her. It is not a proper song. The brave Eleventh was doubtless a very gallant regiment; but why should they have taught their daughter to glorify their frightening of landlords, their flirta-

tions, their fierce flying hither and thither, like the famous Jäger that followed Holk? This is the regiment, Maria tells you, that fears nothing, but whom all men fear. This is the regiment beloved of women; for is not each soldier sure to become a Field-Marshal? The Lieutenant laughed at the warlike glow of her singing, but he was mightily pleased, for all that. She was fit to be a soldier's wife—this girl with the mantling colour in her cheek, and the brave voice and gallant mien. With colours in her cap, and a drum slung round her neck—with all the fathers of the regiment petting her, and proud of her, and ready to drive the soul out of the man who spoke a rude word to her—with her arch ways, and her frank bearing, and her loyal and loving regard for the brave Eleventh—why, Bell, for the moment, was really Maria, and as bright and as fearless as any Maria that ever sang "*rataplán!*" Queen Tita was pleased too, but she was bound to play the part of the stately Marchioness. With an affectionate pat on the shoulder, she told Bell she mustn't sing any more of these soldier-songs; they were not improving songs. With which—just as if she had been ordered by the Marchioness to leave the brave Eleventh—Bell began to sing the plaintive and touching "*Convien partir.*" Perhaps we may have heard it better sung at Drury Lane. The song is known in Covent Garden. But if you had heard Bell sing it this night—with her lover sitting quite silent and embarrassed with a shame-faced pleasure, and with a glimmer of moonlight on Grasmere visible through the open window—you might have forgiven the girl for her mistakes.

A notion may have crossed my Lady's mind that it was very hard on Arthur that Bell should in his absence have been singing these soldier-songs with so much obvious enjoyment. Was it fair that this young Uhlan should flutter his martial scarlet and blue and gold before the girl's eyes, and dazzle her with romantic pictures of a soldier's life? What chance had the poor law-student, coming out from his

dingy chambers in the Temple, with bewildered eyes, and pale face, and the funereal costume of the ordinary English youth? We know how girls are attracted by show, how their hearts are stirred by the passing of a regiment with music playing and colours flying. The padded uniform may enclose a nut-shell sort of heart, and the gleaming helmet or the imposing busby may surmount the feeblest sort of brain that could with decency have been put within a human skull; but what of that? Each featherbed warrior who rides from Knightsbridge to Whitehall, and from Whitehall to Knightsbridge, is gifted with the glorious traditions of great armies and innumerable campaigns; and in a ball-room the ass in scarlet is a far more attractive spectacle than the wise man in black. Perhaps Arthur was not the most striking example that might have been got to add point to the contrast; but if any such thoughts were running through Queen Tita's mind, you may be sure that her sympathies were awakened for a young man whose chances of marrying Bell were becoming more and more nebulous.

And then my Lady sat down to the piano, and condescended to play for us a few pieces, with a precision and a delicacy of fingering which were far removed from Bell's performances in that way. I suppose you young fellows who read this would have regarded with indifference the dark-eyed little matron who sat there and unravelled the intricacies of the most difficult music. You would have kept all your attention for the girl who stood beside her; and you would have preferred the wilder and less finished playing of Bell, simply because she had fine eyes, pretty hair, a wholesome English pleasantness and frankness, and a proud and gracious demeanour. But a few years hence you may come to know better. You may get to understand the value of the quiet and unobtrusive ways of a woman who can look after a household, and busy herself with manifold charities, and bring up her children well and scrupulously, and yet have a tender

smile for the vagaries of young folks like yourselves. And then, if it is your excellent fortune to have with you so gentle and fearless and honest a companion—if your own life seems to be but the half of the broader and fuller existence that abides beneath your roof—you may do worse than go down on your knees and thank God who has blessed your house with the presence of a good wife and a good mother.

Tales shall not be told out of school. We may have sat a little late that night. We were harming no one by so doing, except ourselves; and if our health suffered by such late hours, we were prepared to let it suffer. For the fact was, we drifted into talk about our Surrey home; and now that seemed so far away—and it seemed so long since we had been there—that the most ordinary details of our bygone life in the south had grown picturesque. And from that Tita began to recall the names of the people she had known in the Lake district, in the old time, when Bell was but a girl, running about the valleys and hill-sides like a young goat. That, too, carried us back a long way, until it seemed as if we had drifted into a new generation of things that knew nothing of the good old times that were. There was a trifle of regret imported into this conversation—why, no one could tell; but when we broke up for the night, Tita's face was rather saddened, and she did not follow Bell when the girl called to her to look at the beautiful night outside, where the rapidly-sinking moon had given place to a host of stars that twinkled over the black gulf of Grasmere.

It is no wonder that lovers love the starlight, and the infinite variety and beauty and silence of the strange darkness. But folks who have got beyond that period do not care so much to meet the mystery and the solemnity of the night. They may have experiences they would rather not recall. Who can tell what bitterness and grievous heart-wringing are associated with the wonderful peace and majesty of the throbbing midnight sky? The strong

man, with all his strength fled from him, has gone out in his utter misery, and cried, "Oh, God, save my wife to me!" And the young mother, with her heart breaking, has looked up into the great abyss, and cried, "Oh, God, give me back my baby!" and all the answer they have had was the silence of the winds and the faint and distant glimmer of the stars. They do not care any more to meet the gaze of those sad, and calm, and impenetrable eyes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ARTHUR'S SONG.

*"Along the grass sweet airs are blown
Our way this day in Spring.
Of all the songs that we have known,
Now which one shall we sing?
Not that, my love, ah no!—
Not this, my love? why, so!—
Yet both were ours, but hours will come and go.*

* * * * *

*"The branches cross above our eyes,
The skies are in a net:
And what's the thing beneath the skies
We two would most forget?
Not birth, my love, no no—
Not death, my love, no no.
The love once ours, but ours long hours ago."*

WE stood at the open window, my Lady, Bell, and I, with the calm lake lying before us as darkly blue as the heart of a bell-flower, and with the hills on the other side grown gray, and green, and hazy in the morning sunlight. Bell had brought us thither. The Lieutenant was outside, and we could hear him talking to some one, although he had no idea of our presence. Was it fair to steal a march on the young fellow, and seek to learn something of the method by which he became familiarly acquainted with every man, woman, and child we met on our journey? In such matters I look to Tita for guidance. If she says a certain thing is proper, it is proper. And at this moment she was standing just inside the curtains, listening, with a great amusement on her face, to the sounds which reached us from below.

"Ay, ah wur born in eighteen hunderd—that's a long time ago—a long time

ago," said a quavering old voice, that was sometimes interrupted by a fit of asthmatic coughing; "and you don't remember the great comet—the comet of eighteen hunderd an' eleven? No! See that now! And ah wur a boy at that time; but I can remember the great comet of eighteen hunderd an' eleven—I remember it well, now—and ah wur born in eighteen hunderd. How long ago is that, now?"

"Why, that's easily counted," said the Lieutenant; "that's seventy-one years ago. But you look as hale and as fresh as a man of forty."

"Seventy-one—ay, that it is—and you don't remember the comet of eighteen hunderd an' eleven?"

"No, I don't. But how have you kept your health and your colour all this time? That is the air of the mountains gives you this good health, I suppose."

"Lor bless ye, ah don't belong to these parts. No. Ah wur born in the New Forest, in eighteen hunderd—Ringwood, that's the place—that's in the New Forest, a long way from eear. Do ye know Ringwood?"

"No."

"Nor Poole?"

"No."

"Lor bless ye! Never been to Poole! Do ye know Southampton?"

"No."

"Bless my soul! Never been to Poole! There now! And you don't know Southampton, where all the ships are?—ay, a famous sight o' ships, I can tell ye. And you've never been to Southampton—Lor bless ye, you ain't much of a traveller! But there now, ain't you a Frenchman?"

"No."

"Go along with you! Not a Frenchman? An' you don't know Poole? It's a big place, Poole, and ah reckon it's grown bigger now, for it's many a year ago since ah wur there. When ah wur a boy—that's many a year ago—for ah remember well the great comet, in eighteen hunderd an' eleven—you don't remember that? No! God bless my soul, you're only a boy yet—and ah wur born seventy year ago—and when ah

went up to Lunnon, ah wur such a simple chap!"

We could hear the old man laughing and chuckling, until a fit of coughing seized him, and then he proceeded:—

"Ah wur taking a bridle down to my mahster, and what's the bridge you go over? Dear me, dear me! my memory isn't as good as it once was——"

And at this point the old man stopped, and puzzled, and hesitated about the name of the bridge, until the Lieutenant besought him never to mind that, but to go on with his story. But no. He would find out the name of the bridge; and after having repeated twenty times that he was born in 1800, and could remember the comet of 1811, he hit upon the name of Blackfriars.

"An' there wur a chap standin' there, as come up to me and asked me if I would buy a silk handkerchief from him. He had two of 'em—Lor bless ye, you don't know what rare good handkerchiefs we had then—white, you know, wi' blue spots on 'em—they're all gone out now, for it's many a year ago. And that chap he thought ah'd bin sellin' a oss; and he made up to me, and he took me into a small public-ouse close by, and says he, 'Ah'll be sworn a smart young fellow like you 'll ave a tidy bit o' money in your pocket.' An' ah wur a smart young fellow then, as he said, but, God bless you, that's many a year ago; an' now, would you believe it, that chap got five shillins out o' me for two of his handkerchiefs—he did indeed, as sure as I'm alive. Wasn't it a shame to take in a poor country chap as wur up doing a job for his mahster?"

"Five shillings for two silk handkerchiefs with blue spots?" said the Lieutenant. "Why, it was you who did swindle that poor man. It is you that should be ashamed. And you took away the bridle safe?"

"Ay, ah wur goin' down to Winchester. Do ye know Winchester?"

"No."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ah thought not! No, nor Poole? Have you ever been to Bristol—there now!"

"My dear friend, there are few men

so great travellers as you have been. You should not boast of it."

"But, Lor bless ye, don't ye know the ships at Poole? And Winchester—that's a fine town, too, is Winchester. Ah'd a month at Winchester when ah wur a young man."

"A month! What do you mean by that?"

"Yes, that ah did. Lor, they were far stricter then than they are now."

"But what was this month you are speaking about?"

"Don't ye know what a month in jail is for ketchin a rabbit?"

"Oh, it was a rabbit, was it?"

The wicked old man laughed and chuckled again.

"Ay," said he, "ah got one month for ketchin one rabbit, but if they'd 'ave gi'en me a month for every rabbit and hare as ah've ketched, Lor bless ye!—you young fellows now-a-days know nothin'! You're simple chaps, that's what it is! Have you ever heard of the great comet of eighteen hunderd an' eleven? There now! And the crowds as come out to see it—stretchin' out—long—jest as it might be the long gown as mothers put on young things when they're carried about—and that wur in eighteen 'underd an' eleven. But I'm gettin' old now, and stiff—and them rheumatics they do trouble one so when they come on bad in the night-time. I'm not what I was at your age—you'll be thirty now, or forty mayhap?"

"Nearer thirty."

"Ah never 'ad so much hair as you—it wur never the fashion to wear hair on the face at that time."

"And you followed the fashion, of course, when you were a young fellow, and went courting the girls. Yes?"

This hint seemed to wake up the old man into a high state of glee; and as he began to tell of his exploits in this direction, he introduced so many unnecessary ejaculations into his talk that my Lady somewhat hastily withdrew, dragging Bell with her. The old rogue outside might have been with our army in Flanders, to judge by the force of his conversation; and the stories that he told of his wild adventures in such

distant regions as Poole and Southampton showed that his memory treasured other recollections than that of the 1811 comet. How the conversation ended I do not know; but by and by Von Rosen came in to breakfast.

It is a shame for two women to have a secret understanding between them, and look as if they could scarcely keep from smiling, and puzzle a bashful young man by enigmatical questions.

"Madame," said the Lieutenant, at last, "I am very stupid. I cannot make out what you mean."

"And neither can she," observes one who hates to see a worthy young man bothered by two artful women. "Her joke is like the conundrum that was so good that the man who made it, after trying for two years and a half to find out what it meant, gave it up and cut his throat. Don't you heed them. Cut the salad, like a good fellow, and let Bell put in the oil, and the vinegar, and what not. Now, if that girl would only take out a patent for her salad-dressing, we should all be rolling in wealth directly."

"I should call it the Nebuchadnezzar," said Bell.

My Lady pretended not to hear that remark, but she was very angry; and all desire of teasing the Lieutenant had departed from her face, which was serious and reserved. Young people must not play pranks with Scripture names, in however innocent a fashion.

"It is a very good thing to have salad at breakfast," said the Lieutenant; "although it is not customary in your country. It is very fresh, very pleasant, very wholesome in the morning. Now, if one were to eat plenty of salad, and live in this good mountain-air, one might live a long time——"

"One might live to remember the comet of eighteen 'underd an' eleven," observed Bell, with her eyes cast down.

The Lieutenant stared for a moment; and then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"I have discovered the joke," he cried. "It is that you did listen to that old man talking to me. Oh, he was a very wicked old person——"

And here, all at once, Von Rosen stopped. A great flush of red sprung to the young fellow's face—he was evidently contemplating with dismay the possibility of my Lady having overheard all the dragoon-language of the old man.

"We heard only up to a certain point," says Madame, sedately. "When he began to be excited, Bell and I withdrew."

The Lieutenant was greatly relieved. The septuagenarian was not a nice person for ladies to listen to. Indeed, in one direction he was amply qualified to have written a "*Dialogue between a Man and a Cat: being a discussion as to which would like to use the most bad language when the tail of the latter is trodden upon.*" Such an essay would be instructive in results, but objectionable in tone.

All this while we had heard nothing of Arthur. That morning, when Tita sent down to inquire if there were any letters for us at the post-office and found there were none, she must needs send an urgent telegram to Twickenham, to see if the young man's parents knew anything of his whereabouts. Of course they could not possibly know. Doubtless he was on his way to Carlisle. Perhaps we should have the pleasure of meeting him in Edinburgh.

But this indefinite postponement of the coming of Arthur was a grievous irritation to the Lieutenant. It was no relief to him that his rival was disposed to remain absent. The very odd position in which he was now placed made him long for any result that would put an end to his suspense; and I think he was as anxious about seeing Arthur as any of us,—that is to say, presuming Arthur to be certain to come sooner or later. If it should happen that the dog-cart had been upset—but there is no use in speculating on the horrible selfishness that enters into the hearts of young men who are in love and jealous.

All these things and many more the young Prussian revealed to the sympathetic silence of Grasmere and the fair green mountains around, as he and I set out for a long walk. The women had gone to pay visits in the village and its neighbourhood. It seemed a pity to

waste so beautiful a day in going into a series of houses; but my Lady was inexorable whenever she established to her own satisfaction that she owed a certain duty.

The Lieutenant bade Bell good-bye with a certain sadness in his tone. He watched them go down the white road, in the glare of the sunshine, and then he turned with a listless air to set out on his pilgrimage into the hills. Of what avail was it that the lake out there shone a deep and calm blue under the clear sky, that the reflection of the wooded island was perfect as the perfect mirror, and that the far hills had drawn around them a thin tremulous veil of silver gauze under the strong heat of the sun? The freshness of the morning—when a light breeze blew over from the west, and stirred the reeds of the lake, and awoke a white ripple in by the shore—had no effect in brightening up his face. He was so busy talking of Bell, and of Arthur, and of my Lady, that it was with a serene unconsciousness he allowed himself to be led away from the lake into the lonely regions of the hills.

Even a hardy young Uhlan finds his breath precious when he is climbing a steep green slope, scrambling up shelves of loose earth and slate, and clinging on to bushes to help him in his ascent. There were interruptions in this flow of lovers' complainings. After nearly an hour's climbing, Von Rosen had walked and talked Bell out of his head; and as he threw himself on a slope of Rydal Fell, and pulled out a flask of sherry and his cigar-case, he laughed aloud, and said—

"No, I had no notion we were so high. Hee! that is a view—one does not see that often in my country—all houses and men swept away—you are alone in the world—and all around is nothing but mountains and lakes."

Indeed, there was away towards the south a network of hill and water that no one but Bell would have picked to pieces for us—thin threads of silver lying in long valleys, and mounds upon mounds rising up into the clear blue sky that sloped down to the white line

of the sea. Coniston we could make out, and Windermere we knew. Esthwaite we guessed at; but of what avail was guessing, when we came to that wild and beautiful panorama beyond and around?

The Lieutenant's eyes went back to Grasmere.

"How long is it you think Madame will pay her visits?"

"Till the afternoon, probably. They will lunch with some of their friends."

"And we—do we climb any more mountains?"

"This is not a mountain—it is a hill. We shall climb or go down again, just as you please."

"There is nothing else to do but to wait if we go down?"

"I suppose you mean waiting for the ladies to return—no; our going down won't bring them back a minute the sooner."

"Then—let us go on, anywhere."

We had a long, aimless, and devious wandering that day among the grassy slopes and peaks of Rydal Fell, until we at length came down by the gorge through which Rydal Beck plunges, foaming into the valley below. Wherever we went, the Lieutenant seemed chiefly to be concerned in marking out the chief places of beauty which we should bring the women to see on the morrow—as if Bell did not know Rydal Beck and all its falls as well as she knew Walton Heath. And then we got down the winding road by Rydal Mount, and walked leisurely back by Rydal Water to Grasmere.

What was this that confronted us as we went into the hotel, and went forward to the large windows? The sun was lying brightly on the hills, and the lake, and the garden in front of us; and on the lawn—which was a blaze of bright colour—three figures stood, throwing jet-black shadows on the green. Von Rosen stared, as well he might stare. For there were Bell and Tita, engaged in earnest and interesting talk with a young man; and the young man was Arthur.

For a second or two the Lieutenant

did not utter a word; but presently he remarked, with a fine affectation of carelessness—

"Have they had lunch, do you think?"

"Let us go and see," I say; and so our Uhlan stalks gloomily out into the garden.

Our appearance seemed to cause great embarrassment to the party on the lawn. Arthur, with a flush on his face, greeted us stiffly; and then he suddenly turned to Queen Tita, and continued his talk with her in an ostentatiously impressive manner, as though he would give us to understand that he would take no more notice of us. Bell, apparently, had been rather left out in the cold. Perhaps she was a little vexed—for even the most amiable of girls have their notions of pride—and so what must she do but immediately turn to the Lieutenant and ask him with much friendliness all about his forenoon's ramble.

If thankfulness, and kindness, and all the modest and grateful respect of love were ever written on a young man's face, they dwelt in the eyes of our Uhlan as he was almost struck dumb by this signal mark of Bell's condescension. He took no great advantage of the permission accorded to him. He did not seek to draw her away. In fact, after telling Mademoiselle, with his eyes cast down, that he hoped she would come next day to see all that we had seen, he placed the burden of explanation on me, who would rather have sat in the back benches and looked from a distance at this strange comedy.

But the effect upon Arthur of this harmless conduct of Bell's was what might have been expected. When we turned to go into the hotel for luncheon, he was talking in rather a loud way, with a fine assumption of cynicism. He had not much to tell of his adventures, for the reason of his coming up so late was merely that the cob had gone a little lame, and had been brought with some care to Kendal, where it was to have a couple of days' rest—but his conversation took far wider sweeps than

that. The climax of it came when we were sitting at table. All this time the lad had not addressed a word to Bell; but now he suddenly observed—

"You remember that song of Lover's you used to sing, about the white sails flowing?"

"Yes," said Bell—she had often sung it to him at his own request.

"It is a pretty song," said he, with rather a ghastly smile; "but I heard a version of it the other night that I thought was a good deal truer. Shall I try to repeat the verses?"

"Yes, do," says Queen Titania, with no great cordiality in her tone. She had anticipated what was coming.

"This is the first verse," said the young man, glancing rather nervously at Bell, and then instantly withdrawing his eyes:—

*"What will you do, love, when I am going,
'With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us, for being fond?"*

*"When waves divide us, and friends are
chiding,
Afar abiding, I'll think anew;
And I'll take another devoted lover,
And I'll kiss him as I kissed you."*

A frightful silence prevailed. We all of us knew that the reckless young man was rushing on self-destruction. Could he have devised a more ingenious method of insulting Bell? He proceeded:—

*"What will you do, love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings should undermine?
And I abiding 'neath sultry skies
Should think other eyes were as bright
as thine?"*

*"Ah, joyful chance! If guilt or shame
Were round thy name, could I be true?"*

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—I am no judge of what ought to be placed before the public—I leave that to those whose sense of *good taste* and *proper feeling* is probably better than mine. But if these most *impertinent* verses are to be published, I have to say that the implication contained in the first verse is cruelly *false*. To hint that Bell could have thought of kissing either Arthur or the Lieutenant—or would have done so if they were *Princes of the Blood*—is most unjust and insulting to a girl whose pride and self-respect no one has ever dared to impeach. It is all very well for a stupid young man to say such things in a fit of *ungovernable rage*; but what I know is that Bell cried very much about it, when she spoke to me about it afterwards. And both my husband and Count von Rosen sat still, and never said a word. If I had been a man, I think I should have told Arthur very plainly what I thought of his *very pretty conduct*. But I suppose they considered it a jest; for I have frequently found that the notions of gentlemen about what is humorous are a *little peculiar*.]

For I'd take the occasion, without much persuasion,
To have another flirtation—that's what I'd do."

If there are angels who watch over the fortunes of unhappy lovers, surely they must have wept at this moment. These foolish verses—and another one which fear of my Lady prevents my publishing here—were the actual outcome of all the rebellious thoughts that had been rankling in his mind like poison during these last few days. Along the lonely highway, this was the devil's dirge he had been crooning to himself. He had fed on its unholy bitterness as he sat in remote inns, and pictured to himself, with a fierce satisfaction, the scene in which he would recite the lines to Bell, before the whole of us.

And now the deed was done. He sat silent for a moment; and we were all of us silent. A waiter said, "Sherry, sir?" behind his ear, and he started. And then Queen Tita turned to Von Rosen, and asked him if he had seen Rydal Mount.

It was a pitiable thing. In public life a man may force himself into the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, or some such office, by departing into a Cave of Adullam and marshalling the discontented around him; but in love affairs, how is a man to profit by an exhibition of angry passion and recklessness? Force is of no avail, threatening is as idle as the wind. And there was something even more cruel than threatening in this recitation of the young man's, as only those who were familiar with our life in Surrey could understand. What might come of it no one could tell.

To be continued.

NOVELS AND THEIR TIMES.

How far imaginative literature influences its age, and how far it is acted upon by the spirit of its time, is a subject of curious inquiry. It may be that there is a balance of power; an equal force exerted in the motive and the reflex action; it is certain that, however original a new work may appear, either in construction or thought, it must be a consequence of other preceding works—of pre-existing thought, either spoken or written. It may take a shape so new as to startle mankind, it may be generally proclaimed a new creation; but in the region of thought, as in the world of matter, creation is development, and every new-born idea has its necessary ancestry; if it have sufficient power within itself it becomes reproductive, and has also its necessary descendants: Homer, though he be called the first poet, had heard other songs before his own were sung, and the germs of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* exist in a remote antiquity. Out of the din of battle, out of the passions which make the wars of tribes and nations, those first songs had sounded; and as they shaped themselves into a martial music they vivified the souls of men, stirring them to fresh battles, out of which arose again cries of anguish or of triumph, forming themselves into new war poems and new legends, to animate the glowing ambitions or the deep revenges of the conquerors or their victims. In the fashioning of thought this action and reaction proceeds with greater or less activity, according to the progress of mankind, and long periods of monotony in literature will indicate either the restless agitation of a troubled people, or the stagnation of a humanity engrossed chiefly in the idea of physical comfort and mechanical appliances. This would

be an inevitable law if the literature of each nationality were limited to its own arena; but as civilization advances the interchange of ideas is quickened, people borrow keys to open treasure-houses outside of their own frontiers, and thus England may represent the spirit of France, Italy, or Germany in her literature, co-existing with that of her own life. That form of literary composition which is now called the Novel, appeared almost simultaneously in France and England. Marivaux's, Richardson's, and Fielding's were the first works which combined pictures of social manners with the stir of passion and the analysis of the human mind in which the exhibition of manners, language, and deportment, resulting from the training of a class not engrossed by manual labour, was made to restrict the abandonment to emotion, and to narrow the impulses of universal humanity within the form of special custom.

Marivaux is a brilliant, intellectual, amusing novelist; passionate occasionally, but more witty than passionate; in his representations of society, he has not the fault of overweighting his pictures with details of dress or peculiarities of speech, such as become unintelligible or wearisome to another epoch; and his stories are made to develop so much consistent character and shrewd thought, that they interest the reader of the present day, if not so vividly as they excited the court of Louis Quinze, still very pleasantly and not unprofitably. Without impressing the character of their age strongly, they indicate a certain looseness of tone and morals which belonged to it, and by their length, and the carefulness of their composition, they mark a period in which literature had no need to be in a hurry, when

readers and writers could both afford to take their leisure.

Mariiaux's "*Marianne*" occupied a space of twenty years in the writing, and was left unfinished. It is not to be inferred that the author worked exclusively at this novel during so long a period, but that between the beginning of the composition and its publication twenty years intervened; its progress was interrupted by other work, and the narrative was suspended while plays were produced, for which the stage would not consent to wait. Mariiaux wrote some thirty comedies, and two other novels, one of which is forgotten, but that of the "*Paysan Parvenu*" is not less admired than "*Marianne*." In the "*Paysan Parvenu*," the reader is frequently reminded of Fielding by a particular simplicity of style and keenness of thought; by the manner of its construction; by its deviations from narrative into reflection; by some of its incidents; by its fine delineation of character; and by the laxity of moral tone, marking its representations of women.

There is no reason to presume that either writer had seen the other's productions, and our conclusion from their incidental resemblance, must be rather an actual resemblance between the French and English manners of the era in which they wrote. Mariiaux was a reflection of his time—he did not re-act upon it. He has a sensitive appreciation of folly and vice, and he marks it with fine-pointed wit, which never passes into excess, and therefore does not force the attention of indolent or blunt-minded readers. A novelist, in order to obtain any direct influence on the public, must necessarily use exaggeration in some direction. He must depart from exact proportion, and magnify the impression of the particular absurdity or iniquity which he seeks to reprobate.

Richardson's *Lovelace*, drawn for a warning to profligates, affected the public mind violently, because it was founded on something true, and because that something was so dilated as to rouse and startle readers inca-

pable of appreciating a finer delineation; Richardson, purposing to be essentially a moral writer, overmarked the characters which he put forward either as models of bad or good; and Sir Charles Grandison, the pattern of virtue, is even more palpably exaggerated than *Lovelace*, the example of vice. Both representations made a vivid impression on the society of their own epoch, and not only in their own country: in France their effect was quite as remarkable, and there *Lovelace* is still quoted, and still pointed at with a warning finger; the character having survived there, partly because, as a foreign importation, it may be supposed by the French to be a true type of English libertines, and partly because it has undergone a certain modification in the process of translation. It is a dead thing now to English society; only curiously considered now and then by students as a fragment of antiquity in a museum; the excess in the colouring, which fixed the gaze of the town when it first appeared, made its permanence as a great work of art an impossibility.

Fielding, though he wrote his first novel with the express purpose of caricaturing Richardson, was less a caricaturist. The truer instincts of art were strong within him; and beginning with intentional exaggeration, he ended by being natural. What is true in nature will remain always true, however outward fashions change; and Fielding, less idolized in his own day than Richardson, finds more readers in a succeeding age, and will find readers probably until, in the lapse of years, the whole literature of the past is weighed down by the rapid accumulation of modern compositions. Let it be borne in mind, that if a writer must employ some magnifying power, in order to produce a strong and immediate effect upon the opinions or habits of the age in which he lives, it must be by a truth magnified; there must be nature still as the foundation. Mere distortion or disease will only act upon a few hysterically disposed persons.

Authors, who exert a vivid influence on the men among whom they live, do

so not by determined but unconscious exaggeration, by an excess of inward susceptibility to special agencies; and if not actually true to nature in its whole harmony, they are true to their own feelings, and to that portion of nature which is imaged in their own mental retina.

Richardson believed in his *Lovelace* as an embodiment of sensual, selfish passion. And if he carried out a course of iniquitous scheming and cold-blooded treacheries, in hunting down a noble woman beyond the limits of probability, the structure of his plot was such, and the consistency of the character he dealt with was so faithfully adhered to, that it should be viewed rather as the essence of the possibilities of his time, than as an absolute departure from nature.

Lovelace was the focus of all the gentlemanly brutality, as *Clarissa* was the concentration of all the womanly refinement, of the age. Neither are perfectly natural pictures, but both are founded on truth, and both are calculated to enhance it. Both excite violent emotions; the abhorrence of profligacy becomes a passion while *Lovelace* is contemplated, and the mind is raised to the very ecstasy of adoration by the majesty of *Clarissa's* fortitude. That a story the very foundation of which was a crime that could not now be mentioned in the presence of well-bred women should have been the young ladies' companion of Richardson's time, and even of a succeeding generation, is an astonishing fact to us now, with our more refined tastes; but that it was actually the hand-book of morality bestowed upon the daughter about to enter life by the careful mother of the eighteenth century, and the talisman of virtue and prudence in universal circulation among the dignified gentlewomen of that period, is one of the few indisputable truths of history. The work probably did some real service in counteracting a taste for profligate gentlemen, which was in fashion among the ladies of that day; and this change in the taste of

women may have acted, concurrently with other circumstances, upon the habits of men.

The admiration of *Clarissa* was a more legitimate agent of good than the hatred of *Lovelace*; people are not easily shocked into virtue, and the detailed exhibition of moral depravity is always a doubtful experiment in an attempt to reform mankind. It acts upon many minds with a wrong impulse, and stimulates them to imitation; the imitative faculty being so inherent in human nature that physical disease is, as we all know, frequently simulated by persons in health for the sake of seeming something strange, which some one else has been. The scarcity of works of fiction at Richardson's date is indicated by the diffuseness of his writing; had there been many competitors in the field, few readers would have consented to linger over ten volumes of close prose in the cumbersome form of letters, often repeating their substance to different correspondents, and always dwelling at the utmost possible length upon every detail of appearance, costume, deportment, voice, and gesture, which marks each personage introduced upon the scene. The effect produced upon society by Richardson's works was considerable, yet it seems insignificant if we compare it with that made about ten years later by the compositions of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The publication of his "*Nouvelle Héloïse*" was a new era in life: when "*Émile*" followed it a still greater astonishment was excited.

To these utterances whole nations answered with a prompt reply. Assuming the shape of a novelist here was a new lawgiver: a man who dared to question the whole established order of things, to raise a doubt upon every institution of society. Writing at an epoch when artificiality was at its height, when courts were profligate, and aristocracies corrupt; when France was governed by intrigues and *lettres de cachet*; when in England stays were tight and morals were loose; when stately costume and polite manners

usurped the place of benevolence and truth, Rousseau spoke in behalf of nature. The natural man fresh from the love of the Creator, he upheld as a divine being marred by the fetters imposed upon him in communities of his fellow-men whose necessities sprang from their aggregation, suggesting unnecessary laws, and producing artificial, and therefore false, condition of life. He preached that every man should be a law to himself, and that all men should be equal. He attacked the prejudices of class and the tyrannies of education.

His theories were not new, but his manner of dealing with the details of life was original, and his exhortations were such as the men whom he addressed had not heard before.

He abjured refinement, he penetrated every subject connected with human development. He attacked all abuses indiscriminately, whether abuses of power or of luxury; he was as unflinching in his attack upon women as upon men, and, according to their wont, women liked it. They always do like a vigorous assailant. They respect those who reproach them without pity; who stir their consciences, and who care enough about their souls to say, You have got such a thing about you, leave your self-indulgence and let us see it. Rousseau stripped bare those corrupt vanities and selfish passions which led the mothers of society to neglect their offspring, to trust them to the nursing of other women, to exile them to farm-houses, where the farmer's wife was paid to love them, and did not always give the love for the hire. He exposed with unanswerable truth the evils inflicted upon infancy by its imprisonment in swaddling clothes, and he showed how the maintenance of this barbarous system was due to the preoccupation or indifference of the foster-mother, to whom it was convenient to hook wretched babies in their bandages to a nail in the ceiling or the cupboard whenever their cries became troublesome. He exhibited with eloquence the happiness of an unfettered child. He spoke out strongly, in the face of all

the habits and opinions of his time, against the folly and iniquity of tight-lacing, both in girls and young wives; he even ventured, though all the modern world stood in raptures at its beauty, to point out the deformity of a wasp-like waist. He exhorted ladies of fashion to contemplate the beauty of classical models. He ventured to tell them that an unlaced peasant girl was more perfect in form than a tightened countess. His eloquence was of a peculiar character, and while he admonished and appealed, he put his invective or his exhortation into the form of logic. Whatever his premisses were, the arguments he deduced from them were close, coherent, and plausible. He pleaded against the despotism of schoolmasters, their ignorance of human nature, the brutalities with which they degraded it, the insanity of striving to flog burthensome knowledge into young brains incapable of receiving it; he argued for the encouragement of physical development and nutrition, while the muscles and the whole frame had the business of growth to do. He upheld the use of reason in the place of force. He invoked the teacher to respect humanity in his pupil.

The time had come when men were ready to listen to such an appeal, and slumbering consciences and dull imaginations were roused into new activity. People began to question what they had done or left undone, and asked Rousseau what they should do. Fathers repaired to him for counsel in the education of their sons; mothers, anticipating childbirth, travelled in quest of an interview with him, in order to receive his directions for their guidance in the hour of peril, and for the management of their infants in the cradle. The preacher and novelist was hailed as the physician and prophet. The woman's stays were loosened, the child's strappings were let go; punishments were suspended, the rod was put on the shelf. Fashionable ladies ceased to dismiss their babies to far-off homes, and resorted to ingenious devices for the reconciliation of a new

maternal duty with an old accustomed dissipation. At the favourite playhouse, elegant little bassinets were introduced into private boxes ; and there, enjoying all the while the spectacle on the stage, the mother fulfilled her sacred office, and offered to the player an interesting exhibition in return.

Rousseau, anathematizing the world of civilization, expected to be answered by curses, and when these blessings came, he was hardly prepared for them. It was his vocation to prey upon the evil of existing systems, and if his own systems had been universally adopted, he would instantly have exposed their weak points. Universal adoption of the views he set forth was, however, impossible. It was their exaggerations which startled men out of a long torpor, and those very exaggerations made them impracticable. The truths on which they were founded, made evident to ordinary capacities by the powerful lens which Rousseau brought to bear upon them, were speedily acknowledged ; in some cases wisely, in others with hurried, indiscreet zeal. What was merely the consequence of a novel excitement has passed away as the ephemeral of a season ; what was the result of a penetrating and courageous judgment—what, in short, was right, prevails, and a considerable portion of our modern plans of education must be regarded as a modification of the teaching of *Émile*. That Rousseau's private life was diametrically opposed to that which he urged his public to follow may be a matter for personal regret to us, but it cannot alter the convictions which he succeeded in impressing upon mankind. As a preacher, he possessed the force of truth marred by some errors of theory ; as a novelist, he was altogether false. His conceptions in the art of fiction were outrages to nature.

In the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," where he illustrates the necessity for social equality by the seduction of his virtuous heroine by her sublime tutor, he is as passionless as he is immoral. The letters of the lovers are made to display more knowledge than emotion. The course

of affection exhibited throughout may be described as the pedantry of impropriety, and it is difficult now to imagine that this portion of the work could ever interest or agitate a single human being : that it did excite much sympathy in its own time is a well-established fact, and one which it may not be unprofitable to seek to understand.

One cause of the popularity of a story which was ill-constructed and long-drawn out, was no doubt the infrequency of works of fiction at the date of its publication ; another may be found in the beauty of its rhetorical episodes, particularly in those which describe the phases of the outer nature by which we are surrounded ; another may be seen in the analysis of internal mental evolution on which the principal characters of the book are continually employed, and which show considerable surgical skill in the use of the probe. But the crowning element of success was probably the novelty of exhibiting an old form of self-indulgence as a new description of self-respect. In this distortion of truth lay at once the seeds of immediate and unbounded popularity, and of ultimate annihilation.

As an interesting work of fiction the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*" has suffered death, but the influence of what was just in its arguments, and what was beautiful in its eloquence, has been carried on through succeeding generations, and remains indelibly stamped upon the pages of literature and the minds of men. The romance of *Émile* is still more strained than that of *Héloïse*. A long treatise on the education which should form a perfect man opens the work, and is followed by a disquisition of equal length upon the training which is to bring forth a perfect woman.

The perfect man is erected and named *Émile*, the perfect woman is built up and called *Sophie*. The two meet and fall in love. The perfect tutor superintends the marriage. They are married, and live happy among woods and fields ; but in an evil day they decide on a visit to Paris, and in the corruptions of that city the virtue of both deserts them.

They fall away and are separated, but afterwards Émile, being wrecked on a desert island, finds a priestess there who is no other than the lost Sophie, and they are re-united and re-virtuous, and in the bosom of nature they live in everlasting felicity. The commonest writer of the *Minerva* press never conceived worse trash than is contained in the romance division of Émile; yet, it probably helped to force upon the public attention those educational essays which precede it, and to which so much advancement in truth, so much rejection of harsh coercion is due, that every boy who is not perpetually flogged at school and every girl who is allowed the free exercise of her lungs and muscles owes a meed of gratitude to the author. Many excellent schoolmasters and tutors, who would never utter the name of Rousseau without derision, are unconsciously lineal descendants of Émile's teacher. Thus, although as works of fiction Rousseau's novels have lost the interest which they once excited, the impression which they made upon their public in some directions has been permanent and salutary. They also continue to exert a marked influence upon imaginative literature; it is to be traced in all romances which deal in psychological analysis, from Goethe's "*Werther*" down to Feuillet's "*M. de Camors*;" and also in the descriptions of hedges, wild flowers, clouds, and dewdrops, which help so largely in the compilation of our modern novels. Goethe's "*Werther*" and "*Wahlverwandschaften*" are the most remarkable of the direct offspring of Rousseau's genius. "*Werther*," which appeared in the year 1774—fourteen years later than the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*"—has something of the pedantry, a good deal of the exaggeration, all the power of subtle analysis of the human mind, and all the love of nature, which are special characteristics of the Rousseau novels. But "*Werther*" has a semblance of truth in its passion, a glow of life in its style, a poetry in its composition, far transcending Rousseau's efforts at romance. No book has been more ridiculed, no book has been more

censured, few books have been so much read and so widely imitated. The satire of the *Anti-Jacobin* was directed upon it, and Charlotte cutting bread and butter for the groups of children surrounding her, and in this position exciting the rapturous admiration of Werther, was a never-ending subject of derision for the critics. There were contending factions of Wertherites and Anti-Wertherites. In Germany and France young men sent for pistols exactly like Werther's, and committed suicide immediately. In England, many became desponding at domestic tea-tables, and invoked thunder and lightning to sympathise with them, wandered sadly through green fields, and lay on their faces staring at friendly insects, but on the whole the English critics laughed at the sorrows of Charlotte's lover, and English society pronounced it a ludicrous little volume, just as Boreall did in "*Vivian Grey*":—"Who is Gewter?" asked Mr. Boreall. . . . "A celebrated German writer," replied the modest Miss Macdonald. "I never heard his name," persevered the indefatigable Boreall; "how do you spell it?" "Goethe," relapsed Modesty. "Oh! *Goty*," exclaimed the querist, "I knew him well: he wrote the '*Sorrows of Werther*.'"—"Did he, indeed, sir," asked Vivian, with the most innocent and inquiring face. "Oh! don't you know that?" said Boreall; "and poor stuff it is!"

But through all vicissitudes and Borealls the work has survived by the force of its passionate emotion, and by the exquisite beauty of its pictures of nature. Young men no longer commit suicide because of it, but all lovers of literature read it, and many writers give evidence in their pages of the attention which they have bestowed upon it.

The "*Wahlverwandschaften*," which came out much later (in 1805), shows more skill in construction, more depth and subtlety of thought, a higher psychological power, than "*Werther*;" but it has less of freshness, more of pedantry, a more daring impropriety, and a more elaborate and evident strain-

ing after the natural, by which the true in nature is continually forfeited. The "elective affinities," the changes between the relations of man and wife resembling the *traversées* of a quadrille figure, are well known as the groundwork of this novel: the inner workings of the conscience which give it a permanent interest by their life, which is truth, and the fine pictures of nature, of green leaves and white blossoms, of sounding waters and silent valleys, with their emotional influence upon the heart of man, are less known, at least to English readers, who have a remarkable faculty for seizing on the maggot in the fruit and holding up that to gaze at rather than the fruit itself with its bloom and its fragrant essence. Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," which preceded "Werther" by twelve years, acted vividly upon the fancy of Goethe: it suggested many agreeable images to him, and in the village life of "Werther" he aimed at Goldsmith's pastoral manner; but it did not stir his inner spirit, or enter into the depths of his imagination, as Rousseau's works evidently did. Goldsmith dealt altogether differently with humanity. He was not given to brooding thoughts, educational disquisitions, or theoretical Utopias; he looked at men, and tried to make his people like nature. He sketched with a free, easy, careless touch. He trusted to the quickness of his perceptions without investigating the reason of them: he did not deal in introspection. The vivacity of his

character sketching, and the charm of his unelaborate, inartificial style, have caused his work to live, and have silenced criticism, which does not care to be severe with anything so pleasant, or to deal seriously with a narrative so palpably loose in its construction that in the course of its complications one of its principal characters, Mr. Burchell, is implied to be at four years old the father of a son. There are other almost equally impossible incidents in the story, but the harmony and beauty of the whole make them matters of comparative indifference, and the novel remains popular in France and Germany no less than in England. The breath of nature is felt in all its pages. It was a growth of its time, without any apparent influence upon the institutions of society or the thoughts of men. Miss Burney was a successor to Goldsmith—not an imitator. Although it was evident from her construction that she had read Richardson, and from her style that she had studied Dr. Johnson, she had the merit of giving real original, untutored pictures of daily life; and her first novel, "Evelina," has an impulse of youth and frolic and genuine feeling in it which makes it a pretty piece of reading at the present time. Her succeeding works showed more effort and less grace, but they have merits for those who can read them; and if there were not new novels incessantly produced to claim new attention they might possibly still find many readers.

JULIET POLLOCK.

To be continued.

HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

Of the followers of Ingres,¹ Hippolyte Flandrin was the greatest and the most devoted. He had many qualities in common with his master; but he had also some which his master did not share with him; and some of those gifts which the earlier artist possessed abundantly were lacking—in the full measure of them—to the later. In some respects the aim of Flandrin was different, whether he knew it or no. His art, if, like his master's, it was Greek, had received more completely a Christian baptism. It had more of unction: it had less of severity. Beauty existed for him—as for some among the earlier Florentines—that it might speak to men of good. Divorced from purity, he held it worthless. He would not have understood Théophile Gautier: he would unreservedly have condemned Mr. Swinburne. And while with Ingres the perfection of form was itself sometimes an end, with his pupil it was more exclusively a necessary means.

In the years of the First Empire there lived at Lyons a poor painter of miniatures: the father of seven children. Three were sons, and all the sons became artists. The first was Auguste; who, after many struggles, gained some local celebrity. The third was Paul; who, after much privation, won his way to esteem as a landscapist. The second, and the glory of the family, was Hippolyte, who, after years of unremitting effort, baffled long by illness and by penury, rose to be for France a second Eustache Lesueur, and for the Church a second Fra Angelico.

It was at Lyons, on the twenty-third of March, 1809, that Hippolyte Flandrin was born. It was there that he resisted the well-intended but mistaken attempt to place him in a silk factory, that he might gain his living; and it was there

that he received his earliest drawing lessons and did his first work. But this work, it must be admitted, was not of a nature to encourage the belief that the young artist would become what eventually he did become. Horace Vernet, then at the height of his fame, was Hippolyte's model. To paint horses and uniforms, cannon and the smoke of battle, was the aim of the youth who in after years was to tremble before the task of presenting the mysteries of religion—the scenes of the life of Christ. Different, indeed, would have been the place occupied by Flandrin in the world of Art from that which now it is, had the early love of military subjects been retained to the end; yet if we can imagine this to have been the case, it must still be remembered that as there are various ways of treating pictorially the episodes of war, so Flandrin would sooner or later have chosen the best and not the worst of ways. Even had he never been a religious painter at all, it is not likely that we should have had from him broad acres of canvas representative of reviews, of encounters, of the suites of sovereigns, of the consultations of marshals. We do not think he would have wearied us with these. Sooner or later he would have conceived of war as it touches the individual, rather than as it concerns the regiment or the division. He would have noted, and he would have represented, the personal attachment of soldier to soldier, of soldier to his chief: the courage which longs for victory: the tenderness which longs for home. War would have been treated by him as in "Die beiden Grenadiere" it has been treated by Heine and by Schumann, and as it has been treated by the serious and sympathetic artist whose "Retour dans la Patrie" is

¹ See *Macmillan* for May 1871.

one of the most poetical of modern pictures.

But Flandrin was reserved for other work, and that became evident to him on his arrival in Paris; whither, when he was twenty years of age, he journeyed to pursue his studies under a greater master than could be found at Lyons. The change of residence for the two brothers—for Paul was to accompany Hippolyte—could not be effected without expense, however carefully every arrangement should be made; and it took at least a year of painful economy and tedious toil to scrape together, by the sale of such drawings as Lyons people would buy, money enough to go to Paris without the fear of absolute starvation. At length the time was fixed, and on a wild March morning of 1829 the brothers started on foot. Auguste, the eldest son, accompanied them part of the way, and then turned back—it was at Dijon—to take to his parents the news of the two. At Sens, the fatigues of the journey began to tell on Hippolyte. But they pressed on, and their eighth night was spent at Moret, on the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau. Next morning, movement on the roads increased—they were nearing a great city. They slept that night at Rys, but were up early on the morrow, “hoping soon to see the capital.” They walked five leagues in the grey morning without any sign of it. “But at last from the top of the hill the great town was spread before our eyes.” There was the dome of the Panthéon: and there were the towers of Notre Dame!

It had been the intention of the brothers to enter the studio of Monsieur Hersent; but they were wisely advised to seek, instead, the direction of Monsieur Ingres. This was in the first half of that too brief period during which the great master’s teaching was given to those who sought it; and he readily acquired ascendancy over the plastic mind of Flandrin. Ingres inspired both Hippolyte and Paul with a respect that was unbounded; but as the younger brother almost immediately

turned his attention to landscapes his own career was less influenced by the precepts of the master than was that of Hippolyte. For Hippolyte those precepts were law. It is interesting to compare the way in which he received the teaching of Ingres with the way in which Ingres had received the teaching of David. The painter of the “Apotheosis of Homer” regarded the painter of “The Sabines” with a respect which never diminished, and with an enthusiasm which made him declare, in a moment when the claims of the first classicist were assailed, “David was the only master in our epoch!” But, with Ingres, David was never infallible; and the successor to his chair departed often, and departed consciously, from his traditions. Ingres had a greater range and a greater mastery than his instructor, and there is no doubt that he knew this. Flandrin too differed from the artist to whom he owed so much of his intellectual growth. But he never differed consciously. And at fifty years of age he was in his own opinion the same somewhat insignificant pupil that he had been when he was twenty. Within one year of his death, when there was question of altering very seriously the constitution of the French Academy in the Villa Médicis, Flandrin was at great pains to prepare a paper on the subject, and when at length the document expressing his views was all but completed, he heard that Ingres had expressed opinions which differed signally from his own. He laid aside his pen, and left the paper uncared for. There remained, he declared, nothing for him to say, “Monsieur Ingres having spoken.”

The welfare of the French Academy at Rome was one of the last subjects that occupied his attention, and no wonder that it was so, since to enter that Academy had been the first dream of his student days in Paris. Ingres considered Hippolyte Flandrin the most promising of his pupils, and was anxious that he should compete at the earliest opportunity for the great “Prix de Rome,” the envied five years’ residence

in the Villa Médicis, at the expense of the state. Flandrin had even more than the usual difficulties to contend with. Two things were specially against him. In the first place, there was ill-health; and in the second, there was the fact that a scholar of Ingres was sure to be looked upon unfavourably, for though the "Apotheosis of Homer," painted about three years before, had been received with admiration, it had aroused jealousies, the effects of which were still felt. The first time, Hippolyte Flandrin was unsuccessful. But of course he tried again. The subject for 1832 was "The Recognition of Theseus by his father, in the midst of a festival;" and the rendering of this scene by the young painter of Lyons was by common consent judged worthy of the prize. The picture may be seen in the Rue Bonaparte, at the École des Beaux Arts. While on the one hand no one can claim for it the honour of immortality, on the other hand no one can deny that its conception is clear and original, its execution satisfactory and craftsmanlike.

The period of his residence in Rome was for Flandrin one of the most marked artistic progress, and it was also one of almost unmixed pleasure. The society of the Villa Médicis has always been among the delights of its inhabitants: it has sometimes more than compensated for the banishment from Paris. There have been gathered—there are gathered to-day—many of the men destined in later years to become the "illustrations" of their epoch. It is like the cream of a University. Friendships are formed there which endure through life, and they are formed, it should be remembered, among those whose influence upon each other is a stimulus and an incitement. Quiet, self-contained, somewhat reserved, and lacking animal spirits through physical delicacy, Hippolyte Flandrin was not formed to be a casual acquaintance. Keenly alive to the feelings of others, warm-hearted, and utterly sincere, he possessed the moral qualities which fit a man to be a friend. Already an expert

and gifted practitioner of art, an intelligent and thoughtful lover of high imaginative literature, he possessed the intellectual qualities which make a man's friendship instructive. He had not long been a *pensionnaire* of the Academy before he became intimately associated with a person who was worthy of his companionship—the young musician who in after years was to translate into music the hesitation of Hamlet and the aspirations of Mignon. M. Ambroise Thomas remained throughout the life of Flandrin one of his most affectionate comrades, and at the painter's too early grave he was his most eloquent and sympathetic eulogist.

Save during the last year of Hippolyte Flandrin's residence in Rome, he painted little which can be subjected to the severer criticism which is rightly confined to work that is mature. Nor did he claim for himself that position of a fully-fledged *peintre d'histoire* which alone could satisfy most of his fellow-students. He believed he came to Rome less to paint pictures than to prepare for painting them. So that he could draw a good figure, he was content. And it was wise of him to be so, for some at least of his simplest figures remain our admiration, now that the more ambitious efforts of his student-brethren are forgotten. In the palace of the Luxembourg one such work is to be seen; it represents a young man, naked, sitting on a rock by the coast. There is no subject but that: in other words, there is no subject at all. But is it not the incarnation of the vigour and beauty of early manhood? Subdued and harmonious, yet not otherwise remarkable in colour; correct, even severe—and yet entirely graceful—in line; it seems to us all, and more than all, that it is meant to be; and as the production of a young artist, powerful enough to do this thing perfectly, and at the same time modest and self-restrained enough to adventure for the present no further, it gives the highest promise for the work that was to succeed it.

The anticipation of Flandrin's success, based on his early devotion to the sub-

stance rather than to the shadow—on his early mastery of much that is most difficult in the technicalities of his art—was swiftly justified by the execution, before he quitted Rome, of a picture which to the very last he considered as the best of all the works of his hand. It represents Saint Clair, the first Bishop of Nantes, healing the blind; and it remains in the cathedral, for which it was originally painted at the price of but forty pounds. The trading-folk of the great western port may view it there, as with its simple rendering of an early tradition it recalls the period of an eager devotedness and an unquestioning faith. The principles which were to guide the painter throughout his career—nay, more, the features of his own individuality—were first apparent in this picture of Saint Clair. A certain simplicity in conception and composition; a quiet, sometimes unnoticed gracefulness of outline; a subordination of colour, never to be confused with mere crudity or slovenliness or incapacity; the expression of a prevailing sentiment, rather than of an incident that is dramatic—these things may be perceived in all work of Flandrin, from that early Saint Clair in the cathedral of Nantes, to the “Mission de l'Eglise” in the church of St. Vincent de Paul.

Ingres had come to Rome as director of the Academy; and in succeeding Horace Vernet, who for years had occupied the post, he brought to Flandrin the delight of an association prompted more by sympathy in work than by a formal and necessary courtesy. The young painter's ever-growing attachment to Rome, and his joy in its scenery even more than in its treasures, are well expressed in the following lines:—

“You asked, some time ago, if I really liked this country. I can scarcely answer you. I like France, where my parents and friends are—I like France better, certainly. But the thought of leaving Rome is very bitter to me. When I see from my window that beautiful plain, that chain of hills, the mountains with their old names, their classic names; and, nearer me, our garden and the palace, a wing of which I inhabit—when I see all this from one of my windows, and turning to the other side I look over the city with the line of the

sea for horizon—ah! I suffer at the thought that one day all this must be left. It will cost me much, but it must be done. I feel that this is not the place in which I ought to live.”

Did he feel that the conditions of life in Rome were too easy and too agreeable for hard work? The work he did was worthy, and he had no cause to fear. But from the butterfly-course of pleasure—yes, from the slightest approach to it—his soul revolted with even too severe a scorn.

“Too live the life grew; golden and not gray,” it seemed to him; and it was with the idea that under colder skies was the place for sterner work, that Flandrin quitted Rome and set up his easel in Paris.

The picture of “Christ and the Little Children” and that of “Saint Louis”—of which the first is at Lisieux and the second at Paris—are perhaps the most important of those which he produced during the early years of his settlement in the capital. Both drew upon him the attention of critics and of persons in authority, and contributed to secure for him the great commission with which, in 1842, he was entrusted. His portrait of the Countess of Nadailac (then Mdle. Delessert) belongs to the same period; and though in those moments of depression which were not infrequent with him, he expressed his dread lest he should fail to stamp upon this picture the grace and charm of youth which were its due, he did at last succeed so well with it that it won not only the difficult approval of the lady's friends, but the more impartial praise of other judges. And here, before beginning any mention of the monumental work—the work in fresco—which was henceforth to engross so much of his life, let us speak briefly of that *vogue* as a portrait painter which proved so remunerative to Flandrin, and was so well deserved.

For twenty years—or say from 1842 to 1863—it was his habit to produce portraits with a facility that was remarkable, and with a carefulness not less noteworthy. Some of his most dis-

tinguished contemporaries were well pleased to sit to him; and his subjects, if they lacked beauty, rarely lacked character. Almost as prompt as is Mr. Watts to recognize and to represent the individuality of the spirit, Flandrin was free from Mr. Watts's peculiar weakness, which is probably rather the want of capacity to convey the harmonies of colour than the want of capacity to understand them.

It were not saying very much to say merely that Hippolyte Flandrin's colouring was never violently offensive. In truth, his hues had more than the negative merit which is all that may be claimed on this hand for many of the works of his great master, Ingres. Colour was not that in which he excelled, but he was successful in it. In this respect his portraits seem to us at no disadvantage unless we measure them by the rich and glowing canvasses that passed under the fingers of Titian or of Tintoret, or by the highest work of Cabanel—his most brilliant flesh painting. They are often sombre, but not with the darkness of Rembrandt. His deeper shadows suggest rest, and do not inspire gloom. There is a very quiet dignity in nearly all his heads. Though we know that the subjects before him were rarely of a commonplace or unnoteworthy type, we know also that no other modern painter would have seen in any collection of subjects so much that was at least *intellectually* attractive. Yet it is not that Flandrin flattered. He never dreamt of doing so. But he made partly from within himself the world he saw; and if his portraits were never quite without nobility, tenderness, sensitiveness, or resignation, it is because he was himself noble, tender, sensitive, resigned. He saw in everything the "soul of goodness." It would have been impossible to him to have painted a person with the, in some respects, literal and semi-brutal accuracy of one of our most gifted countrymen,—Mr. Millais—in part, perhaps, because he did not recognize every visible and materialistic detail with quite the unerring exactness of the painter of "Nina Lehmann," and in part because

he did not hold himself bound to reproduce with startling and disproportionate fidelity every attribute of the body, but cared chiefly—and cared intensely—to express his conception of the individual spirit. But he lacked something of Mr. Millais's keenness, and something of his vigorous straightforwardness.

Flandrin's portraits of women are generally even better than his portraits of men. Feminine beauty had no greater attraction for him than masculine strength: we doubt if he loved it as much; for few men who see the world with open eyes are less regardful than Flandrin appeared to be of merely outward loveliness. The secret of his success with women's portraits is to be found in his own character, in his mind—always open to tranquil reverie, and quicker to perceive the capacity for sentiment than the capacity for action—strangely free from artistic irritability and artistic changefulness. Had he been a writer instead of a painter, he might have appropriated to himself one of the graces of a universal genius—the genius of Balzac—and have made for us, out of a pure heart, *l'éloge de la femme*.¹

One domestic trouble and one domestic joy are to be noticed amidst the prosperity of his professional life. Auguste Flandrin, artist at Lyons, died in the summer of 1842. Hippolyte watched by his death-bed, closed his eyes, followed him to the grave, and then did all that was possible to console his mother for her loss. He felt acutely the first break in the small company of three who were painters, and who had experienced together the hardships and the pleasures of a life of Art. He said, in writing to Ambroise Thomas:—

"Now that the first stupor is past, how our sorrow widens! Everything feeds it, increases it. We three were so happy; but the *two*—it is so near one only."²

¹ To the general reader the most accessible, and by no means the least characteristic, of Flandrin's female portraits, is the one which is placed in the gallery of the Luxembourg.

² For extracts from Flandrin's letters we are indebted to the collection of the Vicomte Delaborde.

Next year he married Mdlle. Aimée Ancelot ; and from that time forward his private life was one of almost unbroken calmness, favourable to work.

The decoration of the church of St. Germain des Prés, begun towards the close of 1842, occupied him at first for several years ; and then, after a long interval, it occupied him again. His earliest labour was bestowed upon the altar-pieces. There are two. That to the left represents the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and is one of the works upon which the artist's fame may rest. Its colour is not devoid of negative merits, for there is nothing to offend—certainly, also, there is nothing to attract. But this admission having been made, one is free to extol it. The composition is a model of the effective simplicity which is so far removed from that poverty of invention which sometimes claims to be akin to it. It is an example of inspiration without effort, and of those qualities which in another art are styled conciseness, terseness, point. The gentle figure of the Master, with quiet countenance, divine and human ; the slow procession of apostles, a “glorious company,” earnest in their praise, subdued in their triumph ; the shouting and the gazing crowd ; the meek ass ; the timid foal ; the strewn palm-branches ; and then, behind the rest, the walls and towers of the Eastern town—all are in their places ; each has the importance that befits it ; nothing is obtrusive ; all is clear. One does not claim for this fresco the particular merit of erudite adherence to local truth : one claims for it the greater virtue, that, while skilfully avoiding offence to old tradition or modern knowledge, there is predominant in it the sentiment of the situation it depicts. Flandrin endeavoured to paint Christ and His reception—he did not seek to paint Jerusalem.

The companion composition—the second altar-piece—“The Procession to Calvary,” is equal to this ; but in the other work in St. Germain des Prés there is much inequality to be noticed ; and the level of the two great pictures, if reached at all, is reached not in the

artist's latest works, but only in such as were done in his middle period. Over the pillars of the choir there are the figures of the twelve Apostles, two and two, in the spaces between arch and arch. He has given to these a measure of uniformity without stiffness, a measure of variety without a violence of contrast. The heads differ more than the attitudes, and the colour is throughout the same, for each apostle is robed in white. These pictures do not dazzle—they satisfy. The treatment of a theme so entirely decorative, so utterly devoid of incident and action, long troubled Flandrin's mind. Suddenly, as he pondered on it one night, the thought occurred to him to drape in white each apostolic figure ; “for are they not,” he asked, “in heaven, and around the throne of the Lamb ?” Words cannot convey an idea of the success of this work, so devout in thought, so self-restrained in its use of strength ; in execution so sculptural, and yet so living. Free alike from slavish adherence to tradition, and from that fatal need of novelty which is the curse of the artist who lives for popularity alone, it possesses the high dignity without which classic art is worthless and spurious, and it is imbued with the reverence without which Christian art is dead.

This work completed, there was a long pause before Flandrin returned to St. Germain. The interval was occupied with the decoration of a portion of the church of St. Paul at Nîmes, where Flandrin was assisted by his brother, and by Messieurs Balze and Louis Lamothe, his pupils ; then with the decoration of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris ; and lastly with that of the church of Ainay at Lyons. Of these, the work in Paris is at once the most important and the most successful, and need alone be considered in the present study, though it must not be inferred that the pictures at Lyons and Nîmes lack anything of the fertile thought, or the scholarly yet spontaneous treatment which characterize all but the earliest and the latest productions of their painter. The long procession figured upon the

walls of the nave of St. Vincent de Paul is composed on the one side of apostles, martyrs, teachers, bishops, and confessors, and on the other of the holy women who swell the ranks of the Universal Church,—mothers as well as virgins, penitents as well as saints. Starting from the western end, this long procession appears to be the consequence of the incidents depicted in the great composition over the principal door, for there St. Paul and St. Peter are instructing the people, and beginning that “Mission of the Church” which all ages and an unnumbered host are to continue. In beholding these frescoes, and giving, as one is bound to do, all but unqualified admiration to their intention and execution, it is easy to understand the satisfaction which Ingres felt in the performance by his best pupil of a religious task from which he might himself have shrunk, and it is easy too to believe that Ary Scheffer was right when, with generous appreciation of a great contemporary’s labour, he told Hippolyte Flandrin that what he tried to do, with pain, and failed in doing, Flandrin did at once with felicitous ease. And indeed, though it is difficult to explain it, nothing is more apparent when we stand before these great processional works than the spontaneity with which they were conceived, proceeded with, completed. Without sense of weariness, and equally without sense of abrupt or violent change, we pass from clause to clause of this seemingly endless *Te Deum*. All the treasures of a mind once fortified with the lessons of the Antique, and ever enlarged by the ready perception of what is beautiful in living nature, are poured out upon this work. A spirit filled full of the things that are pure, and honest, and of good report, here directed and elevated the use of a knowledge which had taken twenty years to acquire, and of a craftsmanship which was just then in its radiant perfection. Summarising in a few words the most salient and most incontestible of its merits, M. Delaborde has well remarked of this work that its outlines have so much ease and so gracious a

flow, its colour has so supple a harmony, its execution is so wisely bold, marked by a readiness so far removed from negligence, that in it one must recognize a production worthy indeed to serve for a model to the present and to the future for a tradition.

In estimating the value of artistic work one must look, of course, in chief to the accomplished fact, and not bestow upon the execution of a picture the praise due only to the intention of the artist. But it is at all events permitted to regard with interest the spirit in which the artist undertakes his labour; and in the case of Flandrin one reads with a sense of its rarity, and of its apparent discord with the habitual course of a busy Parisian life, the account which the painter gives in one of the most *intime* of his letters of a scene connected with his fulfilment of the task at St. Vincent de Paul. He had descended from his scaffolding, and was preparing to go homewards with his child, when—

“Du haut de la terrasse, construite devant la porte de l’église, j’admirais le ciel qui, d’un côté, gardait les traces du soleil couchant, et, de l’autre, portait le disque brillant de la lune. Auguste cherchait à compter les étoiles. Je lui parlais du bon Dieu : alors il se mit à genoux sur la marche de l’église, et, appuyé contre la porte, les mains jointes, il se mit à prier pour nous tous.”

The arduous labours of his life were relieved from time to time by short pleasure-journeys, but never, until it was too late to save his health, by the long absence in Italy which Flandrin believed would have so greatly strengthened his later works. At one time he was at Aix, in Savoy, and at another, with his wife and children, at the little watering-place of St. Valéry-sur-Somme. In the early autumn of 1860 he was at Blois; admiring, now the scholarly restoration, by M. Duban, of the magnificent castle of Louis Douze and François Premier, and now the winding of the Loire among the vineyards, poplar-rows, and chestnut-groves of the Blésois. In the autumn of 1862, accompanied by Madame Flandrin, he paid a rapid visit to

Antwerp, Ghent, Malines, and Cologne : looking with curious and distant admiration at the canvasses of Rubens at Antwerp, "finer than those at Paris," and remembering with a keener sympathy that "Triumph of the Lamb," by John van Eyck, which is the treasure of St. Bavon, at Ghent.

About this period he was at work on the nave of St. Germain des Prés, where forty figures, or groups of figures, recall the principal traditions and promises of the Bible, while the scenes reproduced immediately below them bring into intentional proximity various prophecies of the Old Testament and various facts of the New. Thus the scene in which Balaam predicts that a star shall arise in Israel has for corollary the Adoration of the Magi ; Joseph sold by his brethren appears by the side of the treason of Judas ; the Dispersion of the Peoples (after the building of the tower) gives occasion for the Mission of the Apostles, to reunite the world in one faith, one Lord, one baptism. Much of this work is worthy of the painter at his best, but in much one discerns, if we may venture to say so, a tameness of treatment, an absence of character, and a flatness of colouring which attest in an artist hitherto so great the presence of a weakened faculty and of a wearied hand. One need not dwell upon details which some of his admirers refuse to recognize as failings, but which Flandrin himself never deemed satisfactory.

Attacked in December 1862 by an insidious and enfeebling disease, Hippolyte Flandrin resolved, when it was too late to be of use, to execute the project

of a sojourn in Rome which he had cherished during twenty years. He started in the autumn of 1863, and the first thing he did on his arrival was to creep up to the Villa Médicis, with his thoughts occupied by many memories. His wife, his son, and his daughter accompanied him, through the winter, on a round of visits to galleries and churches. Looking at some early frescoes, whose preservation was endangered, he could not think with coolness of the ultimate loss of these treasures—the production of a privileged man and a privileged time. In the expression of his regret we catch the note of an almost personal sorrow :—

"That time is passed for ever : nothing can bring it back ; for men's tastes and ideas are daily more at variance with it, and these make the breach wider than any number of years. In the midst of general doubt—such as that of our day—a man of simple faith seems merely stupid. And yet what can one do without that faith ?"

But if he regretted many of the signs of the time, it is certain that outward affairs — material concerns — troubled him little. Convinced beforehand that his life could not by any means be far prolonged, he bore with resignation the approach of a violent disorder, which, on the 21st of March, 1864, cut short the number of his days. In the last moments his thoughts sped back to Paris—to his uncompleted work at the church of St. Germain des Prés. But he patiently acquiesced in the incompleteness which he could not remedy. "The good God," he said, "does not wish that I should finish His house."

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

BETWIXT TWO STOOLS.

JOHN BUSHBY, having fallen betwixt two stools and hurt himself, took a desperate resolution and emigrated; just at the time, too, when he appeared to have reached the proverbial turning in the proverbial long lane; so that his friends and acquaintance, such of them at least as were not in his secret, wondered greatly. Nor, under ordinary circumstances, would there appear to be any reason why a man should expatriate himself, simply because he had fallen betwixt two stools. Of course spectators laugh, for the sight of a fellow-creature falling and hurting himself is a never-failing source of amusement; but the sufferer generally contents himself with trying to force a smile, rubbing what Latin grammars call the part affected, cursing the two lifeless logs, and determining to show more sense for the future. But when the two stools assume the human form, have eyes that speak a silent language, encounter you day after day, and seem always to wear a mocking smile as if in derisive remembrance of your misadventure; the matter wears a more serious aspect. And in Bushby's case the stools wore petticoats, which added to the discomfort of the situation.

THE FIRST STOOL.

"The question is what to do with that *horrid* Mr. Bushby."

These words were uttered on a certain day, about two years before Bushby's emigration, and the speaker was a particularly amiable-looking lady of some forty-five years of age. She was speaking to herself, as she gazed with a well-satisfied air at an arbour of which she commanded a full view from the open window at which she was seated. For it was a lovely day in June, and the

weather was eminently suited for the occupation of an interesting couple, who sat upon two wicker-chairs under a shady, leafy roof, in a garden gay with roses. They were, in fact, doing nothing; unless carrying on a conversation in a low tone may be considered doing something. They both were young and of different sexes. He was about six-and-twenty, one would have said, and she was five years younger. She had a face and figure which were pleasing rather than pretty; and the former wore an expression such as is frequently the result of recent illness or mental trouble. He who sat by her was not yet accepted lover; and the lady at the window was her mother. The daughter suddenly rose up in obedience to a sign, and stood before the amiable-looking matron of forty-five.

"Annie, darling," said the latter, "I think your birthday is some day this week."

"Yes, dear Mamma, on Friday."

"And this is only Tuesday: there is plenty of time. That is all I wanted, darling."

Annie went back to her seat in the arbour; and the amiable-looking matron looked more amiable than ever, for she had hit upon a satisfactory plan. She now knew perfectly well "what to do with that *horrid* Mr. Bushby." She was an excellent mother; which means that she had at heart her daughter's comfortable settlement in life, and was ready to do anything short of felony to secure it. She had constantly impressed upon Annie, that in matrimonial matters young ladies have nothing to do with affections until they have ascertained that he who might be the object of them can make suitable provision for a wife; and, afterwards, they may bestow them freely. She had even gone

so far as to maintain that love is all nonsense in these days of civilization ; that it was quite enough if a young lady proposed to did not actually dislike the proposer ; that there was nothing so likely to promote conjugal affection as the possession of a nice little income—which was her way of rendering "*sine Baccho et Cerere friget Venus.*" She was also fond of inculcating the wisdom of that proverb which says that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." She held it to be the height of madness to refuse a present certainty in the hope of future contingencies ; to decline what Tomkins offered on the spot, in the expectation of what Bushby might some day offer.

That was Tomkins, of course, who was sitting in the arbour ; and he had already offered his hand, his heart, and eight hundred a year. He was to receive a definite answer in a week ; and there was upon his features, as he sat and conversed in desultory fashion with Annie, an expression which might mean either that he considered he had already made a fool of himself, or that he expected to be made a fool of in the course of a week. In fact, he looked uneasy and anything but confident. In the pauses, which were many and pretty long, between the different portions of a fragmentary dialogue, he took furtive, sidelong glances at Annie, after the fashion of one who is examining an article for which he has impulsively made a bid and which he half hopes and half fears will be ultimately knocked down to him. As for Annie, she, during those intervals, gazed far away into vacancy with the air of one whose thoughts are occupied with by no means the pleasantest of day-dreams ; and she plucked the while leaf after leaf from a rose she held, as if she were silently testing her fate with the well-known alternations of "loves me, loves me not." When the last leaf had fluttered to the ground and the stalk had been listlessly dropped after it, she rose up wearily, and said coldly to her companion :

"My head aches ; I shall go in."

No. 154.—VOL. XXVI.

"Oh ! I thought you were going to ride," rejoined Tomkins, in a tone of surprise.

"I feel unequal to riding, driving, walking, croquet-playing, talking, laughing, or—crying," said she a little pettishly.

"Crying !" exclaimed Tomkins with a blank face, as he prepared to walk with her to the door ; "what is there to cry about ?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered Annie, with a little sigh ; and they sauntered into the house without another word.

They found Mrs. Maddox, Annie's mother, in a state of that peaceful serenity which results from the performance of a duty. And that duty, to judge from appearances, was performed by means of writing-materials and an exquisite-looking little note which lay upon the table before her. Annie gave one quick glance at the superscription ; and the gleam of satisfaction which passed with a blush over her face, was speedily succeeded by an expression of regret and the paleness of suppressed emotion.

"My dear Annie," said her mother, "you look far from well ; you feel the heat, I fear."

"I feel *something*, Mamma," replied Annie drearily ; "but I doubt whether it can be the heat, for hot weather, you know, always agrees with me."

"Don't you think a little brandy and soda——" began Tomkins, but he was interrupted by an exclamation from Mrs. Maddox.

Annie had sunk with a moan and a shiver into an easy-chair ; where she reclined, white, speechless, motionless.

Tomkins stood the picture of horror ; and was incapable of anything beyond an emphatic and general prayer for the blessing of his soul, and incoherent remarks about a doctor, which were no doubt an offer to go and fetch one. But Mrs. Maddox, who had flown to her daughter's side, was perfectly cool and collected, smiled as pleasantly as ever, and said in a sharp and decisive but playful manner :

"Don't be silly: give me that scent-bottle on the little table, that's a good man: now go and have your ride, and when you come back you will find her quite well again: she has only fainted, that is all: go—go—go;" and she gave him a gentle push.

Tomkins went for his solitary ride; and, as he rode, he thought; and his thoughts were far from cheerful. He appeared to himself to have got into what was called in his phraseology a "jolly mess." If these things were done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry? He had been given to understand by the poets that wooing-time was the golden time for youth of both sexes. If so, why faint? He wondered if the same sort of thing happened often during honeymoons; and, if it did, how glad he would be to get his honeymoon over and have Mrs. Maddox to help him. He fancied he saw now how it is that mothers-in-law get the thin end of the wedge in. He had found Annie all that was bright and sprightly, until he had shown her unusual attention; then she had become ill; the doctor had been called in, and she had all at once taken to melancholy and fainting-fits. It was complimentary to him, perhaps, that the prospect of accepting or rejecting him should cause her such evidently serious consideration; but he was a plain man, who preferred comfort to compliments. He had elicited from her that there was no previous engagement; and he rather wished now that there had been, he might then have got out of his scrape without having his dignity offended. As matters stood, he was in a position about which he would have liked to consult Mr. Gladstone; for he had that statesman's favourite number of three courses open. He might boldly but dishonourably "back out," and have a chance of discovering the pecuniary value attached by twelve British jurymen (fathers, perhaps, of lovely daughters) to the privilege of becoming Mrs. Tomkins; he might ride his horse desperately over the cliff and put an end to himself and his horse

and his fears and anxieties; and he might philosophically bide his time until the fatal week was over and he was flatteringly accepted and a bond-slave, or ignominiously rejected and a free-man. To either the first or the second course he was not inclined, for he inherited a disposition which was incompatible with even a possible payment of damages, or with self-inflicted wounds or death; and, as to the third, he was upheld by a conviction that, from what he knew of himself and his family, he was sufficiently elastic of nature and thick of skin to bear with cheerfulness the amount of ignominy that would fall to his lot, and to make up his mind never again to be in a similar predicament. If he were, contrary to his expectation and even wishes, accepted, he would face the future like a man, and strive to atone by a life of devotion for the error he had committed in making a precipitate declaration. For, when he came to commune with himself alone, he could not help seeing that he had been precipitate. He had proposed simply because for three months he had been constantly thrown into the society of a charming girl, had arrived at the end of his stock of conversation, and could not plead to his conscience poverty as a reason why he should refrain from "coming up to the scratch." He now lamented that he had not at least waited to be sounded as to his intentions; for, even then, no more could have been wrung from him than he had voluntarily offered, and he would, probably, have gained an interval during which some diversion might have been created in his favour. Such were the reflections, during his ride, of Tomkins, whose mind had been so seriously disturbed by the fainting-fit that he distorted and misrepresented facts, and tried disingenuously to convince himself that twenty-four hours ago he had not considered Annie and heaven synonymous.

In the meanwhile Annie had recovered from her swoon, and she and Mrs. Maddox were conversing freely.

"If he writes to me as usual," the

former said, "I shall feel bound for another year."

"He'll not write," was the confident reply.

Annie looked wistfully at her mother, who smiled in the sweetest possible manner.

"It would never do to fall betwixt two stools," said the mother.

Annie sighed.

"One can't despise eight hundred a year," resumed the mother.

"Got by drugs," muttered Annie disparagingly.

"My dear," rejoined Mrs. Maddox, "you speak as if they had been noxious drugs, and he had poisoned his father with them."

"He is dreadfully vulgar," observed Annie, "with his brandy and soda, and all that sort of thing: I heard what he recommended for me."

"My love," rejoined Mrs. Maddox, "recollect that the refined wife polishes the unrefined husband."

"It will be a very difficult task, Mamma."

"Patience, perseverance, and eight hundred a year, will surmount all difficulties. It is not as if he were hideous in appearance, or likely to be rebellious."

Annie laughed and rejoined, "I could put him in shafts and drive him with a skein of silk."

"To be sure, my dear," replied Mrs. Maddox in a tone of intense satisfaction; "and that is a great thing. It insures domestic peace, if not happiness."

"But I'm so young as yet, Mamma; and Mr. Bushby might in a year or so——"

"Procrastination, my darling Annie, in such matters is most dangerous. I always think of that foolish king who refused the Sibylline books, and was afterwards obliged to take a portion of them. You might find yourself at thirty years of age accepting an offer of three hundred a year, or getting no offer at all."

"At any rate, Mr. Bushby is a gentleman," said Annie with a sigh.

"Mr. Bushby's only drawback," re-

joined Mrs. Maddox, warmly, "is inability to maintain a wife. But that, you have already allowed, is fatal."

"Quite so, Mamma," assented Annie, disconsolately; "poor Mr. Bushby!"

The last words smote upon the ear of Tomkins, as he entered the room on returning from his ride, and made him feel a little uncomfortable. For he had seen the superscription of the note which had been written by Mrs. Maddox, and that fact, coupled with Annie's exclamation, had caused him to conceive sentiments of suspicion and hatred towards this unknown Bushby, whose name was beginning to appear portentously upon the scene. However, he was received with so much cordiality by both daughter and mother that his perturbed spirit was soon at rest, and he took quite a poetical flight when Mrs. Maddox judiciously gave him and Annie an opportunity of an unobserved parting.

"In a week," said he, "I shall come back to hear my fate; and pray remember that 'yes' rhymes to 'bless,' and 'no' to 'blow;' your answer will make me happy for ever, or strike me down into the dust of misery."

And so he departed to spend a week of suspense in solitary travelling and in wondering at intervals who the devil was Bushby.

"I'm afraid the man's an idiot, Mamma," said Annie after he was fairly gone, as she pondered on his farewell address.

"That is of no consequence, my dear," replied Mrs. Maddox complacently; "indeed, I'm not sure that it is not an advantage. Idiots are generally harmless, affectionate creatures, and it is only when they show their infirmity in outward and visible ungainliness, and so on, that their idiocy becomes distressing. Mr. Tomkins has nothing of *that* sort."

"Oh! he is a very fair specimen of the *animal*," rejoined Annie.

"And he is a quiet, docile animal," said Mrs. Maddox; "and he has eight hundred a year. It will be your own fault if you cannot make a tolerable husband out of such a combination."

And mother and daughter retired to rest.

Whilst they were slumbering, and Tomkins was dreaming of a fearful monster more appalling than a sea-serpent and in dreamland called a Bushby, the mail-train was swiftly carrying to London Mrs. Maddox's little missile, or, it were as correct to say, missile. And a deadly shaft it was. It reached its mark about ten o'clock the next morning, as Mr. Bushby sat down to a somewhat late breakfast and prepared to whet his appetite by a perusal of his letters. He first took up the delicate little note and read as follows:—

“DEAR MR. BUSHBY,—The weather is lovely, and our cottage is more charming than ever. We heard from Tom the other day, and he inquired particularly after you and said he would like to hear from you, and that I must tell you to write as soon as ever you could. His address is the same as before. He is getting on pretty well, and is not at all sorry he went to Ceylon. With united kind regards,

“I remain, yours very sincerely,

“MARY MADDOX.

“P.S.—Annie has been seriously ill. Pray don't be alarmed; there is no danger now, but the doctor will not allow her to read *anything* of *any* kind. I believe you always write to her on her birthday, and so I just warn you that it might be better if you omitted to do so this year.”

The missile hit Bushby fairly in the left breast, and he felt a sharp pang. Of course he could see there was something wrong, and of course his suspicions were aroused. But what could he do? He reflected for a while, and then he wrote—

“DEAR MRS. MADDOX,—You may be quite sure that I would move neither hand nor foot to your daughter's harm. I only depend upon you to let her know why I, this year, omit my usual practice.

“Yours very sincerely,

“JOHN BUSHBY.”

He had no idea that he had begun to be regarded by Mrs. Maddox as “that horrid Mr. Bushby,” or his eyes would have been completely opened; and it is, perhaps, well for the general peace of society that we are for the most part wholly unconscious of the epithets applied, in our absence, by our friends to our names. As for Bushby, though he was unable to construe to his own satisfaction the words of Mrs. Maddox, he had a glimmering perception of evil impending over him; and for a brief moment he harboured an idea of anticipating matters by a bold stroke. He took out from his desk seven little notes, of which each was signed “Annie Maddox.” They were short, business-like acknowledgments of the annual congratulations addressed by him to her on her birthdays; but the most recent note, just a year old, contained a sentence over which he became absorbed. “You say you have heard that I am altered; all I know is, I *feel* exactly the same as ever.” Why draw a line under that little verb, if there was no subtle and double meaning attached to it? It was clear to Bushby that she intended him to understand that everything was unchanged on her part so far as they two were concerned; that he was still to be her brother Tom's most cherished friend, with whom she had as a mere child begun that annual interchange of letters which seemed so little and which had at last come to mean so much. How much had never been said by either, but was fully though tacitly admitted, as could be gathered from outward and visible signs, not only by the pair most interested, but by Tom and by Mrs. Maddox and by whoever spent a day at the pretty cottage and saw how everything seemed to fall out so that Annie and Bushby should be as much as possible together. Why Bushby had not attempted to draw her into a definite engagement was simply because he had no immediate prospects, and thought it would be unfair to fetter her for, perhaps, the best years of her life. And now, as a dark suspicion crossed his mind, he put back the little notes in

their accustomed place and muttered :
"Love or lucre—that is the question."

Friday came and went ; Annie's birthday was over, and there had been no letter of congratulation from "that horrid Mr. Bushby." And though Annie had been nervous and peevish and ill all the day, she was quite herself again on Saturday. For it is astonishing how small a quantity of salve will suffice to cure a wounded conscience, especially in the case of a marriageable young woman. Annie felt absolved from her curious, tacit, long-continued understanding with Bushby, so soon as he discontinued the only overt act which seemed to bind them together. He, not she, had broken the spell ; and she laid that flattering unction to her soul. Had he written, she would have written back and considered herself committed to their singular compact for another year. It may seem strange to those who take extremely elevated views of human nature, that she should not have inquired into the means taken for preventing Bushby from writing ; but she had great confidence in her mother's tact, and was contented with results. She was now perfectly free, and intended to avail herself of her freedom. Let not sentimental persons cry out indignantly that Annie could not have behaved thus, for they will at once be confuted by facts. She actually did behave thus ; and so there is an end of it. She was not at all sentimental ; she was a practical girl, strongly impressed with the duty of getting advantageously married, to the man she liked best, if it were possible, but, even at the cost of a serious fit of illness, at any rate to somebody. It is more than probable that, if Bushby had asked her, she would have consented to wait until she was grey-headed, but his sense of justice would not allow him to do so ; and consequently his first stool began to slip from him.

He almost felt it slipping ; and was already turning his thoughts seriously towards his second, when he made his remark about "love or lucre."

THE SECOND STOOL.

Some months before Bushby had unconsciously become "horrid" in the estimation of the amiable Mrs. Maddox, he had received the following note :—

"Kensington.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Your uncle bids me to say that we have not seen anything of you for a long while, and that he expects you to dine with us at half-past six next Thursday evening.

"Your affectionate Aunt,

"EMMA CARSON.

"P.S.—Ellen Parry is staying with us. She seems to have a very pleasant recollection of you."

Bushby appealed to his memory for information about Ellen Parry ; but without any immediate response. At last the faithful organ became more communicative, and revealed to him certain facts which he had clean forgotten. He executed a crablike movement backwards, until he became once more seven years old and was walking in a garden with two or three girls. He was a pretty little boy ; and they, who had up to the time of that very walk been complete strangers to him, after eyeing him carefully and approvingly, whispered together and giggled ; and then one of them fell suddenly upon him and kissed him, saying : "You are a little darling."

She was quite twelve years old, and her name was Ellen Parry. She had struck him as being frightful to look at, and he had resented the liberty she had taken with him in a manner which only made her laugh good-naturedly and repeat her outrageous conduct. They had ultimately, however, become very good friends, when she went abroad with her parents, and he had never seen her since, or even heard of her. She was his Aunt Carson's niece, and she had lately lost her father, who was his Aunt Carson's brother. She must now be thirty-two years of age if she was a day, and, if she had fulfilled the promise of

her girlhood, must have grown up to be hideous. However, he would be able to decide upon the question of her hideousness when Thursday evening came. It came; and Bushby was punctual and arrived at the door of his uncle's house, in a small square in the parish of Kensington, as the clock struck the half-hour after six. Ellen and her mother gave him a hearty greeting; remembered him perfectly (they said); and showed the greatest interest in him and his pursuits, making their conversation during dinner turn thereon as often as they could. As for him, he was chiefly engaged in taking stock of Ellen. She looked quite her age, and even more than five years older than Bushby, who had the appearance of being younger than he was. She was not hideous, but she was decidedly plain; and in the manner in which she had arranged her hair and in the style of her dress there was displayed either an ignorance of or contempt for prevailing fashions. She wore an air of great determination, and she expressed her opinions with frankness and self-confidence, though she listened with marked deference to what Bushby said, either agreeing with him cordially or differing from him with evident reluctance. She expressed unbounded admiration for his profession (which was the bar); and she declared that the magazine to which he occasionally (it appeared) contributed articles was her favourite. After dinner she played some pieces, with considerable skill, on the piano; and it turned out that she and Bushby had the same taste in music.

Bushby's uncle never omitted to smoke tobacco in his study of an evening, and he, about half-past nine, carried off Bushby with him into the regions of smoke. As they sat face to face and puffed in unison, the uncle seemed buried in thought; but at last he said brusquely:

"That girl has thirty thousand pounds, John, if she has a penny."

"Miss Parry, you mean," rejoined Bushby, carelessly.

"Of course I do," replied the uncle,

testily: "perhaps I ought to have said woman, for she is not any longer a girl," he added, with a short cough.

"No, she is not," assented Bushby, drily.

His uncle eyed him keenly, and repeated:

"She has thirty thousand pounds, though, if she has a penny."

"So you said before, sir," observed Bushby.

"And she has no nonsense about her," continued the uncle: "she has told your aunt that now her father is dead and has left her well off, and she is no longer tied to home as she was by him, she wants to be married, and means to be, too."

"She'll soon get picked up—with thirty thousand pounds," remarked Bushby, unconcernedly.

"But suppose she doesn't want to be *picked up*?" sneered the uncle, with angry emphasis.

"Well, she'll soon pick somebody up, then," rejoined Bushby, carelessly.

The uncle made no reply, but sat and regarded his nephew discontentedly; and his face assumed the appearance ascribed to the great Pan in the words:—

ἐντὶ δὲ πικρὸς,
καὶ οἱ αἰὲ δριμύτια χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὴ καθήται,

for "bitter choler wrinkled round his nose."

But after a few moments' pause he asked sharply:

"Any briefs this year, John?"

"No," answered Bushby, lazily; "only three guineas' worth of soup."

"Soup! what d'ye mean?" snapped the uncle.

Bushby explained the meaning of barristers' "soup;" and his uncle continued:

"You've only your fellowship to live on, then?"

"That's all," replied Bushby, curtly.

"Two hundred a year, isn't it?"

"Two hundred and ten pounds fifteen shillings and twopence halfpenny it was last year," said the accurate Bushby.

"And if you married, you would have to give it all up?"

"To the very halfpenny."

"How long do you think it will be before you make as much at the bar?"

"Do you allude to the halfpenny, sir?"

Pan's nose wrinkled once more with ire as he snarled:

"You know well enough I meant the fellowship."

"Well, sir," rejoined Bushby, "I haven't sufficient data (that is, cases given to me) to calculate upon; but I should *think* about a century."

"It's quite clear, then," observed the uncle, "that you can't afford to marry a pretty fool without a sixpence."

"Or even a pretty sage with the like handsome dowry," assented Bushby.

"And yet I should think that to be married and to make a good appearance would assist you in your profession."

"Undoubtedly."

"Ahem!" coughed the uncle, as if the smoke had tickled his throat.

"Ahem!" counter-coughed the nephew, as if he were in the same predicament.

At this juncture a tap was administered to the door of the study, and a voice was heard saying:

"May I just come in and say good-night?"

Bushby, at a nod from his uncle, jumped up and opened the door; and with a little cough of suffocation, and a little scream of surprise, and a little sparring at the atmosphere, and a little snigger, partly contemptuous, partly compassionate, partly patronising, partly deprecatory, partly good-humoured, in sailed Mrs. Parry, accompanied by Mrs. Carson.

"Oh! dear me," gasped the former, "I really can hardly speak; but I didn't like to go away without saying good-night; and, besides, I thought I might have the pleasure of Mr. Bushby's company: you know I go very near the Temple, and I could set him down within a few hundred yards."

Bushby would be "delighted and even grateful." So Mrs. Parry and he departed in the former's comfort-

able brougham; but Ellen Parry remained behind with the Carsons to complete her long visit.

Bushby, having been "dropped" in due time, walked his few hundred yards to the Temple in so brown a study that he had excellent opportunities of trying his weight and the sharpness of his elbows against opposing passengers and of hearing some novelties in the way of bad language. But they "might as well have blessed him," he "was deaf to blessing as to cursing;" and, not only as he made his way to his chambers, but far into the small hours, as he lay sleepless in bed, he pondered over the conversation he had held with Mrs. Parry during their drive. They had talked of such friends and acquaintance as they had in common; and he had found himself cordially assenting when she had dwelt upon the wisdom of those who had shown common-sense rather than sentiment in their marriages, and when she had expressed her opinion that young men were apt to attach far too much importance to mere personal appearance. At last he fell into a fitful slumber; and, as he slumbered, he saw in a dream a curious kind of sign-post, with arms pointing in two opposite directions. The posts bore the shape of two female figures, back to back; and the arms were like the arms of women. There were hands, too, connected with the arms; and on the open palms two words were plainly written: on one pair "Love," on the other "Lucre." But the roads towards which the fingers pointed were dark as Erebus.

Bushby received from his uncle and aunt, so long as Ellen Parry was staying with them, assiduous attention; and his uncle seemed never weary of impressing upon him that Ellen had "thirty thousand pounds, if she had a penny." As for Ellen, she was always discovered by Bushby with the magazine to which he contributed either in her hand or in some conspicuous place near her; she obtained all the music he expressed a favourable opinion of; she consulted him upon legal points, with which it

was difficult to conceive that she could have any concern; and she never had so much as a headache to prevent her from accompanying her aunt and him to any entertainment for which he offered them tickets. And when she returned to her mother's house, to which Mrs. Parry had already more than once asked Bushby, he found that she was as partial as ever to his magazine, and his music, and his law, and so on. Moreover, as Ellen was her mother's amanuensis, there grew to be an interchange of little notes, on various pretexts, between them; and just before he became so "horrid" to Mrs. Maddox that that excellent mother had to send him her note of warning, he had been obliged to refuse an invitation from Mrs. Parry (that is, from Ellen), on the plea of illness. The cause of the refusal elicited the following letter:—

"DEAR MR. BUSHBY,—We were so sorry to hear of your illness. Mamma is quite distressed to think you should be all alone, at such a time, with only a horrid laundress (isn't that what you call her?) to attend to you. Mamma says she has a great mind to come and fetch you away, and nurse you here herself; and you must not be surprised if she really does drive up to your chambers to inquire after you. She will be passing the Temple to-morrow. We do so hope you will soon be better.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ELLEN PARRY."

And Mrs. Parry really did call, and found Bushby suffering from a swelled face which made him unrepresentable in society, but otherwise as well as ever. This good news she said would be gladly heard by her daughter, who was waiting for her "in the brougham," and who had "pictured to herself all sorts of horrors," such as Bushby lying at the verge of death with no one but a not remarkably sober old woman to administer his medicine, which probably contained poison and of which an overdose would be fatal.

Now, Bushby, so far from being as

blind as a bat, was not even short-sighted; and he saw distinctly whither things were tending. He had only to write a tender reply to Ellen Parry's letter and he might bring matters to a crisis. But he thought of Annie Maddox, and contented himself with expressing his fervent thanks by word of mouth to Mrs. Parry. And soon afterwards came that mysterious document from Mrs. Maddox, which caused him to waver seriously between love and lucre.

THE SLIPPING OF BOTH STOOLS.

Tomkins's week of suspense was over, and he stood before Annie to hear his sentence. As will have been anticipated, it was favourable; and Tomkins bore it as well as he could. Annie was, perhaps, a little astonished and even nettled at his want of rapture; but then she had not been behind the scenes as we have, and knew nothing of his meditations during his solitary ride. She would have been completely reassured by the extreme anxiety he displayed to have his happiness as speedily as possible secured by the marriage ceremony, only his manner, as he whimpered, "Let the happy day be soon, dear Annie," reminded her a little of Macbeth saying, "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." However, Mrs. Maddox was consulted; and she, considerate soul, having always been of opinion that short engagements are on every account the best, "when there are no pecuniary obstacles, and there is no object to be gained by waiting," saw no objection whatever to "that day six weeks." And so, on the night of "that day," two fond hearts went heavy to bed; the owner of one sobbed herself to sleep as she thought of Bushby, and the owner of the other kept muttering with a sigh, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm in a deuce of a scrape." For night looks darkest just before dawn; and there are some things which it is better to begin with a little (but only a little) aversion.

Red-hot lovers "marry in haste and repent at leisure;" but Annie and Tomkins were not red-hot lovers.

"That day six weeks" came at last; a young woman and a young man went into a pretty village church two, and came out one; and the ranks of the married were recruited by another couple called Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins.

And Bushby got cards.

He sat and glared at them as if his education had not included the spelling of dissyllables. And even when he had spelt the name, it conveyed to his mind no idea of any living creature he had ever seen. Who could the scoundrel be? For, of course, he was a scoundrel. Perhaps he was an old gentleman—the old gentleman indeed. It had all come of Tom's going to Ceylon. For a mother and daughter living alone could not ask a young man to stay with them. If Tom had been at home, Bushby thought all would have been right. He would have paid Tom and the Maddoxes' cottage many a visit during the two years which had elapsed since Tom's departure; but he had, perforce, been absent, and the absent always pay the penalty for their absence. And yet he would not, under any circumstances, have tried to bind Annie to him until he had some prospects. No; but then he might have made things unpleasant for Tomkins (*κακῶς ἐξολέσειεν αὐτὸν ὁ Ζεύς*). Well, one comfort was that Annie, and not he, had taken the decisive step; and he hoped (but by no means confidently) that she might never repent it.

For a good quarter of an hour Bushby sat with his head buried in his arms, which were folded upon the table; and it must not be considered discreditable to him if at the end of that time, when he once more looked up, there was a suspicious redness about his eyes. He again took out the little notes already alluded to, and, having lighted a taper, deliberately burnt them, one by one. As the last became a small twist of ashes, he sighed heavily; but soon recovering himself, he muttered, "So much for love; to-morrow for lucre."

The next day, about three P.M., he sallied forth carefully dressed and with an air of great decision. He was determined that there should be no more shillyshallying; and there was now nothing to prevent him from taking the goods the gods seemed to have provided for him, no small voice of conscience to whisper that he was sacrificing love for lucre.

He had gone but a few yards when a hand was laid on his arm. He turned and saw his uncle.

"Why, John," said the latter, "you look quite smart. Is it a fair question to ask where you are going?"

"Perfectly fair," answered Bushby; "I'm going to call on the Parrys."

"Ah! you haven't been there for some time, I think," rejoined the uncle.

"I'm ashamed to say I've not," said the nephew; "and they were awfully kind to me when I was ill."

"They said you seemed to want to avoid them," snarled the uncle.

"Avoid them!" exclaimed Bushby; "the last people in the world."

But he coloured slightly, recollecting how he had abstained from the chance of answering Ellen's letter lest he should commit himself; for he had known by experience that she *would* have the last word, or, at any rate, that so long as he replied to her notes, she would find something to say in return, and would (in her mamma's name) ask him such questions as he could not take notice of without becoming a little tender; and then she would have made the positive comparative, and the comparative would have ended in the superlative and irrevocable.

"You haven't been to see *us*," resumed the uncle, "for about three months; and I suppose you've treated the Parrys in the same way."

"I called to thank them for their kindness," answered Bushby; "but I was told they were in the country, and it was quite uncertain when they would return: so I left a card."

"It's a pity you haven't been to see *us*," rejoined the uncle; "we could have told you some news."

"Oh! indeed," rejoined Bushby: "something pleasant, I hope."

"Oh! yes," sneered the uncle: "Ellen Parry is engaged to be married. A great deal can be done in three months."

Bushby made a great effort to appear unconcerned; and he was pretty successful.

"I told you," he said, laughing, but not quite on the right side of his mouth, "that she would soon be picked up."

"I can tell *you* something, John," rejoined his uncle savagely: "you are a born fool."

"Well, sir," replied Bushby, wincing a little: "we are closely related, you know."

"Go and ask your aunt what she thinks of you," said the uncle, not noticing the taunt: "good-day to you, and more sense the next time; though you'll never have such a chance again—she has thirty thousand pounds, if she has a penny."

And the uncle departed, shaking his head sorrowfully, and repeating "Ah! thirty thousand pounds, if a penny."

Bushby thought he would give up the idea of calling upon the Parrys, and would call upon his aunt instead. She received him coldly.

"I thought you had quite forgotten us, John," she said petulantly.

"My profession takes me away from town a great deal," replied Bushby; "I've been——"

"I'll tell you *what* you have been," burst in his aunt savagely; "you have been a booby, John."

"Upon my word, aunt, you are as complimentary as my uncle was just now."

"Oh! have you seen him?"

"Yes, I met him in the street."

"And what did he say?"

"Well, I hardly like to repeat it because of our near relationship, but he said I was a born fool."

"Ah! then you know about Ellen Parry," rejoined his aunt, as if the expression were thus fully accounted for.

"Yes," said Bushby with assumed sprightliness; "and, pray, who is the fortunate man?"

"Oh! John," exclaimed his aunt, not heeding the question, "you *have* been a booby; she would have had you, had you held up your little finger."

"Well, well," said Bushby testily; "and who *did* hold up his little finger?"

"*He* had to do more, I'll be bound," answered Mrs. Carson contemptuously; "*he* had to go down on his bended knees, you may depend."

"But who is he?"

"He felt her pulse, John," replied Mrs. Carson evasively; "and he soon discovered, I have no doubt, that there was nothing the matter with her but single blessedness."

"Oh! then he is a doctor."

"Yes. I began to suspect something at the time you were laid up with your swelled face. Ellen complained of nervous depression; and a doctor was called in. I didn't know who he was at the time; but I soon found out. You know him—little Mr. Wilson."

"I know him," assented Bushby; "he hasn't much practice, but he is a clever man; writes scientific articles. He sings Scotch songs too almost as well as his namesake used to sing them, they say."

"*He* is no booby, certainly," rejoined Mrs. Carson significantly. "And it was very singular," she added, "that as soon as he was called in I never saw Ellen with that magazine of yours. She seemed to have taken quite a scientific turn, and was always reading (or appearing to read) something about chemistry. She quite lost her taste, too, for the Beethoven and 'Songs without Words' she used to be so fond of playing and you of hearing; and, oddly enough, she took to singing Scotch songs. And once, I must tell you, I saw amongst her music a vulgar thing called 'A Perfect Cure.' I'm bound to say I never heard her play or sing it; but I think she must have got it under a mistaken idea that it referred in some way to the medical profession."

"She seems to have regularly thrown herself at the man's head," said Bushby with a sneer.

"My dear John," rejoined Mrs. Carson, gently; "that is a very strong expression. She gave him quiet encouragement, no doubt; and *he* was wise enough to profit by it. Ellen does not want sense: she is perfectly aware that she has no personal attractions; and she, no doubt, felt that she was of an age at which, if she meant to be married at all to anybody better than a mere fortune-hunter, she could not afford to wait and hang back as if she were a young girl and a beauty."

"Then you don't think love is a necessary ingredient in such matters?" observed Bushby doubtfully.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mrs. Carson. "My dear John, you are very romantic. At Ellen Parry's age I think it is quite enough to feel a liking, or even to feel no dislike. I can conceive," she continued with a gentle sigh and a look as of one who has a vision of the past, "a case in which love should be everything; but ours is a practical age, in which love is best left to novels and ballads. It is better for girls not to know what love is, until it arises as the natural consequence of a judiciously chosen husband's tender treatment. It is quite sad to think how often love-matches,—succeeding long engagements during which the man is losing his strength and temper in frantic struggles to obtain a sufficiency for two, and the girl is wasting both in youth and sweetness under the influence of hope deferred,—end in disappointment, discontent, and dissension. I call it foolish and selfish for a man, who has no immediate prospects, to try a girl's love so far as to tie her down to an indefinite engagement."

"I can't see," observed Bushby, "that a definite engagement, to be considered over, if certain hopes have not been realized, at the expiration of a certain period, is any better. For just when the two hearts would, unless a coolness should have arisen, be more closely knit than ever, they are sup-

posed to resume suddenly the condition of being unattached."

"An honourable man," said Mrs. Carson, "who really cared for a girl and who had no prospects, would not seek to compromise her future by binding her to any kind of engagement. He would wait and hope."

"But if he does not declare himself, how," asked Bushby, "is she to know the state of his feelings? And, if he does, where is the use, unless some engagement be entered into?"

"She would be sure to know; women, at least most women, especially if they reciprocate the feelings, are clairvoyantes in such matters."

"But would she be bound by her knowledge or her sentiments?"

"Certainly not: a girl who has been properly brought up would strive not to be influenced by either until she received a definite proposal."

"And suppose that in the meanwhile she had an eligible offer?"

"She would probably accept it, particularly if she had a judicious mother to advise her. There would be a severe struggle, perhaps; but she would not sacrifice, and I think would not be justified in sacrificing, certainty to uncertainty, reality to love's young dream."

Bushby sighed.

"And the poor man," he said, "who had no prospects, and who abstained from any attempt to hamper her solely out of consideration for *her*—what of *him*?"

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Carson, laughing, "he might take his revenge when his prospects improved. It is different with a man and with a girl. What he has to consider is, when he can afford to propose; and she, when she can afford to decline, especially if she says, like the girl in the song, 'My face is my fortune, sir.' Besides, he would never imagine how much she would have suffered before she determined to give him up; and his resentment would soon cure his love."

"And suppose," said Bushby moodily, "he had in the meanwhile preferred

love to lucre, and, by remaining faithful to her to the very last, had lost both her and a fortune he might have got by simply holding up his little finger?"

Mrs. Carson regarded him fixedly for a few moments, and then said softly, and even compassionately :

"Why, John, you are a greater booby than I thought; I verily believe you have allowed yourself to slip betwixt two stools."

Bushby thanked her for her flattering opinion, and departed with precipitation.

As for both Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, the honeymoon was as useful as it was agreeable to both. It relieved the mind of each from certain misgivings. Tomkins, finding that Annie recovered all her pristine sprightliness, and never disturbed his peace of mind by any symptoms of a fainting fit, began to regret the invitation he had given to Mrs. Maddox to stay with them as much as ever she could; became as ardently devoted as the most sanguinely expectant bride would have found convenient; felt (though he did not express his feelings in such commercial language) that he had "got her a bargain;" and was convinced that even his late father (who had been a shrewd and successful but unrefined dealer in drugs upon wholesale principles) must have confessed that he had obtained "good value for his money." Annie, on the other hand, discovered that Tomkins was by no means an idiot, and that, though he was amenable to reasonable discipline, and allowed himself in many points to be moulded by her superior refinement, he could, when he undoubtedly had reason on his side, hold his own in spite of poutings and sighs and even tears. He naturally strove to lighten the proverbial heaviness of the honeymoon by taking up the newspaper, and expounding to her the mysteries of the "money article;" and though she hardly understood a syllable, she grew to feel a great respect for and confidence in a man who plainly could and would take remarkably good care of his (and, therefore, her) pecuniary interests. Mrs. Maddox, after the return of the happy pair, was

charmed with her daughter's confidential account, and, alluding probably to some locality not far from the Bank of England, remarked, "Depend upon it, my dear, that man's heart is in the right place; and he'll make an excellent husband." And affectionate friends of Tomkins, as they strolled home smoking his cigars after enjoyment of his hospitality, were obliged reluctantly to admit that "they did the thing very well," that "they *seemed* to get on all right together," and that, at any rate, she had "made quite a gentleman of the feller."

As for Bushby, his life soon became a burthen to him; for Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson took houses in the neighbourhood of Mr. and Mrs. Carson, and, as there was a general acquaintance amongst the couples, he was constantly meeting Mrs. Tomkins and Mrs. Wilson. Those ladies were delighted to see him, and received him with the most unembarrassed cordiality (for he had never spoken out, and so, of course, they were not supposed to know anything); but he detected, or fancied he detected, in their looks and manner reproach (not on their own account, but on his, who had been nobody's enemy but his own), mockery, amusement, pity, condescension, patronage. Tomkins was at first a little cool, and even defiant, remembering, perhaps, the time when he had wondered who the devil was Bushby, but, seeing the imperturbability of Mrs. Tomkins, soon grew quite friendly (inferentially friendly, according to Bushby), and expressed compassion for young barristers, who had such "awfully up-hill work;" and Wilson, a genial soul without a shade of jealousy, himself suggested, when Bushby was filling Mrs. Wilson's glass, that the two ought to "tak' a cup o' kindness" together "for auld lang syne." Mrs. Maddox, too, frequently crossed his path; and no one would have guessed from that amiable lady's gracious behaviour, and references to her "dearest Tom's dearest friend," that there had ever been a time when she had considered Bushby "horrid."

But the climax of Bushby's trials arrived when, in due course, there appeared upon the scene a little Tomkins of the masculine gender. Tomkins and Annie and Mrs. Maddox were unanimous in deciding that, as "dear Tom" was abroad and could not stand, as he undoubtedly would have stood, one of the godfathers, his oldest and dearest friend, Bushby, should be asked to take his place.

Bushby, being sounded by Tomkins, excused himself on the ground that he had been seriously considering the propriety of emigrating, and that he could not and ought not to undertake duties which it would be impossible for him to perform, even in the disgracefully perfunctory manner which is only too prevalent.

Perhaps he was not quite sincere in what he said; but, just as he was beginning to get something substantial in addition to his "soup," he did emigrate; that is to say, he exchanged the bar of England for the bar of Bombay, and had no reason to regret the step. If he found no Annies, he found plenty of annas, and of rupees about a lac. Consequently he was far from "horrid" in the eyes of many a matron, exported with daughters from the British Islands to Bombay, and not inferior in discernment to the amiable Mrs. Maddox. Nor is Laura Bushby less euphonious than Annie Bushby. There is certainly no similarity between the names; but conjure with them, and Laura will raise a spirit as soon as Annie: at any rate that is Bushby's present opinion.

“L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE.”

FOR the devotees of literature, it is a fine sight to see some of her European high priests and elders, how they continue unwearied in her service. It does good to think of those survivors of a great generation in France, how bravely some of them have clung to their calling and illustrated it, under accumulating outrages of fortune against their country and their persons. The mind turns full of honour towards the figure of a scholar like M. Littré, remembering how he has toiled alone at his vast undertaking in the philology of his native language; alone, but for one sweet household help, “as graceful as it is serviceable”—so he writes in the pure style of an earlier day—“which has very notably advanced me.” So does it again to the figure of M. Michelet, recovering from the distraction of his country’s misfortunes and the shock of personal alarm, to throw together into a volume of eloquent historical paradox—the first of a new stage of his task—his old notes and researches on the Directorate and the early days of Napoleon. So does it perhaps most of all to the militant personage of the poet Victor Hugo, coming home from his twenty years of exile to be acclaimed to-day and hooted down to-morrow, and through all vicissitudes to speak out, with his prodigious accents, the message that he finds within him.

“In these leaves written with a proud spirit and with truth, these pages of mourning, battle, and affright, if there has gone forth against my will the voice of anguish, if I have cried with the cry of torture, or so much as once denied my Hope, let that voice of my sobbing be stifled and unheard; I cancel the cry, I erase the word and unsay it.” That is the courageous way in which M. Victor Hugo, towards the end of his new poem, takes up his old sanguine prophecy of human and universal pro-

gress. What he has written is in fact a fresh chapter in his fragmentary epic of the “Legend of the Ages”—the chapter of the history of the Year Terrible, as he has named in his country’s calendar the twelve months from July 1870 to July 1871. And it is as above that, after embodying from day to day, as they passed, the phases of a patriot’s indignation and sometimes almost of his despair, he is able to come back to an unshaken faith in his ancient gods, of which his country is the chief. No, he can say; all is not an evil mystery; the eye of the world is not put out; progress is still progress, and hope is still hope; France is an iron heated upon the anvil, that scatters stars for sparks against the faces of the forgers; there shall be plagues and tribulations, but Paris and progress shall reign at last; destiny shall burst through the webs and snares woven by darkness against the advent of the dawn; Paris is the city of destiny and of the dawn, the seat of the future and of light, the travelling mother of the To Be; she has loved much and suffered much; envied her calamities; fair is her fate, for she bleeds for mankind, and her crown of thorns shall turn in the fulness of time to an undying aureole in the sight of the nations.—And so on, and again and again. The same confession of faith is amplified and reiterated through page upon page of pompous imagery and passionate declamation; amid the mass of which there come and go such lights of tenderness and power as thrill the spirit from time to time with the sense of incandescent genius, a revelation of the inmost sanctuary of poetry. The creed has two articles. The poet says: “I believe in God the Spirit of Justice, who is one with the Ideal, Conscience, Liberty; who is the Soul of our soul, the vast Unknown behind all religions, the highest Right, the universal Law,

the supreme Immovable, the dazzling incomprehensible All. And I believe in Paris, which is the city of God, the champion of Justice, the seat of Conscience, the martyr of Liberty, the lamp of Reason, the inextinguishable hearth of the Soul." The two articles hang together so that they cannot be separated. When Paris founders, faith turns to doubt; zero is the sum of things; the goal of our journeying is naught. But once more—no; the heart beats high again; the city shall survive, shall mow her mighty youth; creation shall not prove a mockery; the pillar of light shall not be a gibbet of shame; there shall not be poison in the fields, the woods, the flowers; history shall not be a frantic and furious chaos of fatalities; the world shall not be a dismal indictment against its Maker; comets shall not need to wring their hair. "*I to doubt the issue! I to deny the human progress which is the pivot of the vast movement of the welded universe! I, the watcher for the dayspring, to despond because the night is long! Nay, I have done my duty: I suffer and am glad: I march on, knowing that nought of all is false, knowing that my hope is sure, and steadfast is the firmament. And I bid ye hope with me, all ye that love and are cast down: and I bear ye witness that the unknown Being who scatters abroad splendours, flowers, universes, and takes no count; who pours forth stars, winds, and seasons as from ever-open granaries; who gives forth everlastingly to sky-piercing mountains and dyke-devouring seas the gifts of azure and lightning and daylight and the sky; who floods space with the torrents of light, life, and love—I bear ye witness that He who dieth not and passeth not away, who spread the book of the world which priests mis-spell, who gave beauty for the vesture of the Absolute, who is real despite of doubt and true despite of tales—I bear ye witness that He, the Eternal, the Infinite, is not as a riddle having no key.*"

But how turn the resounding and heroic French verse into cool English

prose? The upshot of it all is, that M. Victor Hugo, if you want to classify him in cold blood, is a man of rhetoric and imagination, and that in his thoughts about the other world he is pre-eminently a theist, in his thoughts about this world pre-eminently a patriot. And his theism and patriotism run together into a lyric religion, an exalted frame of mind which Germans and Englishmen are very ready to shrug or laugh at; as indeed it certainly is possible to do. But neither those who think of M. Victor Hugo as the foremost surviving personage in European literature, nor those who think of him as the spokesman of a bleeding State, nor any except such as find nothing so conspicuous about the sun as its spots, will much care to take their fun out of his exaggerations, or whatever they may think strained or tumid in his thoughts or his grandiloquence. These things, for what they are worth, are the penalty of sublimity; things too obvious to stop at, when they are but blots on so much splendour and significance that call for our serious regard. That is not to say that M. Victor Hugo, or any other writer, because he is great, is to be indiscriminately applauded; but it is to say that his extravagances or perversions, and the mark which some of them give for that sense of the ridiculous in which his own genius is deficient, should not be allowed to stand in the way, as they do stand with many ready foreign judges and not a few in France, of the almost unbounded estimation which everyone who knows literature knows to be his due.

Any new book of M. Victor Hugo will give the student ample materials for study, if he takes it in any of several different aspects. No great imaginative writer, not Milton himself, has struck so deeply with the roots of his imagination into the life and struggles of his time and country, the practical matters of politics, social philosophy, and religion. And no book of M. Victor Hugo's represents its author more completely on these matters than this one which he has written, amid the shock of such momen-

tous trials, in his staunch and green old age. High ideal theism, we say, in religion, of the cast which borders upon pantheism; high ideal patriotism in politics. But the separate discussion of either, to be followed out with fruit, would carry us too far.

Properly to define the theism of M. Victor Hugo, and to say (pending his own volume of "Dieu," the long meditated consummation of his life's work) what he exactly means by his deity resuming all we know that is either spiritually or materially beneficent and august—properly to attempt this, one would have to trace the creed to its parentage in the last century; and one would have, thinking of other illustrious names of M. Victor Hugo's generation, to set his own beside the kindred creed of M. Michelet, beside that of Italy's late lost leader and prophet. Nor could any study be more interesting.

Properly, again, to test the temper of his politics and patriotism, one would have to show how love of country is mixed up in his mind with love of mankind and of the people; one would have to ask whether he loved France as France most, or as the country of the Revolution most; and to show how, ardent philanthropist and democrat as he is, ardent child of the Revolution, it is his love of country that comes first, and his love of mankind and the people that comes afterwards. Hark at him, for example, saying to the enemies of France, "Revenge first; then let us talk of forgiveness and the brotherhood of nations!" We should have to inquire how those old feelings of national and military pride which M. Victor Hugo carries in his veins from the blood of his father, the staunch old *grognard* who grew gray in the battles of Buonaparte, and his mother, the child of La Vendée who lived to rejoice at the Restoration—we should have to inquire how fully these could indeed consist with the democrat's and philanthropist's feelings of fraternity and equal and universal peace, of which M. Victor Hugo has in his later life become the most impassioned and imperious singer. Or,

again, we should perhaps have to ask, "Is that the most wholesome kind of patriotism, as it is certainly the most French kind, which in a time of trouble dwells much about the thoughts of national glory and little about the causes of its eclipse; which now charges upon foreign violence what should be charged partly upon intestine cancer, and now blames a defeated faction for evils shared (are they not?) by the whole body politic; which ignores such causes of disaster as may be other and deeper-seated than either hostile rancour, adverse fate, or native treachery; which raises to the native land and native city, in the midst of their calamities, hymns not only of love, which were well, but of congratulation, which surely cannot be so well, since it is in part illusory?"

Both of these lines of criticism being long and not easy to follow, there remains a third: the theist and patriot remains to be taken as an artist, and his work to be discussed from the side of its rhetoric and imagination, its poetical resource and power. It is from that side that we may say, in a few pages, what comes into our mind about the poem of the "Terrible Year" as we read it; cutting across as chance may lead—now that we know what considerations lie along them—the other lines which we decline to systematically follow.

The piece which M. Victor Hugo wrote on the occasion of the last *plébiscite*, and its seven millions and five hundred thousand of ayes for the Empire, is reprinted as a sort of prologue to the volume and presage of the disasters which it has to celebrate. The democratic philosopher on this dismal occasion saves his faith by going over the old tale of the difference there is between the People, before whom he bows, and the Populace, whom he despises. From the chaos of the multitude there can spring fine flashes; but let an evil wind blow, and what then? The people that surged about Gracchus at the rostrum, that made the strength of Leonidas and Winkelried (says the poet, plunging at large, as is his way, hither and thither into history), of Wash-

ington, Bolivar, and Manin, of Garibaldi as he marched a Homeric hero among the Theocritean hills, of the Convention when it held head against thirty kings, and all Europe broke in froth against the pensive grenadiers of Sambre-et-Meuse—hail once and again to *that* sovereign people! But when the priest-driven mob murders honour in Coligny and reason in Ramus, insults the severed head of Charlotte Corday, spits upon Aristides, Jesus, Zeno, Bruno, Columbus, Joan of Arc—then it is the populace, the many-headed; then it is blind and maddened numbers; then the tyrant All is as bad as the tyrant One. And though all men vote for Cæsar, the prophet will have them wrong; no majority shall cow his conscience; he will say that the world goes ill, and wait until this tyranny be overpast. He will bend his ear to the tombs of the just of old who threw off life rather than bear it with dishonour; he will ask *ces purs trépassés* how long it is fit he should bear the load. Last comes the noble image of the snow-storm: "What is it falling round about us in the darkness? Oh, the millions of snow-flakes, and millions again! Oh, the blackness! Oh, the snow!—death to any that falls asleep in it, dim leveller of things, covering the mountains, covering the fields, covering the towns, whitening over the loathsome sewer-mouth, filling heaven with avalanche! How to find the way where all is treachery?" 'Ah, but where will all the whiteness be, what will have become of the shroud, to-morrow, once the sun shall have risen an hour?'"

August 1871 is the first month, and gives its name to the first section, of the "Terrible Year" proper. We are admitted to the meditations of Napoleon the Little, who, being a mole and blind, imagines that he is working in the dark and that his minings are concealed; and says to himself that now is his time, while the nations are blinking, to turn true Charlemagne instead of gingerbread Buonaparte, to strike his blow for European supremacy, and put everything upon the hazard of the die. Out upon

the suicide, fumbling blindly to his doom, and taking the proud army of France with him, to lead her without stores, without commanders, into the snare! Do books tell of another *felo-de-se* like this?—and once more we are off again over all history and geography for the answer. An Indian fakeer letting the vermin devour his body that his soul may go to Paradise; a coral fisher imperilled among Liparæan reefs; Green in his balloon; Alexander marching to Persia, and Trajan to Dacia—all these, anybody and everybody who ever ran a risk, ran it for a purpose; but a knave going out of his way to ruin, a Damocles breaking the thread which kept the sword from falling, a mountebank emperor cutting off his head to keep on his crown—whoever saw or heard of the like? It was in order that Destiny might be fulfilled—that this man, being crime incarnate, being the prince of paltriness and the pickpocket of potentates, might have such a fall as that the very mire must receive his carcase with shame—

"Et que César, flairé des chiens avec dégoût,
Donnât, en y tombant, la nausée à l'égout."

And so we come to Sedan—we hear how in the fatal valley, amid the shock of furious hosts, in the midst of thunder, in the hell of slaughter and the rain of iron, when all were drunk with the smoke of blood and no man thought but of battle, amid the bellowing of the human hecatombs and the angry clangour of the trumpet, suddenly from one voice broke the monstrous petition: "Let me live!" Then, all was over; a bandit, a bandit had surrendered the sword of Gaul and of France, of Brennus and of Clovis, had belied the mighty memories of old, had disgraced "the haughty group of battles" from Châlons and Tolbiac to Wagram and Eylau; henceforth Agincourt shall smile, Ramilies and Trafalgar shall be pleasant memories; there shall be solace in the thought of Blenheim or Rossbach; Sedan shall be the only word of shame. The poetry runs very high throughout this passage of the battle, and culminates with an astonishing effect of rhetorical

grandeur in the resonant catalogue of proper names—the personified Battles with lightning flashing from their brows and wings, the historic heroes from Heristal to Napoleon—that are said to give up their sword upon this day of humiliation. Of course it is another question whether the epic is quite history, whether it is quite just to make the Emperor the one coward among two hosts of heroes; but the exile who denounced his prosperity has a right, which does not belong to all who join in the cry, to this denunciation of his disgrace. This writer, at least, you can accuse of no change of mind when he points to the dwarf coming down with the crash of a giant, and bids mankind spurn now what it had shuddered at before.

The prospect of a siege, implying a death-struggle between the two nations, opens the chapter of September with one of the finest things in the book. "Choice between the Two Nations" it is called; and the poet lets his thoughts range, as they might in time of peace and amity, over the glories and excellences of Germany. There is no greater nation," he says; the blue-eyed Teuton is grand to think of among the confused commencements of European civilization. Germany wrought order out of the clash of a hundred barbarous nationalities; Germany has been the bulwark of the world—has confronted Cæsar with Arminius and the Papacy with Luther; Germany has had Vitikind as France has had Charlemagne—and even Charlemagne was a little of a German (alas! alas! professors English and Prussian, and zealots of historic fact! is *that* all you can get granted, and at this time of day?)—Greece has Homer; Germany has Beethoven; Germany has music for her breath, and blends in her mighty symphonies the eagle's scream and the trilling of the lark. Germany has her castled crags and verdant meadows; her blonde maidens are like angels as they play the zither at eventide. Her landscape is memorial with heroic legends; the Hartz, the Taunus, the Black Forest, are mystical with hauntings of prophet

and demon; the trees beside the banks of Neckar are full of fairies by moonlight. "Germans, your tombs are like trophies, your fields are full of mighty bones; Germans," cries the French poet, putting the climax to this catalogue of renown, "be proud and lift up your heads; for Germany is potent and superb." And then he turns to his country, and cries—"My Mother!" All that praise and more to Germany; to France, the cry of her son—"O *ma mère!*" That is a stroke of rhetoric, of literary artifice if you will, but still of the artifice which is full of genius and passion; the like comes sometimes with a like effect in the dramatic writing of this prince of modern playwrights. An immense accumulation of pleadings, of arguments, of admissions, or whatever it may be, is balanced in a moment with three sudden and pregnant words, a cry from the heart which outweighs all reasoning, a thought from the core of things which scatters with a breath all accumulations of commonplace expostulation or conjecture round about them. At the latter end of the poem a similar turn is given, a similar bridle put by the poet upon his natural volubility, in a passage referring to the burning of buildings by the hunted Parisians of the Commune. "You set fire to the Library?" asks the poet. "Yes, I did," says the pétroleur. Then expostulation: "But it is a crime against yourself and your own soul; it is your own treasure and heritage you are consuming. Books are the champions of progress and the poor. What, turn against your best friends! fling a torch amid the Homers, the Jobs, the Platos, the Dantes, the Molières, the Miltons, the Voltaires, the Beccarias! waste the records of these arch enemies of war, famine, and the scaffold, cruelty and prejudice, pride and wrath, evil and slavery, kings and emperors! What, throw away your own cure, your only hope and wealth!" Then comes the answer: "*But I cannot read!*" The "*Je ne sais pas lire*" of the incendiary outbalances, in its concentrated reproach against society, the whole magazine of reproaches which society can bring to-

bear against the incendiary, just as the "Oh, my mother" of the patriot in his agony tells a thousand times the tale which is told by the categories of honour of the rival nation.

To go back—the death-struggle once fairly engaged, the poet can see no longer any good or any justice among the enemies of his country. They in their turn are bandits—powers of darkness leagued together to extinguish the light of the world, feudal barbarians bent with a vindictive instinct on the suppression of the city of the Idea. Berlin is incarnate evil, and Paris is incarnate good; Corporal William is as bad as pickpocket Louis. It has become a contest of night and day; it is a host of robbers, locusts, devourers in the dark, that have come forth to prey upon the sacred place left defenceless. History shall hold the marauders up to perpetual shame; "those princes" shall be names of everlasting reproach; there is nothing to take away from the city who girds herself to the resistance the whiteness of her fame, nothing to redeem the blackness of the infamy of those that assail her. She is a pure virgin whose body may fall into the hands of the ravisher, but whose spirit shall repay them with hatred inextinguishable. It is the beginning of a long series of those tirades which, amid their eloquence, their extraordinary imaginative fertility, give the sense of pitifulness, or, if one must say it, of absurdity; tirades which, to the spectator who may have most warmly sympathized with France and most poignantly resented the implacability of Germany, still have the effect of striking wide and without dignity into the air, so as in some sort to justify the enemy and scoffer. It is very well, feels the spectator, to love your country and be indignant with her enemies. But the true lover should not be blind with love, he should be clear-sighted with it. It is true that in Paris ideas and emotions spring and circulate as they do nowhere else; true that she is the city of the Idea, where men have lived in the light of reason, and made martyrdoms for the cause of the future. But she is a great many other

things besides—she is the home of much blindness and many depravations; and these it is not the part of the poet and prophet to forget, nor of the patriot to disguise. It is very well to proclaim spiritual victory in the midst of material defeat, and to cry, "No, it is not the force of Germany that shall take captive France; it is the mind of France that shall take captive Germany." That may be so, but meantime there is something spiritually rotten in the state of France, for all her spiritual activity and generous aspirations, of which you, the prophet, poet, and patriot, say nothing. The mind of France has been long too much taken up with itself, and has given too little attention either to the minds or the forces of other nations; and you are fostering and encouraging these habits at the moment when they are ending in calamity; you have not a word of rebuke for the depravations and insane egotisms of your country which have helped to bring her to this, you have only impotent denunciations for the barbarism of enemies, the defection or lukewarmness of friends, and the cruelty of Fate. You do no better than turn into poetry the cackle of the Boulevards.

That, I suppose, is the sort of feeling with which most readers, even of those who are least inclined to scoff, will read the sections headed, *Paris Blockaded; Tragic Days come back; Seven, the Cypher of Ill-Omen; Paris slandered at Berlin; To all those Princes; Grant's Message; Bancroft's Borussia Prowess*—and many more which make up the staple of the poem during the months from November to February. That will be the kind of question to suggest itself (along one of the lines where we now let ourselves rest for a moment) as to the quality of M. Hugo's patriotism. And the only answer is, that the patriotism is here, that it exists, and flames:—that Paris has produced this man of genius, and this man of genius feels thus about Paris, and must represent the feeling of others; that here *is* this country and here *is* this city, capable, whatever we may think of them, of inspiring the passion which we see, while other

countries and other cities, whatever may be the more practical and effective feelings which they may engender, do not seem capable of engendering this imaginative passion and this lyrical patriotism. The vanquished cause has its poet, and a great one; the victorious has none; and that makes an important difference to posterity.

In the middle of all these rhetorical and sometimes tedious generalities of denunciation on the one part and devotion on the other, there come fine bursts in almost every key of poetry—as this undecaying spirit has long been master of them all. Traits taken really and directly from the life of the siege, traits of actual misery or actual heroism, are put before us, sometimes with tenderness, sometimes with ferocity, in descriptive language of which the placid and reserved simplicity will burst up every now and then to let through, in language of quite another kind, that sense of ulterior mystery and immensity, that familiar presence of elemental powers, which always seems like a sea buoying up from beneath the thought of Victor Hugo. How shall one define the subtle essence of poetry in this piece of contemplative realism written "On seeing some dead Prussians floating in the Seine," in which the patriot's vindictiveness gives such a strange sting to the brooding sweetness of the dreamer? To translate is hopeless:—

"Où, vous êtes venus et vous voilà couchés ;
 Vous voilà caressés, portés, baisés, penchés,
 Sur le souple oreiller de l'eau molle et profonde ;
 Vous voilà dans les draps froids et mouillés
 de l'onde ;
 C'est bien vous, fils du Nord, nus sur le flot
 dormant !
 Vous fermez vos yeux bleus dans ce doux
 bercement.
 Vous aviez dit : '— Allons chez la
 prostituée.
 Babylone, aux baisers du monde habituée,
 Est là-bas ; elle abonde en rires, en chansons ;
 C'est là que nous aurons du plaisir ; ô
 Saxons,
 O Germains, vers le sud tournons notre œil
 oblique.
 Vite ! en France ! Paris, cette ville publique,
 Qui pour les étrangers se farde et s'embellit,
 Nous ouvrira ses bras . . .'—Et la Seine son
 lit."

It is close to this that there falls the passage which goes furthest in setting forth the nature of that cosmic ideal, or sum of ideals, of which we have spoken as the god of the poet's worship. It is an indignant outburst in reply to a priest calling him "atheist;" there is something like a precedent for it in Voltaire: but M. Victor Hugo need fear no impeachment of his originality; and he has never hurled all the resources of literature with greater power against an enemy than here; he has never been more crushing than in his exposition and proof, how the real atheist is the priest with his debased deity of superstition, and the poet with his august deity of the ideal the real believer.

Close to this, again, comes the loveliest passage of all that are written in another strain which runs through the poem, and gives the sense of a peculiar and touching charm as often as it appears. The poet is a patriarch; he has his two little grandchildren, George and Jeanne, in whom his heart delights; and with them—as any to whom it has been given to see the stout and kind old hero in his home can testify—his relations are most beautiful and his ways most sweet and winning. The play and prattle of these infants about the ancestral knees, as they live bravely or piningly through the hardships of the time, make themselves heard ever and anon amid the roar of cannon and the terrors of the Apocalypse. First it is an address to little Jeanne on the 30th of September, her birthday. She is a year old, and her grandfather tells her how she is like a little callow bird waking up to chirp vaguely in the warmest of nests, and so pleased to feel its feathers begin to grow; how these are beautiful pictures in the picture-books grandpapa lets her finger and fumble—yes, but not one of them half as beautiful as Jeanne herself; how the wisest saws in books do not mean half so much as can be read in her wondering angel's eyes; how God is near when she is there; what a big girl she is getting—a whole year old; how everybody is her slave; and as for poor old grandpapa, he only exists for her pleasure

and benefit ; how, alas ! the world she smiles upon is all at strife ; how the city rings with the clang of arms while she is murmuring like a bee in summer woods ; how for him, when the humble voice lisps its song and the sweet hands are stretched out, all the tumult and terror seem to disappear, and God seems to give the beleaguered city his blessing through a little child. By and by the hardships begin to tell ; the child grows pale and weakly ; and how shall one speak of the tender and boding beauty of the words in which the poet grows pitiful in thinking over it ?—

" Si vous continuez d'être ainsi toute pâle
 Dans notre air étouffant,
 Si je vous vois entrer dans mon ombre fatale,
 Moi vieillard, vous enfant ;

" Si je vois de nos jours se confondre la chaîne,
 Moi qui sur mes genoux
 Vous contemple, et qui veux la mort pour
 moi prochaine,
 Et lointaine pour vous ;

" Si vos mains sont toujours diaphanes et
 frêles,
 Si, dans votre berceau,
 Tremblante, vous avez l'air d'attendre
 des ailes
 Comme un petit oiseau ;

" Si vous ne semblez pas prendre sur notre
 terre
 Racine pour longtemps ;
 Si vous laissez errer, Jeanne, en notre mys-
 tère,
 Vous doux yeux mécontents ;

" Si je ne vous vois pas gaie et rose et très-forte,
 Si, triste, vous rêvez,
 Si vous ne fermez pas derrière vous la porte
 Par où vous arrivez ;

" Si je ne vous vois pas comme une belle
 femme
 Marcher, vous bien porter,
 Rire, et si vous semblez être une petite âme
 Qui ne veut pas rester,

" Je croirai qu'en ce monde où le suaire au
 linge
 Parfois peut confiner,
 Vous venez pour partir, et que vous êtes
 l'ange
 Chargé de m'emmener."

Lyrical perfection, sweet loveableness of natural feeling, pure simplicity of natural language, exquisite cast of pathetic thought, cannot go beyond that. The sweet eyes that roam unsatisfied in our human mystery, the uncertain life that has not shut behind

it the door by which it came, the transparent fingers, and little body trembling in its cradle, the little soul which seems as if it would not stay—what is there in the whole range of art that can touch the fibres of the spirit more intimately than that, and the way that is felt and said, with the delight which is akin to tears ? Next, it is New Year's Day, and grandpapa has been out to buy the children playthings. They will tell you some day, he says to George and Jeanne, how grandpapa was a kind old fellow, who did his best in the world, and had a rough time, but was never cross to the little ones, and how he did not forget to go out and buy them toys in the middle of the famous bombardment ; and it will make you turn thoughtful as you sit under the trees. After that, things have become too terrible for the little folks to be so much thought about ; there has been starvation, despair, capitulation, disgrace. "Stroke on stroke ! bolt on bolt !" — in the midst of his country's agony, the poet has his son struck down by sudden death ; the little girl and boy are left orphans. That is at Bourdeaux, at the time of the voting of the treaty of peace. Then comes Paris again ; the Commune, and the redoubled agonies of civil war, conflagration, blind and barbarous reprisals. The poet has taken shelter at Brussels, has been driven thence by brutal clamour ; has felt once more, and hurled at his calumniators, some of the scorn of Dante ; has launched plea after plea in mitigation of the promiscuous ferocity of the victorious soldiery. In the middle of June and bloodshed, the poet has had a thought for the children—innocents with hearts like the morning, who know nothing of all that is doing, and are quite content to warm themselves in the sunlight, though it streams upon them standing amid shambles. At last there is a breathing space ; and the month of July gives time for some mourning strophes to the memory of the lost son, the superfluous household sorrow in the midst of so many public calamities. The orphan children, memorials of the dead, sing about the

knees of their weeping grandfather; *they* are on the confines of the other world by their young age, *he* by his old; he bids them sing and have joy while they may; he is the mourning patriarch of the forest, George is the tender sapling, Jeanne the tenderer flower, that spring beneath his dolorous shadow.

That is the whole of these pretty episodes of the grandchildren. But there is one instance where an incident calls to Victor Hugo's mind some passages of his own childhood; and this draws from him one of those flashing and irresistible jets of poetry, in which the blending of rapture and sadness, old enchantments and present sorrow alternating to and fro within the pensive brain, is expressed with an art which has no peer. There was a great old building and garden, on the south side of the river, the disused convent of the Feuillantines, where Victor Hugo's mother (she would never be content without a garden) set up house when he was a child of seven with his father away at the wars, where she lived for several years, and gave shelter for a time to the proscribed General Lahorie. The site has been greatly changed. Here Victor Hugo was lingering one day during the siege; when he was almost struck by a bombshell. First of all he fires out into an amusing and characteristic burst of invective against the bombshell; calls it all the names he can think of, and asks why it, the child of nether hell, should drop forsooth out of the azure vault. Then:—"The man your tooth just grazed had sat down to think. His eyes were looking out a bright dream from amid the darkness; he was musing: he had played there when he was quite little: he was watching an apparition of the past. That was where the Feuillantines used to be. Your stupid thunder crashes to pieces a Paradise. How charming it was! how we used to laugh! Growing old is watching a glow that has faded. There used to be a green garden where this street goes; and the shell finishes, alack! what the pavement had begun.

That is where the sparrows used to peck the mustard-flower, and the little birds picked quarrels with one another. The wood used to be full of gleams that were supernatural; such trees, such fresh air amid the quivering sprays! One was a little flaxen-poll; now one is grey: one was a hope, now one is a ghost. Young! one *was* young in the shadow of the old dome; now one seems as old as it.

"Le voilà,
Ce passant rêve. Ici son âme s'envola
Chantante, et c'est ici qu'à ses vagues prunelles
Apparurent des fleurs qui semblaient éternelles.
Ici la vie était de la lumière; ici
Marchait, sous le feuillage en avril épaissi,
Sa mère qu'il tenait par un pan de sa robe.
Souvenirs! comme tout brusquement se dérobe!
L'aube ouvrant sa corolle à ses regards a lui
Dans ce ciel où flamboie en ce moment sur lui
L'épanouissement effroyable des bombes.
O l'ineffable aurore où volaient les colombes!"

It is in the latter months of the cycle, those which follow the extinction of the Commune, that Victor Hugo's eloquence reads, I think, most like practical wisdom, and his vein of prophecy seems to take the colours of real statesmanship. He had been no partisan of the Commune or participator in it, and had earned plenty of obloquy by holding aloof. But indeed his fervent ideal humanitarianism has little in common with practical socialism. He had no faith in that movement in which so much that was devoted, so much that was generous and heroic, was mixed up with so much that was bad, riotous, and self-seeking, and the noble elements and the base went to work in equal desperation. And the blood boils within him, the spirit of his father rebels, at the demolition of the emblems of the glory of French arms. He protests against the destruction of the Vendôme column: the moment when the ropes of the Commune are hauling at that, and when the shells of Versailles are pounding at the Arch of Triumph, is of all others the moment of his deepest despondency. He denounces the burning of the palaces with all his might, and watches it with the bitterness of despair. But when the troops are in and the massacre begins, when

the population is being pitched half-killed into pits, of quicklime, when young and old, women and children, are being whelmed in wanton and hideous and clumsy slaughter, then he turns round: "I who would not have been with you in victory am with you in defeat;" then he pours forth cry upon cry in behalf of justice, mercy, reason, telling the story of the victims with fearful reality, urging the folly of the butchers with admirable dignity and weight. It is one of the most terrible and poignant pieces of historical reading that exist. The poet gives to sights of terror, out-doing the grimmest and most ghastly former offspring of his imagination, the same sort of tranquil and irresistible evidence which he had known how to give to those. An instinctive literary art of the highest kind tells the story of the hunted mother and her dead child, of the batch of girls going to be shot, of the boy who keeps his tryst with death, of the writhing slaughter-heaps and the horrid burials, in words as simple and direct as those which tell of his old self holding on to his mother by a fold of her frock in the garden. A right and high sense of the occasion dictates the sections "*To the Down-trodden*," "*Flux and Reflux*," "*At Vianden*," in which it is urged how all this is preparing an evil day to come, exasperating the future, winding up in the way to make everything begin again, calling frenzy wisdom—"for suffering is the sister of hatred, and the oppressed of to-day make the oppressors of to-morrow." Again, these are the thoughts of an exile in a day when the rest of the world is gay in June: "Alas! all is not over and done because they have dug a burial-pit in the street, because a captain points to a wall where a row of poor folks is to be drawn up for his squad to practise at, because they keep shooting at random with musket or mitrailleuse as it may chance, shooting fathers or mothers, the lunatic, the robber, and the sick together, and because they burn in a hurry with lime the corpses of men still bleeding and children still warm."

Brooding over the present horror and the future inevitable retribution, the poet knows not where to fix the guilt. Least of all will he blame the misguided multitude who do evil through ignorance, and who must be very wretched or they would not take death so lightly. He will not even greatly blame the party of slaughter:—"Nobody means ill; and yet what ill is done!" It ends in his throwing the blame on the hostile forces of fate, "the venomous swarm of impalpable causes," the "gulf," the "abyss," the "void," the elemental principles of evil that are akin to the elemental scourges of nature, the mysterious plagues and visitations that attend upon man's estate. The English reader—who generally knows M. Victor Hugo through his romances and not through his poetry, and perhaps entertains the curious English prejudice about French poetry in general—will nevertheless be able, out of the romances, to guess the kind of power with which these great physical and spiritual abstractions are put into words. By casting reproach on these and on the fatalities, the poet, believing in humanity but confronted with evil rampant in its midst, is able to appease his imagination and ours, though he may not be able to do much for our reason or for the guidance of our active powers.

Within the last hundred years, I suppose one would count five men who have sat in the throne of letters—who have, at one point or another of their careers, been in the eyes of Europe at large the most prominent literary personages—Voltaire, Byron, Goethe, Heine, and now unquestionably Victor Hugo. Three at least of these have had wit for a large part of their genius—have had a consummate sense of the ridiculous, and wielded the most pungent and flashing weapons of raillery. That part of the armory of Voltaire, Byron, and Heine, Victor Hugo has not got. A prodigious power of sarcasm and invective he has, when he wishes to confound and do to nothing the priest who calls him atheist, General Trochu who sneers at him for wearing a képi, the affrighted respectability of Brussels which clamours

for his blood, the Mr. Worldly Wisdom whom he sets up (in the section called "The Two Voices") to preach to him the doctrines of expediency; in old days when he wished to expose the fallacies of his literary enemies; or in any act of denunciation whatsoever. But sarcasm and invective are the weapons of indignation and not of raillery; are quite different from the wit which pounces on an absurdity, a monstrosity, the antic side of a vice or an abuse, and shakes the world with laughter at it. Is it not then, we have asked, the want of this gift which makes Victor Hugo capable himself of what seem like antics and extravagances? And is not that want the defect which belongs to his sovereign quality of sublimity? At sublimity, which is also one of Byron's prerogatives, I should say (as Mr. Swinburne has already said) that he distinctly beats Byron: I should say he was undeniably of the brotherhood of Isaiah, of Æschylus, of Dante; that he was possessed above other writers by that august and surging sense of an Infinite, both in the spiritual and material orders, which only seems to descend upon literature at intervals.

In English literature it slept between the Elizabethans and Milton, and more deeply from Milton to Byron. In French literature it awoke for the first time with Rousseau; it expanded itself in Châteaubriand; it has culminated in Victor Hugo. He marshals the powers of the empyrean as perhaps no man has ever marshalled them before; his sense of the Infinite is the strongest sense he has, and has helped him to a vocabulary of inconceivable range and majesty for defining the illimitable, naming the unnameable, and making familiar to our consciousness the motions and influences, vague visitings, and vast, that lie outside the grasp of common thought. Here is an immense conquest from the void. If in making it he has anon seemed grotesque as well as Titanic—a Polyphemus as well as an Enceladus of literature—so have his peers and predecessors; so did Æschylus, tearing at his mighty words as at bolted planks, with a blowing of the

earth-born, and roaring as he let them fly:—

ῥήματα γομφοπάγη πινακῆδον ἀποσπῶν
γγηγεῖ φύσάματι.

But consider what an achievement, if M. Victor Hugo had made no others, as he has made a hundred, to have transformed the literature of France by flooding it with this impressive element; to have set so free the poetry of his country which he found so shackled. In vindicating liberty, you will say, in the domains both of life and letters, he has not observed moderation and reasonableness. But consider the potent personality, the embittered conflicts, yet the unembittered heart; consider the exile, the unblenching conscience, the prophetic broodings, the solitude. You accuse him of grotesque self-assertion and self-consciousness. A prophet without self-consciousness, a personality of that intensity without a great deal of it, can hardly be. All the great leaders we have thought of have been full of themselves. Victor Hugo, it is true, is full of himself and his mission. He is the savage old prowler by the sea; the melancholy thinker; the veteran combatant; the old dreamer of dreams; the Œdipus of the riddle of Eternity; the seer who walks darkling; the sage; the messenger of peace; the prophet. And yet, if you are seeking a prophet, you cannot, you say, take him for one; you cannot, for all his overwhelming sublimity and entrancing sweetness, his range over all chords from horror to delight, get rid of the sense of his mistakes, his extravagances, his swoops beside the mark; you cannot trust his sanity; you cannot but feel that his dealings with history, with life and facts, are continually as preposterous as they are grandiose. Honour him none the less, though you do not make him your prophet; honour the master singer, the preacher of humanity; honour the transcendent genius, the single mind, the good fights fought, the high sacrifices and high courage, the scorn of evil, the heart that loves little children, and has bled much both for its own and its country's griefs.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

On the first day of June last, at the hour of noon, in the Villa Gasteiger at Trieste, passed away from this world one of the most genial, the most kindly, and the most brilliant of those spirits which of late years illumined our literary horizon.

For well-nigh forty years the name of Lever has been familiar to us as one of the most popular of British novelists, occupying a field upon which scarcely any other ventured to enter. Almost the creator of a style in which he was singularly successful, and the depicter of scenes and characters which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own, he delighted us with a flow of narrative, bright, sparkling, humorous, pathetic, and vivacious, that seemed as inexhaustible as it was perennial, and that ran as strongly from the fountain of his genius during the last months of his life, as it did in the far-away days when "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer" first attracted public attention, and gave the world promise of a writer of original power.

Charles James Lever was born in Dublin on the 31st of August, 1806, and was the second son of Mr. James Lever, a builder and contractor of eminence there, who in 1800 executed the restoration of St. Andrew's Church in that city, from the designs of Francis Johnson. He was sent to the Proprietary School in Great Denmark Street, over which the Rev. G. A. Wright, a man of considerable literary reputation, then presided. Some of his schoolfellows still living speak of him as a bright, lively boy, fond of reading romances when he should have been learning his Latin and Greek, and interfering with the studies of others by telling them stories which he manufactured from day to day, continuing them as he went along

without knowing how or when they were to end, a habit which he pursued to the end of his life. While yet a school-boy, Lever was attracted by a pretty little girl, who lived in the Marine School, upon Sir John Rogerson's Quay, and thither he used to steal to get a sight of, or a word with, her almost daily. One of his acquaintances was in the habit of supplying him with flowers, which were sometimes given by the boy-lover to the girl, sometimes thrown to her through the iron gate of the courtyard, which was guarded by an old sailor. On these occasions it was a matter of arrangement among his companions to attract the attention of the old janitor while Lever pursued his love-making. From school, Lever entered Trinity College, Dublin, on the 14th of October, 1822. His career, so far as I am able to ascertain, was not marked by any collegiate honours, but he had the reputation of being a vivacious, witty, pleasant, and somewhat dashing young fellow, fond of fun, and yet given to reading all sorts of odds and ends of literature *outside* the curriculum. The love-making, too, went on unflaggingly, till 1827 found him a graduate, free to pass from the tutelage of Alma Mater. The profession of medicine having been selected for him, he went to Göttingen in 1828, to pursue his studies at the University there, and he threw himself heart and soul into all the wild and exciting scenes of student life. In the first paper which he ever published—an anonymous contribution to the short-lived *Dublin Literary Gazette* in 1830—he describes the Burschen instruction with great liveliness and relish, declaring that students were a very superior order of men, that duelling was an agreeable after-dinner amusement, and that nothing could be more becoming than a black

frock braided, and a fur collar thereto. One can readily believe that the mercurial young Irishman soon became a favourite, and his popularity rose to the highest when he translated "The King, God bless him," into German verse, for a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. A life whose monotony was broken by alternations from lectures to smoking, from beer to coffee, from driving to Geismar, and supping on sour milk thickened with brown bread and brown sugar, to flirting on the sly with the Professors' daughters, was just what Lever could enjoy intensely. It is no wonder, then, that when he returned to Dublin in 1829, and became a student in the Medical School of his native college, and a pupil in Stevens' Hospital under the celebrated surgeon James Cusack, he came reeking with the odours of German Burschen life, and speedily infected his fellow-students. Accordingly, his first step was to establish a club, to which he gave the name of the "Burschenschaft." The members were principally medical students. At the meetings of the club each man had a character assigned to him, which he was compelled to sustain under heavy penalties during the evening, such as Grand Mufti, Hereditary Bearer of the high order of the Wooden Spoon, Clerk of the Punch-bowl, State Squeezer of the Lemons, Steward of the Salt-box, and others which all betokened the discharge of functions of a hilarious and Bohemian character. Lever himself was "The Grand Lama," and the charter song was the well-known German Studenten-lied, "Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt," which he translated and used to sing himself as President, and afterwards made more celebrated as "The Pope he leads a happy life." Ah! these were happy days, or nights I might rather say, and the memory of them comes upon one sadly yet tenderly;—whist-playing and a joyous supper, where every "Bursch" brought his own knife and spoon, and they who were not witty laughed at the wit of others; and, in chief, Lever shone and sparkled with

unfailing brightness, and sang his songs charmingly, for he had an excellent voice, and was a good musician;—and now there are not half-a-dozen of all the brotherhood living, and they are scattered over the face of the earth. Many of the incidents related with such wonderful vivacity in his novels had their origin in these merry meetings. Not long since a grave, elderly country practitioner was attending the lecture of an eminent professor in Dublin; when the lecture was over the doctor came up to the professor and introduced himself, reminding him of the many happy hours they had passed together in their student days, with Lever and his "Burschen." "You remember," said he, "the story in 'Charles O'Malley' of Frank Webber getting the people to tear up the pavement over the sewers in the streets under the belief that a convict had escaped from Newgate Jail, and was being smothered? Well, 'tis all true—'twas I who accomplished that feat, and there is no exaggeration in the story. I escaped without detection after I had set half the town wild with excitement, and the mob had to be dispersed by force."

So, too, the amusing incident of getting into the bed of his college tutor, and personating him to the class in the morning lectures, was really enacted by Lever himself; but the scene was in Stevens' Hospital, and the lecturer was Surgeon Cusack.

In the summer of 1831, Lever took his degree of Bachelor of Medicine in the University of Dublin, having previously taken a trip to America, in charge, I believe, of an emigrant vessel. He now set up for himself, as a practitioner in Talbot Street, Dublin. When the cholera broke out in Ireland, he was sent by the Government in 1831 to attend to the sufferers, first to Portrush, and then to Coleraine. The arduous and perilous duties connected with this service he discharged with skill, zeal, and humanity, that rendered him popular in the districts and commended him to the Government. And now, having made his first start in life, he hastened to

realize the long-cherished object of his heart, and returning to Dublin he made the girl of his boyish love the wife of his manhood; and on the 15th of November, 1832, Kate Baker joined her fortunes to his. He had been elected to the Dispensary of Portstewart, and there he settled, trusting to such chance practice as the neighbourhood afforded. That such a life was not very congenial to a man of Lever's tastes, may well be imagined. It chanced, too, that he met here a man thoroughly after his own heart, William Hamilton Maxwell. The "Prebendary of Balla" had already made a name by his "Stories of Waterloo," and may be said to have been the founder of the Military Novel. The influence of the most genial of priests was not slow in stimulating Lever, and just at this time a field for literary labour was opened in Ireland, which offered him a prospect of trying what he could do in authorship. In the first month of 1833, was inaugurated *The Dublin University Magazine*, whose long and brilliant career was destined to awaken the latent talent and foster the genius of the country. It was in March 1834 that Charles Lever sent the first chapters of "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer" to the editor of that periodical. So closely did he keep his secret that his own brother did not know it; and when he read the number, he observed to a friend that if Charles could write he would believe that "Harry Lorrequer" was his. Lever's faith in his own powers was far from strong, but each succeeding month as the tale became more popular, he gained fresh courage and wrought with new energy. Still he did not yet contemplate letters as a profession, and so, after some years of the drudgery of a village doctor's life, he obtained the post of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, whither he went to reside in 1837. This was new life to him, and every day, with the circle of his acquaintance enlarging, he gained fresh experiences of men and manners, which his observant nature and retentive memory stored up and turned to the best account. "The

Confessions" went steadily and prosperously on to their completion. He began to appreciate his own powers, and to accept as true the judgment of the public. He felt that "Harry Lorrequer" was a name to work with, and so he made it his *nom de plume*, writing occasional papers, pleasant and discursive, as "Continental Gossipings," while he was preparing an edition of his first work and the commencement of his second, "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," which began in the March number for 1840 of the *Dublin University Magazine*. The parentage of this style of novel, in which Lever became so successful, is undoubtedly due to Maxwell, but Lever pushed it higher and brought to its development greater powers than even Maxwell possessed; and we have nowhere such a succession of exciting adventures, lively stories, ever-shifting scenes, and happy depictions of personal character, as in these novels by "Harry Lorrequer."

I remember well the amusement created amongst the bar of Ireland after a few numbers of "Charles O'Malley" had appeared. Amongst its members was one who came from the Far West, whose name was Charles O'Malley, and, stranger still, he had been first in a cavalry regiment ere he subscribed to the sentiment "*Cedant arma togæ*," and, doffing shako and sabretash, took to the wig and gown. He was a fine, dashing, pleasant fellow, good-natured yet irascible, and retained to the last much of his military air, brandishing his brief much as he would have done his sabre. It was a standing joke to tell O'Malley that Lever had taken him for his model, and as each number came out with some new escapade of the hero,—some quarrel over his cups, or some misadventure in his gallantries,—there was some good-natured friend ever ready to bring it under the notice of the lawyer, and expatiate upon the injury such travesties must cause to his professional prospects. This was sure to fire his Celtic blood and send it up into a face naturally one of the reddest, and so he was kept in a state of monthly

exacerbation. It was indeed said that he was driven to challenge the author, but for the truth of this I will not vouch. Had he done so, I feel no doubt that Lever would have made the most ample and cordial *amende*, and declared, as was the truth, that the coincidence was totally fortuitous, and I know well that the good-hearted lawyer would have frankly accepted the apology of the good-natured novelist. They are both now dead, and the fact may be relegated to the region of "historic doubts."

Lever's time was passed very agreeably in Brussels. His medical duties were of the lightest, and his position gave him access to the best society, which he enjoyed with the keenest relish. Whenever a friend from "the old country" turned up he was sure to find a hearty welcome from Lever, and a cover for him at his hospitable board. Among the guests, too, was frequently to be found a certain retired officer of the British army who then resided at Brussels. The gallant Major had served in the Commissariat during the Peninsular War. I will not mention his name, though he has gone to his last account, but there are many in the Belgian capital who will doubtless recognize the man I allude to. This was the original of one of the happiest of his characters, "that inveterate old villain Monsoon," who figures in the novel he was then writing. Lever somewhere says, "I never took a portrait without the consent of the sitter." This, in a sense, may be true; but the consent to sit once being given, Lever, like many other artists of imagination, filled in the portrait with colours and expression that heightened the effect rather than strengthened the likeness. This was so in the case of Major Monsoon, and the original was perpetually upbraiding the artist with the liberties he took with his subject. Many a scene of this kind took place, the angry remonstrances of the one gradually giving way before the genial witty excuses and hospitable good cheer of the other, till the matter ended in a hearty explosion of laughter from both.

The reputation of Lever had in the course of a few years risen so high that in 1842 the proprietors of the *Dublin University Magazine* offered him the editorship, which he accepted. He thereupon returned to his native city, and took up his residence at Templeogue, in a very pretty locality a few miles from the town. These were halcyon days for the corps of the Irish periodical. To that pleasant retreat perpetually resorted all the best spirits that could be found—men of letters, men of art, whoever could play a good game of whist, tell a good story, or sing a good song—all found a hearty welcome; and, like Jack Falstaff and Justice Shallow, many a time they heard the chimes at midnight. Here the *matériel* of the next number was often discussed, many a bright fancy evoked, and many a bright thought born. No one shone with greater lustre than the host himself. No matter who began to talk, somehow ere long we all found ourselves listeners. How this happened one never stopped to consider. A spiritual magnetism, whose operations were unseen, but whose effects were visible enough, drew us all to him; and his cheery laugh—for he laughed with all his heart—was the most infectious thing in the world, and set the table in a roar. Then we all listened to some new-sally as he poured out from the fullness of his memory some pleasant adventure or witty saying, or gave us some of his shrewd experiences or humorous portraiture. In truth he had great conversational powers, and prided himself on the possession of them; and few men knew better their value, or when and how to use them. In his last novel Lever says, speaking no doubt from his own experiences, "The man who devotes himself to be a 'success' in conversation, glories more in his triumphs and sets a greater value on his gifts than any other I know of." Assuredly Charles Lever prided himself as much on the charms of conversation as fair lady ever did on the beauty of her face and form, and he had all the qualities that make a good

talker—a face whose every muscle was flexible, rippling with fun and reflecting every phase of sentiment, eyes the merriest, a voice sweet and musical, that changed with every expression of feeling. Few men were more smart and incisive in a repartee, more epigrammatic in a sentiment, more brilliant in a narrative, or more witty before the best of all audiences—the audience round the dinner-table. And with all this he was a man of the kindest nature; his wit never wounded, and his caricatures, in which he delighted to display his power, never contained a particle of ill-nature or bitterness. Like most professed conversationalists, he was apt on occasions to indulge more largely in the exercise of his powers than was agreeable to rival talkers; but he did so from no wish to dominate or monopolize, but simply in the abandonment of himself to the sense of enjoyment—the exercise of a faculty that he knew not how to control. It might be said of him, as the late Archbishop Whately once said in reply to some one who remarked that a brother prelate had a wonderful command of language, “No, but language has a wonderful command of him.” The rival talkers, however, sometimes had their revenge, and one very amusing instance of this I have heard. The editor of the leading Conservative Dublin journal of the day asked Lever to dine with him: the invitation was no sooner accepted than the host betook himself to a medical baronet of great celebrity, one of the most accomplished and elegant men of his time, who could talk for ever about everybody and everything. They put their heads together, and arranged their plans for the annihilation of Lever. The appointed day found the three at dinner—there was no one else to share in the contest or witness the result. Dinner, with its slight skirmishing chit-chat, was over; and as the bottle went round, the host opened fire upon the unsuspecting victim. Sir Philip, in a voice “ever soft, gentle, and low,” that commanded attention, took up the subject, which he illustrated with the

play of his own delicate and graceful humour, and held his auditors spell-bound. When he paused, Lever was about to “go in,” but he was at once “bowled out” by the host, and so the two kept it up till near midnight, never suffering Lever to get an “inning.” Sir Philip went away first, and as the burly host shook Lever by the hand, he said, with the slyest humour, as a smile lurked round his mouth, “What a delightful evening you *both* gave me. Sir Philip was in great force to-night, but then you drew him out so cleverly.” The last part of the story is somewhat apocryphal, but the whole rather enhances Lever’s reputation, seeing that it required the combined forces of two of the best talkers of the day to beat him out of the field.

Lever had now made literature his profession, at which he laboured diligently and successfully, writing for various periodicals, and continuing to edit the Magazine till 1845, when he resigned the duties and returned to Brussels. There he resided for a short time, and then moved about the Continent, sojourning for a time at Bonn, Carlsruhe, the Tyrol, Lake Como, and Florence. He had a pretty villa outside this latter city, where many of his friends visited him and ever found a cordial welcome.

I heard a pleasant story from one of them, which he assures me is true. There was a terrace in front of the house reached by a flight of steps. One day, a tailor from the city waited on Lever as he was sitting on the terrace, with his bill for some clothes supplied to him. The charges appeared to be unconscionable: Lever remonstrated, the tailor insisted on his demand. The remonstrant grew angry, talked loudly, and gesticulated with his characteristic vehemence. Sartor in a fright retreated backward, fearing, as he said afterwards, some personal violence, till he reached the edge of the terrace and tumbled over. A summons to Lever to appear before the authorities at Florence was the result. The tailor swore that he fell and was hurt in trying to escape

being assaulted. Lever stated such an idea never entered his head, though he admitted that the man went backwards and fell as he had alleged. The Court asked how he could account for the man's fright and movements on any other ground than that stated. "On two grounds," replied Lever. "The man is a Tuscan, and a tailor,"—an excellent speech in aggravation of damages, as he found to his cost.

In 1858, Lever obtained the post of Vice-Consul at Spezzia, where he remained for several years. Singular to relate, he was near meeting here the fate that befell Shelley. It was a favourite amusement of himself and his family to go out for hours in a little boat on the waters of the beautiful bay. One day when he and his daughter were so engaged, a sudden squall struck the little craft and overturned it. They were both excellent swimmers, and at once struck out boldly for the shore, nearly two miles distant. The girl's presence of mind never failed her, and she reached the land safely with her father, bearing with her a little lap-dog that was quite exhausted.

From Spezzia, Lever was removed to the Consulate at Trieste in 1867, whence he continued to send without interruption those admirable serials which have gained him a world-wide reputation. Here the first dark shadow came across a life of almost unchequered brightness—a shadow from beneath which he was never able wholly to withdraw himself; although for seasons he walked out into the sunshine. The beloved of half a century, and the wife of nearly forty years, was taken from him on the 23rd of April, 1870. How heavy that blow was, none but those who shared the feelings of his inner life ever fully knew. After the days of mourning he soon appeared the same to the outward world, for the labours of his literary avocations diverted him much from brooding over his sorrow, and the resiliency of a cheerful nature and a singularly sound *physique* bore him up. And they who met him in the daily intercourse of life found him as genial a friend and as

delightful a companion as ever. It was not, however, till a few months before his death, when he published in a collected form his last novel "Lord Kilgobbin," that, "in breaking health and broken spirit," the cry that he had heretofore crushed down in his heart found an utterance in the mournful dedication to the memory of the dear one "whose companionship had made the happiness of a long life, and whose loss had left him helpless."

Lever's last visit to Ireland, in the spring of 1871, will be long remembered by his friends. Whatever there might be of change in his health, we saw no change in aught that made him pleasing and loveable. Indeed, his power shone more brightly, for he was stimulated by the presence and the affection of many dear friends, and the admiration of a public that were proud of their distinguished fellow-countryman—a sentiment which found a becoming expression in the honorary degree of Doctor at Laws then conferred on him by his own University. "I spent four hours," writes a friend, "with Charles Lever last April. His conversation gave me the idea that I had been entertaining him in the most thrilling manner, whereas I had scarcely uttered a dozen sentences. He was engaged in correcting the proofs of "Lord Kilgobbin" for the May number of the *Cornhill*. "You are fitting it very tight," said I. "I always run things very close," he replied; "I can't work except from month to month. I wish to see how the public like it. I was offered a very large sum for a complete novel, but I could not do it. Mickey Free I originally intended as a mere stage servant, to take off and on the chairs and set the candles; but when I found him going well with the public, I wrote him up." "I consider your 'Lord Kilgobbin' as well written as any of your works," said I. He sighed as he replied, sadly enough, "Ah! no. I have been tilting the cask so long that the dregs are coming out very muddy. I consider Katy Dodd my best heroine. She is such a thorough Irish girl. 'Sir Brooke Fosbrooke' is the most carefully

written of all my works. The old judge is a portrait on which I expended a great deal of time and paint." I spoke to him of our Goldsmith Club and our hope of starting a Goldsmith Magazine. "Bravo!" he cried, gleefully, "I'll send you something for it for Auld Lang Syne. I find you the same hospitable race as ever, especially abroad. There is that feeling among the lower order still of depreciating anything English. A friend of mine was travelling lately with his Irish servant, and, passing through one of the avenues of Castle Howard, he said to the man, 'This is Lord Carlisle's. He was formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. See what splendid trees—such a size—so stately!' 'Why wouldn't he have 'em?' retorted the servant. 'Shure, hadn't he the pick av the Phaynix?'"

But little more remains to be told of Lever. He returned to Trieste, continuing his literary work with a spirit which never flagged to the last, and showed no sign of impaired power. But his health was gradually failing, and heart disease supervened. Before the present year was far advanced, those that were nearest about him became fearful that the end was not far distant. I have before me a communication from one of his intimate friends at Trieste, which is full of interest. "Poor Lever's death," he writes, "though very sudden at the end, did not find us altogether unprepared, as for nearly the last three months he was constantly suffering from his heart, and had become very weak. During the short time I had been here I had noticed the greatest changes; his eye had lost its bright look, and at times his face had become quite grey. Though he was as full of joke and anecdote as ever, with, in public at least, unflagging spirits, yet at times he was evidently greatly depressed. On one of the last occasions that I was with him alone, he said to me, 'I am weary and footsore, and have no desire to remain here.' He dreaded greatly lest he should have to undergo great physical suffering, and, above all, lest his intellect should fail. He said, that 'the

old hulk was so strongly put together that he feared it would take a long time going to pieces.' When I saw him two hours after death, he was still lying as in sleep, with his head resting on his right hand. Only for the shadow of death upon his calm countenance, it was hard to believe that he had gone from amongst us. He had, as all bear testimony who knew him intimately, a wonderful power of attaching you to him, and winning not merely liking and regard, but actual love and affection. He left all his affairs in perfect order, even the amount to be expended on his burial, which was found in an envelope with these words written in it, 'The modest sum I wish to be expended for my funeral.' The words of a relative bring us nearer to the closing scene. "A friend dined with him the day previous to his death. He never was more brilliant, so much so that his guest, a Mr. B——, congratulated him on his returning health. He retired to rest at twelve o'clock: in a short time his heart became so troublesome that he took some morphine, and fell into a child-like sleep. He awoke at half-past four o'clock, took a cup of coffee, and said he felt better, but tired, and would sleep more. Again a most tranquil sleep succeeded. His daughter looked after him several times up to a late hour, when she was called away on some business with the Vice-consul. On her return, not hearing him breathe, she stooped over him and found him dead but quite warm, his head resting on his hand, evidently having passed away without a struggle." At six o'clock on the evening of the 3rd of June, he was buried in the English Cemetery at Trieste.

With Charles Lever passes away a style of novel peculiarly his own. Indeed it required all his genius and established reputation to enable it to hold its ground against new forms of thought and construction. Still his writings will long be popular. He is never sensational, in the sense in which that phrase has become descriptive of a

class of novels in which the enormities of human nature—outrageous crimes and abominable sins—are essentials. Nor, on the other hand, is he the depicter of calm, real life, extracting its interest from the discharge of daily duties and the sentiments and passions of ordinary people. He paints neither stormy seas, nor savagely grand scenery, luridly lighted up by the lightning flash or the conflagration; nor yet the placid lake or the sunny meadows with their unchanging though unexciting loveliness. He has, however, his own peculiar style, neither still life nor life in convulsions—the life of dramatic action, full of movement, incident, situation, pageant, and, if we may use the illustration, of stage effect. Into this he throws the energy of a lively genius, a joyous temperament, a ready wit, a keen appreciation of character, a good deal of sagacity, and a large experience of mankind.

To the honour of Lever be it ever remembered, that, like Dickens and Thackeray, he has written nothing to raise the blush of shame or of offended modesty. No impure word sullies his page; no impure thought is suggested by his freest sallies.

While he never shrank from censuring social immorality or false modes of fashionable life, no man knew better how to treat with equal delicacy and truth the vices or the failings which he wished to reprove. He did not love to expose the social sore so as to disgust or offend, but with singular skill he knew how to suggest the presence of the ulcer by an illustration or an anecdote.

Instances of this will occur to anyone who ever met him in society.

While a marked resemblance runs through all the writings of Lever—a thoroughly pronounced individuality that separates him from the other novelists of his time—we find, as might be expected in one whose labours extend over so many years, a change, growing gradually no doubt, yet sufficiently distinct at long intervals of time. And he who compares “Harry Lorrequer” with “The Daltons,” or with “Lord Kilgobbin,” will see as much difference in the compositions as he will see between the exuberance of youth, the fulness of manhood, and the maturity of age in the same individual. Lever, like the great painters, had his various manners. In the first, there is high colouring, the glare of sunlight, the flush of life: in the second, more sobriety of tones, more shadow, and somewhat of repose: in the third—the political and social novel, of which “The Dodd Family” and “Lord Kilgobbin” are the best illustrations—we find the highest finish, the most elaboration, the greatest breadth and depth. Here it is—to pass from metaphor—that he exhibits the ripeness of long years of observation and reflection, a carefulness of composition, an enlarged knowledge of mankind, and an intimate acquaintance with the politics of the world that make him in some of his utterances as epigrammatic as Rochefoucauld and as sagacious as Talleyrand.

W.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

ARMAGEDDON.

*"Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.
Let us go hence together without fear;
Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
And over all old things and all things dear.
She loves not you nor me as all we love her.
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
She would not hear."*

Blow, wind, and shriek, tempests! Let all the gases be lowered, and thunder roll through the gloom! Tremble, ye forests of canvas, where twisted oaks and shattered elms bear witness to the agony of the scene; and let the low music of the violoncello and the throbbing of muffled drums announce that dreadful deeds are brewing! Alas! we had no such thrilling accompaniments to the tragedy being enacted before our eyes on the fair shores of Grasmere. The lake lay as blue and as calm as though no perplexed and suffering human souls were by its side; and instead of the appropriate darkness of a theatre, we had the far hills trembling under the white haze of the mid-day heat. Yet my Lady saw none of these things. Her heart was rent asunder by the troubles of the young folks under her charge: until I seemed to see in her speechless eyes a sort of despairing wish that she had never been born.

"And yet," I say to her, "you don't
No. 155.—VOL. XXVI.

see the worst of it. If Arthur is driven away by Bell, a far more terrible thing will befall him."

"What?" says Queen Titania, with the clear, brown eyes grown solemn.

"He will marry somebody else."

"Bah!" she says, peevishly; "is this a time to be thinking of jests?"

"Indeed, I know one who never discovered the joke of it. But don't you think that he will?"

"I wish he would."

"There's little Katty Tatham, now, would give her ears to marry him."

"You always fancy girls are very anxious to marry."

"I never asked but one, and I found her ready enough."

"I refused you."

"You made a pretence of doing so."

"I wish I had kept to my first resolution."

"I wish you had, since you say so. But that's of no consequence. I saved you from committing suicide, as I have frequently told you."

The small creature looks up, and with an excellent calmness and self-composure, says—

"I suppose you never heard of a young man—I thought him very silly at the time, myself—who walked about all night, one night at Eastbourne; and in the morning—long before my mamma was up—aroused the servants, and sent

in a letter—a sort of ultimatum it was—with all sorts of vows of vengeance and despair. That young man wasn't Arthur Ashburton; but when you complain of Arthur's mad follies——”

“Madam,” I say to her, “your sex protects you: go and live. But when you say that *I* complain of Arthur, and in the next breath accuse me of always bringing forward excuses for him——”

But what was the use of continuing the argument? My Lady smiles with a fine air of triumph; confident that her ingenious logic had carried the day, as, in fact, it generally does. The man who endeavours to follow, seize, and confront the airy statements made by a lady in a difficulty, resembles nothing so much as a railway-train trying to catch a butterfly; and who would not back the butterfly?

We were now placed in an uncommonly awkward fix. The arrival of Arthur at Grasmere had produced a complication such as we had not dreamt of; for now it appeared as if the situation were to be permanent. We had somehow fancied that, as soon as he overtook us, some definite arrangement would be come to, settling at once and for ever those rival pretensions which were interfering with our holiday in a serious manner. At last, my Lady had considered, the great problem was to be finally solved; and, of course, the solution lay in Bell's hands. But, now Arthur had come, who was to move in the matter? It was not for Bell, at all events, to come forward and say to one of the young men “Go!” and to the other “Stay!” Neither of them, on the other hand, seemed disposed to do anything bold and heroic in order to rid us of this grievous embarrassment; and so the first afternoon passed away—with some more walking, visiting, and boating—in a stolidly and hopelessly reserved and dreary fashion.

But every one of us knew that a mine lay close by, and that at any moment a match might be flung into it. Every word that was uttered was weighed beforehand. As for Tita, the poor little woman was growing quite

pale and fatigued with her constant and nervous anxiety; until one of the party privately told her that if no one else asked Bell to marry, he would himself, and so end our troubles.

“I don't know what to do,” she said, sitting down and folding her hands on her knees, while there was quite a pitiable expression on her face. “I am afraid to leave them for a moment. Perhaps now they may be fighting—but that does not much matter, for Bell can't have gone downstairs to dinner yet. Don't you think you could get Arthur to go away?”

“Of what use would that be? He went away before; and then we had our steps dogged, and letters and telegrams in every town. No; let us have it out here.”

“I wish you and he would have it out between you. That poor girl is being frightened to death.”

“Say but one brief word, my dear, and Arthur will be feeding the fishes among the reeds of Grasmere before the morning. But would you really like Bell to send Arthur off? Is he really to be told that she won't marry him? They used to be pets of yours. I have seen you regard them, as they walked before us along the lanes, with an amiable and maternal smile. Is it all over? Would you like him to go away and never see us any more?”

“Oh, I don't know;” cries Tita, with the anxiety and pity and tenderness in her eyes almost grown into tears.

That was a nice little project of hers with which we had started from the old tavern in Holborn. It had been tolerably successful. If Bell were not in love with the Lieutenant, there could be no doubt, at least, that the Lieutenant was hopelessly and over head and ears in love with Bell. It was a pretty comedy for a time; and my Lady had derived an infinite pleasure and amusement from watching the small and scarcely perceptible degrees by which the young folks got drawn towards each other. What would have been the beautiful pictures of English scenery we had driven through, without two young lovers in the foreground, trying

to read their fate in each other's eyes, and affording us elderly folks all manner of kindly and comic reminiscences?

It had all turned out very well; until, suddenly, came the revelation that the greatest happiness of the greatest number had demanded a human victim; and here he was before us, with gory locks and piteous eyes, demanding justice. Never before had my Lady fully realized what was meant in the final sending away of Arthur; and now that she saw before her all the consequences of her schemes, she was struck to the heart, and dared scarcely ask for some re-assurance as to what she had done.

"Oh," she says, "I hope I have done right."

"You! Why should you assume any responsibility? Let the young folks arrange their own affairs as they like best. Do you think, if Bell had been willing to break with Arthur, that your packing off the Lieutenant to Germany would prevent her making the acquaintance of some other man? And she has not broken off with Arthur. If she does so, she does so, and there's an end of it; but why should you vex yourself about it?"

She was not to be comforted. She shook her head, and continued to sit there, with her eyes full of anxious cares. When, at length, she went off to dress hastily for dinner, it was with a determination that from that moment she would endeavour to help Arthur in every way she could. That was the form her repentance took.

If the young man had only known that he had secured such a valuable ally! But just at this time—amid all our perplexity as to who should first precipitate matters—what should the reckless young man do but startle us all with a declaration which wholly altered the aspect of affairs!

We were seated at dinner. It was in the private room we had engaged; and the evening light, reflected from the lake outside, was shining upon Tita's gentle face as she sat at the head of the table. Bell was partly in shadow. The two young men, by some fatal mis-

chance, sat next each other: probably because neither wished to take the unfair advantage offered by the empty seat next to Bell.

Well, something had occurred to stir up the smouldering fires of Arthur's wrath. He had been treated with great and even elaborate courtesy by everybody—but more particularly by Bell—during our afternoon rambles; but something had evidently gone wrong. There was a scowl on the fair and handsome face that was naturally pleasant, boyish, and agreeable in appearance. He maintained a strict silence for some little time after dinner was served; although my Lady strove to entice him into the general talk. But presently he looked up, and, addressing her, said in a forcedly merry way—

"Should you like to be startled?"

"Yes, please," Tita would probably have said—so anxious is she to humour everybody; but just then he added, in the same reckless and defiant tone—

"What if I tell you I am going to get married?"

An awful consternation fell upon us.

"Oh," says my Lady, in a hurried fashion, "you are joking, Arthur."

"No, I am not. And when I present the young lady to you, you will recognize an old friend of yours, whom you haven't seen for years."

To put these words down on paper can give no idea whatever of the ghastly appearance of jocularly which accompanied them, nor of the perfectly stunning effect they produced. The women were appalled into silence. Von Rosen stared, and indifferently played with the stem of his wine-glass. For mere charity's sake, I was driven into filling up this horrible vacuum of silence; and so I asked—with what show of appropriateness married people may judge—whether he had formed any plans for the buying of furniture.

Furniture! 'Tis an excellent topic. Everybody can say something about it. My Lady, with a flash of gratitude in her inmost soul, seized upon the cue, and said—

"Oh, Arthur, have you seen our side-board?"

Now, when a young man tells you he is about to get married, it is rather an odd thing to answer "*Oh, Arthur—or Tom, or Dick, or Harry, as the case may be—have you seen our sideboard?*" But all that my Lady wanted was to speak; for Arthur, having accomplished his intention of startling us, had relapsed into silence.

"Of course he has seen the sideboard," I say for him. "He was familiar with the whole of that fatal transaction."

"Why fatal?" says the Lieutenant.

You see, we were getting on.

"Bell will tell you the history. No? Then I will—for the benefit of all folks who may have to furnish a house; and I hope Arthur—after the very gratifying announcement he has just made—will take heed."

"Oh, yes," says Arthur, gaily, "let us have all your experiences about house matters. It is never too soon to learn."

"Very well. There was once a sideboard which lived in Dorking——"

Here the Lieutenant begged to know what piece of furniture a sideboard was; and when that was explained to him, the legend was continued:—

"It was a very grand old sideboard of carved oak, which had regarded the dinner-parties of several generations from its recess. At last, it had to be sold at public auction. A certain agreeable and amiable lady, who lives on the banks of the river Mole, saw this sideboard, and was told she might have it for a trifle of ninety-five guineas. She is an impressionable person. The sideboard occupied her thoughts day and night; until at last her husband—who is the most obliging person in the world, and has no other desire in life than to obey her wishes——"

Here there were some interruptions at the further end of the table. Silence having been restored, the speaker went on to say that the sideboard was bought.

"It was the beginning of the troubles of that wretched man. When you have an old oak sideboard that farmers' wives will drive twenty miles to look at, you must have old oak chairs. When you have old oak chairs, a microcephalous

idiot would know that you must have an old oak table. By slow degrees the home of this unhappy man underwent transformation. Rooms that had been familiar to him and homely, became gloomy halls which ghosts of a cheerful temperament would have fled from in despair. People came to dinner, and sat in the high-backed chairs with an expression of resigned melancholy on their faces; and now and again an unlucky lady of weight and dimensions would, on trying to rise from the table, tilt up the chair and save herself from falling by clinging to the arm of the man next her. For of course you can't have castors on old oak chairs, and when the stumps of wood have got well settled into the thick Turkey carpet, how is the chair to be sent back?"

"That is quite absurd," says a voice. "Everyone says our dining-room chairs are exceedingly comfortable."

"Yours are; but this is another matter. Now, the lady of the house did not stop at oak furniture and solemn carpets and severe curtains. She began to dress herself and her children to match her furniture. She cut the hair of her own babes to suit that sideboard. There was nothing heard of but broad lace collars, and black velvet garments, and what not; so that the boys might correspond with the curtains and not be wholly out of keeping with the chairs. She made a dress for her own mother, which that estimable lady contemplated with profound indignation, and asked how she could be expected to appear in decent society in a costume only fit for a fancy ball."

"It was a most beautiful dress, wasn't it, Bell?" says a voice.

"But far worse was to come. She began to acquire a taste for everything that was old and marvellous. She kept her husband for hours stifling in the clammy atmosphere of Soho, while she ransacked dirty shops for scraps of crockery that were dear in proportion to their ugliness. During these hours of waiting he thought of many things—suicide among the number. But what he chiefly ruminated on was the pleasing and ingenious theory that in decoration

everything that is old is genuine, and everything that is new is meretricious. He was not a person of profound accomplishments——”

“Hear, hear!” says a voice.

——“and so he could not understand why he should respect the intentions of artists who, a couple of centuries ago, painted fans, and painted them badly, and why he should treat with scorn the intentions of artists who at this moment paint fans and paint them well. He could not acquire any contempt for a French vase in gold and white and rose-colour, even when it was put beside a vase some three hundred years of age which was chiefly conspicuous by its defective curves and bad colour. As for Italian mirrors and blue and white china, he received without emotion the statement that all the world of London was wildly running after these things. He bore meekly the contemptuous pity bestowed on him when he expressed the belief that modern Venetian glass was, on the whole, a good deal more beautiful than any he had seen of the old, and when he proposed to buy some of it as being more within the means of an ordinary person. But when at last—after having waited a mortal hour in a dingy hole in a dingy thoroughfare near Leicester Square—he was goaded into rebellion, and declared that he did not care a brass farthing, nor even the half of that sum, when an object of art was made, how it was made, where it was made, or by whom it was made, so long as it fulfilled its first duty of being good in design and workmanship and agreeable to the eye, it seemed to him that the end of his conjugal happiness was reached. Nothing short of a legal separation could satisfy the injured feelings of his wife. That she should have to live with this Goth and outer barbarian seemed to her monstrous. But at this time it occurred to her that she might find some use for even such a creature, considering that he was still possessed of a little money——”

“You seldom omit to bring that forward,” says the voice.

——“and that there was a drawing-

room to be transformed. Then he beheld strange things. Phantom curtains of black and gold began to steal into the house. Hidden mysteries dwelt in the black, yellow, and red of the carpet; and visitors paused upon the threshold for a moment to collect their wits, after the first stun of looking in. Then all the oil of Greenland was unable to light up this gloomy chamber in the evening; and so there came down from London mighty sheets of mirrors to be let into the walls. ‘Now,’ said this reckless woman to her husband, ‘we must have a whole series of dinner-parties to ask everybody to come and see what the house looks like.’”

“Oh, what a story!” cries that voice again. “Bell, did you ever hear the like of that? I wonder he does not say we put the prices on the furniture and invited the people to look at the cost. You don’t believe it, do you, Count von Rosen?”

“No, Madame,” said the Lieutenant, “I do not believe any lady exists such as that one which he describes.”

“But he means me,” says Tita.

“Then what shall I say?” continues the young man. “May I say that I have never seen—not in England, not in Germany—any rooms so beautifully arranged in the colours as yours? And it was all your own design? Ha!—I know he is calling attention to that for the purpose of complimenting you—that is it.”

Of course, that mean-spirited young man took every opportunity of flattering and cajoling Bell’s chief adviser; but what if he had known at this moment that she had gone over to the enemy, and mentally vowed to help Arthur by every means in her power?

She could not do much for him that evening. After dinner we had a little music, but there was not much life or soul in it. Arthur could sing an ordinary drawing-room song as well as another, and we half expected him to reveal his sorrows in that way, but he coldly refused. The Lieutenant, at my Lady’s urgent request, sat down to the piano and sang the song that tells of the maiden who lived “im Winkel am

Thore ;" but there was an absence of that spontaneity which generally characterized his rough and ready efforts in music, and after missing two of the verses, he got over his task with an air of relief. It was very hard that the duty of dispelling the gloom should have been thrown on Bell ; but when once she sat down and struck one or two of those minor chords which presaged one of the old ballads, we found a great refuge from our embarrassment. We were in another world then—with Chloe plaiting flowers in her hair, and Robin hunting in the greenwood with his fair lady, who was such a skilful archer, and all the lasses and lads kissing each other round the Maypole. With what a fine innocence Bell sang of these merry goings-on ! I dare say a good many well-conducted young persons would have stopped with the stopping of the dancing, and never told what happened after the fiddler had played "Packington's Pound," and "Sellinger's Round." But Bell, with no thought of harm, went merrily on—

"Then after an hour
They went to a bower,
And played for ale and cakes,
And kisses too—
Until they were due
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back
And give them their own again !"

In fact, there was a very bright smile of amusement on her face, and you could have fancied that her singing was on the point of breaking into laughing ; for how could the girl know that my Lady was looking rather reserved at the mention of that peculiar sort of betting ? But then the concluding verse comes back to the realms of propriety ; and Bell sang it quite gently and tenderly, as though she, too, were bidding good-bye to her companions in a frolic :—

" 'Good night,' says Harry ;
 'Good night,' says Mary ;
 'Good night,' says Dolly to John ;
 'Good night,' says Sue
 To her sweetheart Hugh ;
 'Good night,' says every one.
 Some walked and some did run,
 Some loitered on the way,

And bound themselves by kisses twelve
To meet next holiday—
And bound themselves by kisses twelve
To meet next holiday !"

"Mademoiselle," said Von Rosen, coming forward to her with quite a paternal air, "you must not sing any more to-night. You are always too ready to sing for us—and you do not reflect of the fatigue." And as Bell stood rather embarrassed by this exhibition of thoughtfulness, and as Arthur glowered gloomily out from his corner, the Lieutenant made some excuse for himself and me, and presently we found ourselves out by the shores of the lake, smoking a contemplative cigar under the clear starlight.

"Now, my good friend," he said, suddenly, "tell me—is it a lie, yes ?"

"Is what a lie ?"

"That foolish story that he will be married."

"Oh, you mean Arthur. I had almost forgotten what he said at dinner. Well, perhaps it is a lie—young men in love are always telling lies about something or other."

"Heh !" says the Lieutenant, peevishly ; "you do know it is not true. How can it be true ?"

"Of course you want me to say that I think it true—you boys are so unreasonable. I don't know anything about it. I don't care. If he wants to marry some girl or other, I hope he may. The wish is perhaps not very friendly——"

"Now look at this !" says the Lieutenant, quite fiercely, and in a voice so loud that I was afraid it might reach the windows of the hotel that were now sending a yellow light over the lawn : "if he means to marry some other young lady, why is he here ? He has no business here. Why does he come here to annoy everyone and make himself miserable ? He ought to go away ; and it is you that should send him away."

"Bless me ! Surely a man may come and stop at an hotel at Grasmere without asking my permission. I have no right to forbid Arthur remaining in Westmoreland or any other county. He does not ask me to pay his bills."

"This that Madame says it is quite true, then," says the Lieutenant, angrily, "that you care only for your own comfort!"

"When Madame says such things, she retains the copyright. Don't let her hear you repeating them, if you are wise, or you'll get into trouble. As for myself, this cigar is excellent, and you may let your vexation take any shape that is handy. I foresaw that we should soon have two Arthurs in the field."

The tall young soldier walked up and down for a minute or two, evidently in great distress, and at last he stopped, and said, in a very humble voice,—

"My dear friend, I beg your pardon. I do not know what I say when I see this pitiful fellow causing so much pain to your wife and to Mademoiselle. Now, when you look at them—not at me at all—will not you endeavour to do something?"

He was no great hand at diplomacy, this perplexed and stammering Uhlan, who seemed bent on inflicting his anger on his cigar. To introduce the spectacle of two suffering women so as to secure the banishment of his rival was a very transparent device, and might have provoked laughter, but that Grasmere is deep, and a young man in love exceedingly irritable.

"He says he is going to marry some other girl: what more would you like? You don't want to carry off all his sweet-hearts from the unfortunate youth?"

"But it is not true."

"Very well."

"And you talk of carrying off his sweetheart. Mademoiselle was never his sweetheart, I can assure you of that; and besides I have not carried her off, nor am likely to do that, so long as this wretched fellow hangs about, and troubles her much with his complainings. Now, if she will only say to me that I may send him away, I will give you my word he is not in this part of the country, no, not one day longer."

"Take care. You can't commit murder in this country with impunity, except in one direction. You may dispose of your wife as you please; but if you murder any reasonable being, you will suffer."

Indeed, the Lieutenant, pacing up and down the narrow path by the lake, looked really as if he would have liked to catch Arthur up and dash him against Mercator's Projection, or some other natural phenomenon; and the more he contemplated his own helplessness in the matter, the more he chafed and fumed. The moon rose slowly from behind the hills, and ran along the smooth surface of the lake, and found him nursing this volcano of wrath in his breast. But suddenly, as he looked up, he saw the blind of one of the hotel-windows thrust aside, and he knew that Bell was there, contemplating the wonderful beauties of the sky. He ceased his growlings. A more human expression came over his face; and then he proposed that we should go in, lest the ladies should want to say good-night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LAST OF GRASMERE.

*"Muss aus dem Thal jetzt scheiden,
Wo alles Lust und Klang;
Das ist mein herbstes Leiden,
Mein letzter Gang!
Dich, mein stilles Thal,
Grüss' ich tausend Mal!
Das ist mein herbstes Leiden,
Mein letzter Gang!"*

A STILL greater surprise was in store for us next morning. My Lady had taken leave to discredit altogether the story of Arthur's approaching marriage. She regarded it as merely the wild and reckless utterance of vexation. For the young man's sake, she hoped that no one would make any allusion to this topic; and that he himself would allow it to fall into the rapidly running waters of oblivion.

Now, he had on the previous day despatched a message to Kendal to the effect that the dogcart should be at once sent to him, if the cob had quite recovered. He proposed to accompany us as far as Penrith or Carlisle; further than that he said he did not care to go. But as the trap was likely to arrive that forenoon, and as he had to see the man who would bring it, he begged us to start

for our forenoon's walk by ourselves—a proposal which was accepted with equanimity by the whole of our party. The young man was quite complaisant. My Lady was very attentive to him; and we thought we should start for our ramble with the consciousness that we had left behind us no wretched creature eating away his heart with thoughts of revenge.

Somehow this mood passed rapidly away from him. The spectacle of Bell and the Lieutenant planning with a great joy the outline of our morning excursion seemed to bring back all the bitterness of his spirit. He was silent for a long time—until, indeed, we were ready to leave the hotel; and then, as he accompanied us to the door, he produced a letter, and said, with an affectation of carelessness—

“By the way, I have a message for you. It was lucky I thought of going round to the post-office this morning, or I should probably have missed this. Katty Tatham desires to be remembered to you all, and hopes you will bring her back a piece of Scotch heather to show that you went all the way. Ta-ta!”

He waved his hand to us, and went in. My Lady looked at me solemnly, and said nothing for a moment, until Bell had passed along the road a little bit, along with the Lieutenant.

“Is that another story, do you think? Do you believe Katty Tatham is actually in correspondence with him?”

“He did not say so.”

“He meant we should infer it, at all events; and that, after what he said last night——”

Tita was dreadfully puzzled. She could understand how vexation of spirit might drive a foolish young man into making a statement not wholly in accordance with fact; but that he should repeat this legend in another way, and bring the name of a lady into it—no, Tita could scarcely believe that all this was untrue.

She hurried up to Bell, and placed her hand within the young lady's arm.

“Is it not strange that Katty Tatham should be writing to Arthur, if that was what he meant?”

“Oh no, not at all. They are very old friends; and, besides, she does all the letter-writing for her papa, who is almost blind now, poor old man. And what a nice girl she is, isn't she, Tita?”

Of course we were all anxious to persuade each other that Katty Tatham was the very nicest girl in all England, although none of us except Bell had seen her for two or three years; and it was wonderful how this sort of talk brightened up the spirits of our party. The Lieutenant grew quite interested in Katty Tatham. He was nearly praising her himself, although he had never heard her name until that moment. In short, the four of us were ready to swear that this poor little Katty was just as pleasant and honest and pretty and charming a girl as was to be found anywhere in the world, or out of it, and that it was most singular that she had never married. Tita declared that she knew that Katty had had ever so many offers; and that it was not alone the frailties of her father that kept her from marrying.

“She must have been waiting for some one,” said the small woman, rather slyly.

What a morning it was! As we walked along the white road, in the stillness of the heat, the blue waters of Grasmere glimmered through the trees. Never had we seen the colours of Bell's Fairyland so intense. The hills in the distance had a silvery haze thrown over their pale purples, but here around us the sharp clear colours blazed in the sunshine—the deep blue of Grasmere, the yellow-white of the road, and the various rich greens and browns of the trees and the shore. And then, by and by, we came in sight of Rydal Water. How different it was to the weird and gloomy lake we had found two evenings before lying buried between the hills. Now it seemed shallow and fair and light, with a grey shimmer of wind across its surface, breaking here and there the perfect mirror of the mountain-slopes and woods. In the absolute silence around us we could hear the water-hens calling to each other; and out there

among the reeds we could see them paddling about, dipping their heads into the lake, and fluttering their wings. We walked on to Rydal bridge, and had a look at the clear brown rivulet rushing down its narrow channel between the thick underwood and the trees. We took the Lieutenant up to Rydal Mount—the small house with its tree-fuschias standing bright and warm in the sunshine—and from the plateau in front beheld the great fair landscape around the silver-white lake of Windermere. We went up to the falls of Rydal Beck, and, in short, went the round of the ordinary tourist—all for the sake of our Prussian friend, we persuaded ourselves. Bell was his guide, and he looked as though he would have liked to be led for ever. Perhaps he took away with him but a confused recollection of all the interesting things she told him; but surely, if the young man has a memory, he cannot even now have forgotten that bright, clear, warm day that was spent about Rydal, with a certain figure in the foreground that would have lent a strange and gracious charm to a far less beautiful picture.

"Is it not an odd thing," I say to Queen Titania, who has been pulling and plaiting wild-flowers in order to let the young folks get ahead of us, "how you associate certain groups of unheeding trees and streams and hills with various events in your life, and can never get over the impression that they wear such and such a look?"

"I daresay it's quite true, but I don't understand," she says, with the calm impertinence that distinguishes her.

"If you will cease for a moment to destroy your gloves by pulling these weeds, I will tell you a story which will convey my meaning to your small intellect."

"Oh, a story," she says, with a beautiful sigh of resignation.

"There was a young lady once upon a time who was about to leave England and go with her mamma to live in the south-west of France. They did not expect to come back for a good many years, if ever they came back. And so a young man of their acquaintance got

up a farewell banquet at Richmond, and several friends came down to the hotel. They sat in a room overlooking the windings of the river, and the soft masses of foliage, and the far landscape stretching on to Windsor. The young man had, a little time before, asked the young lady to marry him, and she refused; but he bore her no malice——"

"He has taken care to have his revenge since," says Tita.

"You interrupt the story. They sat down to dinner on this summer evening. Everyone was delighted with the view; but to this wretched youth it seemed as though the landscape were drowned in sadness, and the river a river of unutterable grief. All the trees seemed to be saying good-bye, and when the sun went down, it was as though it would never light up any other day with the light of bygone days. The mist came over the trees. The evening fell, slow, and sad, and grey. Down by the stream a single window was lit up, and that made the melancholy of the picture even more painful, until the young man, who had eaten nothing and drank nothing, and talked to people as though he were in a dream, felt as if all the world had grown desolate, and was no more worth having——"

"If I had only known," says Tita, in a voice so low and gentle that you could scarcely have heard it.

"And then, you know, the carriages came round; and he saw her, with the others, come downstairs prepared to leave. He bade good-night to the mamma, who got into the carriage. He bade good-night to her; and she was about to get in too, when she suddenly remembered that she had left some flowers in the dining-room, and ran back to fetch them. Before he could overtake her she had got the flowers and was coming back through the passage into the hall. 'It isn't good-night, it is good-bye, we must say'—I think he said something like that—and she held out her hand—and somehow there was a very strange look in her eyes, just as if she were going to cry——. But, you know, there's no use in your crying just now about it."

Tita is pretending to smile, but a certain tremor of the lips is visible; and so the narrator hurries on:—

"Now look here. For the next three months—for the soft-hearted creature had hurriedly whispered that she might return to England then—that young man haunted Richmond. He pretty nearly ruined his prospects in life, and his digestion as well, by continual and solitary dining at the Star and Garter. He could have kissed the stone steps of that hotel, and never entered its vestibule without blessing the white pillars and blank walls. He spent hours in writing letters there——"

"So that the Biarritz boatmen wondered why so many envelopes should have the Richmond postmark," says Tita—though how she could have learnt anything about it goodness only knows.

——"and haled out every complainant friend he could lay hands on to moon about the neighbourhood. But the strange thing is this,—that while he was in love with the vestibule of the hotel, he never saw the twilight fall over the Richmond woods without feeling a cold hand laid on his heart; and when he thinks of the place now—with the mists coming over the trees and the river getting dark—he thinks that the view from Richmond-hill is the most melancholy in all the world."

"And what does he think of Eastbourne?"

"That is a very different thing. He and she got into the quarrelling stage there——"

"In which they have successfully remained to the present time."

"But when she was young and innocent, she would always admit that she had begun the quarrel."

"On the contrary, she told stories in order to please him."

"That motive does not much control her actions now-a-days, at all events."

Here Tita would probably have delivered a crushing reply, but that Bell came up and said—

"What! you two children fighting again! What is it all about? Let me be umpire."

"He says that there is more red in the Scotch daisies than in the English daisies," says Tita, calmly. It was well done. Yet you should hear her lecture her two boys on the enormity of telling a fib.

How sad Bell was to leave the beautiful valley in which we had spent this happy time! Arthur had got his dogcart; and when the phaeton was brought round, the Major's cob was also put-to, and both vehicles stood at the door. We took a last look at Grasmere. "Dich, mein stilles Thal!" said Bell, with a smile; and the Lieutenant looked quite shamefaced with pleasure to hear hear her quote his favourite song. Arthur did not so well like the introduction of those few words. He said, with a certain air of indifference—

"Can I give anybody a seat in the dogcart? It would be a change."

"Oh, thank you; I should like so much to go with you, Arthur," says Tita.

Did you ever see the like of it! The woman has no more notion of considering her own comfort than if she had the hide of an alligator, instead of being, as she is, about the most sensitive creature in the world. However, it is well for her—if she will permit me to say so—that she has people around her who are not quite so impulsively generous; and on this occasion it was obviously necessary to save her from being tortured by the fractious complainings of this young man, whom she would have sympathized with and consoled if the effort had cost her her life.

"No," I say. "That won't do. We have got some stiff hills to climb presently, and some one must remain in the phaeton while the others walk. Now, who looks best in the front of the phaeton?"

"Mamma, of course," says Bell, as if she had discovered a conundrum; and so the matter was settled in a twinkling.

I think it would have been more courteous for Arthur to have given the phaeton precedence, considering who was driving it; but he was so anxious to show off the paces of Major Quinet's

cob, that on starting he gave the animal a touch of the whip that made the light and high vehicle spring forward in a surprising manner.

"Young man, reflect that you are driving the father of a family," I say to him.

Nevertheless, he went through the village of Grasmere at a considerable rate of speed; and when we got well up into the road which goes by the side of the Rothay up into the region of the hills, we found that we had left Tita and her company far behind. Then he began to walk the cob.

"Look here!" he said, quite fiercely; "is Bell going to marry that German fellow?"

"How do I know?" I answer, astonished by the young man's impudence.

"You ought to know. You are her guardian. You are responsible for her——"

"To you?"

"No, not to me; but to your own conscience; and I think the way in which you have entrapped her into making the acquaintance of this man, of whom she knows nothing, doesn't look very well. I may as well say it when I think it. You ought to have known that a girl at her age is ready to be pleased with any novelty; and to draw her away from her old friends—I suppose you can explain it all to your own satisfaction—but I confess that to me——"

I let the young man rave. He went on in this fashion for some little time, getting momentarily more reckless and vehement and absurd in his statements. If Tita had only known what she had escaped.

"But after all," I say to him, when the waters of this deluge of rhetoric had abated, "what does it matter to you? We have allowed Bell to do just as she pleased; and perhaps, for all we know, she may regard Count von Rosen with favour, although she has never intimated such a thing. But what does it matter to you? You say you are going to get married."

"So I shall!" he said, with an unnecessary amount of emphasis.

"Katty Tatham is a very nice girl."

"I should think so! There's no coquetry about her, or that sort of vanity that is anxious to receive flattery from every sort of stranger that is seen in the street——"

"You don't mean to say that that is the impression you have formed of Bell?"

And here all his violence and determination broke down. In a tone of absolute despair he confessed that he was beside himself, and did not know what to do. What should he do? Ought he to implore Bell to promise to marry him? Or should he leave her to her own ways, and go and seek a solution of his difficulties in marrying this pretty little girl down in Sussex, who would make him a good wife and teach him to forget all the sufferings he had gone through? The wretched young fellow was really in a bad way; and there were actually tears in his eyes when he said that several times of late he had wished he had the courage to drown himself.

To tell a young man in this state that there is no woman in the world worth making such a fuss about, is useless. He rejects with scorn the cruel counsels offered by middle age; and sees in them only taunts and insults. Moreover, he accuses middle age of not believing in its own maxims of worldly prudence; and sometimes that is the case.

"At all events," I say to him, "you are unjust to Bell in going on in this wild way. She is not a coquette, nor vain, nor heartless; and if you have anything to complain of, or anything to ask from her, why not go direct to herself, instead of indulging in frantic suspicions and accusations?"

"But—but I cannot," he said. "It drives me mad to see her talking to that man. If I were to begin to speak to her of all this, I am afraid matters would be made wors."

"Well, take your own course. Neither my wife nor myself have anything to do with it. Arrange it among yourselves; only, for goodness' sake, leave the women a little peace."

"Do you think *I* mean to trouble them?" he says, firing up. "You will see."

What deep significance lay in these words was not inquired into, for we had now to descend from the dogcart. Far behind us we saw that Bell and Count von Rosen were already walking by the side of the phaeton, and Tita talking to them from her lofty seat. We waited for them until they came up, and then we proceeded to climb the steep road that leads up and along the slopes of the mighty Helvellyn.

"Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "who is it will say that there is much rain in your native country? Or did you alarm us so as to make this surprise all the better, yes?"

Indeed, there was scarcely a flake of white in all the blue overhead; and, on the other side of the great valley, the masses of the Wythburn and Borrodaile Fells showed their various hues and tints so that you could almost have fancied them transparent clouds. Then the road descended, and we got down to the solitary shores of Thirlmere, the most Scotch-looking, perhaps, of the English lakes. Here the slopes of the hills are more abrupt, houses are few and far between, there is an aspect of remoteness and a perfect silence reigning over the still water, and the peaks of mountains that you see beyond are more jagged and blue than the rounded hills about Windermere. From the shores of Thirlmere the road again rises, until, when you come to the crest of the height, you find the leaden-coloured lake lying sheer below you, and only a little stone wall guarding the edge of the precipitous slope. We rested the horses here. Bell began to pull them handfuls of Dutch clover and grass. The Lieutenant talked to my Lady about the wonders of mountainous countries as they appeared to people who had been bred in the plains. Arthur looked over the stone wall down into the great valley; and was he thinking, I wonder, whether the safest refuge from all his troubles might not be that low-lying and silent gulf of water that seemed to be miles beneath him?

When we were about to start again, the Lieutenant says to Arthur—

"If you are tired of driving the dog-

cart, you might come into the phaeton, and I will drive your horse on to Keswick."

Who prompted him to make such an offer? Not himself, surely. I had formed a tolerable opinion of his good-nature; but the impatient and fretful manner in which he had of late been talking about Arthur rendered it highly improbable that this suggestion was his own. What did Bell's downcast look mean?

"Thank you, I prefer the dogcart," says Arthur, coldly.

"Oh, Arthur," says Bell, "you've no idea how steep the hill is, going down to Keswick, and in a dogcart too——"

"I suppose," says the young man, "that I can drive a dogcart down a hill as well as anybody else."

"At all events," says the Lieutenant, with something of a frown, "you need not address Mademoiselle as if that she did you harm in trying to prevent your breaking your neck."

This was getting serious; so that there was nothing for it but to bundle the boy into his dogcart and order the Lieutenant to change places with my Lady. As for the writer of these pages—the emotions he experienced while a mad young fellow was driving him in a light and high dogcart down the unconscionable hill that lies above Keswick, he will not attempt to describe. There are occurrences in life which it is better to forget; but if ever he was tempted to evoke maledictions on the hotheadedness, and bad temper, and general insanity of boys in love—Enough! We got down to Keswick in safety.

Now we had got among the tourists, and no mistake. The hotel was all alive with elderly ladies, who betrayed an astonishing acquaintance with the names of the mountains, and apportioned them off for successive days as if they were dishes for luncheon and dinner. The landlord undertook to get us beds somewhere, if only we would come into his coffee-room, which was also a drawing-room, and had a piano in it. He was a portly and communicative person, with a certain magnificence of manner which was impressive. He betrayed quite a

paternal interest in Tita, and calmly and loftily soothed her anxious fears. Indeed, his assurances pleased us much, and we began rather to like him; although the Lieutenant privately remarked that *Clicquot* is a French word, and ought not, under any circumstances whatever, to be pronounced "Clickot."

Then we went down to Derwentwater. It was a warm and clear twilight. Between the dark green lines of the hedges we met maidens in white with scarlet opera-cloaks coming home through the narrow lane. Then we got into the open, and found the shores of the silver lake, and got into a boat and sailed out upon the still waters, so that we could face the wonders of a brilliant sunset.

But all that glow of red and yellow in the north-west was as nothing to the strange gradations of colour that appeared along the splendid range of mountain-peaks beyond the lake. From the remote north round to the south-east they stretched like a mighty wall; and whereas near the gold and crimson of the sunset they were of a warm, roseate, and half-transparent purple, as they came along into the darker regions of the twilight they grew more and

more cold in hue and harsh in outline. Up there in the north they had caught the magic colours so that they themselves seemed but light clouds of beautiful vapour; but as the eye followed the line of twisted and mighty shapes the rose-colour deepened into purple, the purple grew darker and more dark, and greens and blues began to appear over the wooded islands and shores of Derwentwater. Finally, away down there in the south there was a lowering sky, into which rose wild masses of slate-coloured mountains, and in the threatening and yet clear darkness that reigned among these solitudes, we could see but one small tuft of white cloud that clung coldly to the gloomy summit of Glaramara.

That strange darkness in the south boded rain; and, as if in anticipation of the wet, the fires of the sunset went down, and a grey twilight fell over the land. As we walked home between the tall hedges there was a chill dampness in the air; and we seemed to know that we had at last bade good-bye to the beautiful weather that had lit up for us the blue waters and green shores of Grasmere.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—I begin to think the old lady in Nottinghamshire had some excuse for what she said, although she need not have expressed herself so *rudely*. Of course it is impossible to put down all that we spoke about on those happy days of our journey; but when all the ordinary talk is *carefully excluded*, and everything *spiteful* retained, I cannot wonder that a stranger should think that my husband and myself do not lead a *very pleasant life*. It looks very *serious* when it is put in type; whereas we have been driven into all this nonsense of quarrelling merely to temper the excessive sentimentality of those young folks, which is quite *amusing* in its way. Indeed, I am afraid that Bell, although she has never said a word to that effect to me, is *far more deeply pledged* than one who thinks he has a great insight into such affairs has any notion of. I am sure it was none of my doing. If Bell had told me she was engaged to Arthur, nothing could have given me greater pleasure. In the meantime, I hope no one will read too literally the foregoing pages, and think that in our house we are continually treading on lucifer matches and frightening everybody by small explosions. I suppose it is *literary art* that compels such a perversion of the truth! And as for Chapter Twenty-six—which has a great deal of nonsense in it about Richmond—I should think that a very good motto for it would be two lines I once saw quoted somewhere. I don't know who is the author; but they said—

"The legend is as true, I undertake,
As *Tristram* is, or *Lancelot of the Lake*."]

To be continued.

NOVELS AND THEIR TIMES.

PART II.

THE genius of Madame de Staël, the famous daughter of Necker, was set too high to descend to any direct imitation; but the spirit of Rousseau's writings entered largely into her compositions: there is the same mixture of teaching and preaching with romance and sentimentality, there is something of the same style, and there is a good deal of the same pedantry. But the teaching takes different directions, the constructive power is greater, the romance is more passionate, and the eloquence is more natural. We trace the development of "Corinne" and "Delphine" from the antecedence of the "Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Emile" as Darwin derives the existence of later species from earlier forms of animal life. The relationship is seen in the life itself, in the muscles, in the movement—not as in a mere copy, by the form simulated in death. It is no stuffed image, but a lineal descendant, with added grace, beauty, and vitality. "Corinne" was one of the chief delights of its time. It was published shortly after the date of Madame de Staël's banishment from Paris, where her liberal views of government and her open opposition to a growing despotism made her coteries and her eloquent talk distasteful to Napoleon Buonaparte, then First Consul. She had already published, in 1803, the novel of "Delphine," a clever, unscrupulous, passionate work; in the year 1788 she wrote her famous "Lettres sur les Ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau," which first drew attention to her genius; and in 1793 she wrote her courageous defence of the slandered Queen: her generous nature revolted against injustice and oppression, and she felt the Revolution, which she had welcomed in its opening days, dishonoured by its later acts. She had the courage to publish her "Ré-

flexions sur le Procès de la Reine Marie Antoinette" then, as she had afterwards the courage to denounce the proceedings of Buonaparte's ambition.

Daring, penetrating, innovating thought is to be found in all the pages of "Corinne;" but it is so old a story now as to be new—it is known only by name to the present generation: the young people of to-day are not aware of this amatory guide-book; they prefer the realities of Murray or Bädiker; they ignore the despair which sent Lord Nelvil wandering to Rome, and the passion which possessed him when he saw Corinne the Improvisatrice crowned in the Capitol. They do not know how ardently he made love to her, and how afterwards he turned away from her and married her frigid Scotch half-sister in Scotland, nor how dull that marriage proved, nor how Corinne died of her affliction when she was abandoned. They care nothing about this old grandmother's tale: for the most part they would be bored by its eloquence and thought. Partly owing to its own power, its originalities have become commonplaces; those changes in social life which with startling audacity it contemplated as remote possibilities have become part of the routine of ordinary life; and young ladies nowadays may leave their homes to follow the instincts of their nature, whether these lead them into hospital wards, or musical academies, or learned universities, or medical lecture-rooms, without exciting any expression of displeasure. The popes of modern society are chary of the use of their rights of excommunication; or perhaps it would be truer to say that there is a general dethronement of all popes, and a general relaxation of all authority.

Madame de Staël's defence of a high-minded woman resisting the convention-

alities of a narrow sphere would seem a mere truism to the advanced notions of the girl of our time, who owns "Cometh up as a Flower" for her favourite novel; but it was in its time devoured with secret ecstasy by many a worn-out, enthralled female heart, panting for movement, for action, or for the permission to think. Madame de Staël boldly asserted that an extraordinary woman was the superior of an ordinary man; and, following in Rousseau's track, she suggested that an enlarged education might raise the level of women to so high a point that they might before long cease to be abnormal by becoming intellectual. With consummate skill she opposed the character of the light, intelligent, unimaginative French gentleman, the Comte de Erfeuil, to the deep thought and aspirations of Corinne. The common sense of the practical man is dwarfed by the mental power of the poetical woman. He is too clever to deny her attributes, but his ingenuity, apt at detecting the slightest step towards absurdity, is not capable of conceiving a great idea.

The French count and the Italian poetess are to each other as the spirits of denial and prophecy. Nothing in the whole scope of modern novel-writing is more forcible than Corinne's description of her imprisonment within the small circle of Lady Edgermont's domestic life, an exemplary life which is a model of inanity. An extract may give some idea of the writer's powerful touch, but the whole chapter should be read in order to gain a conception of her true strength.

"Nous vivions assez près du bord de la mer, et le vent du nord se faisait souvent sentir dans notre château : je l'entendais siffler la nuit à travers les longs corridors de notre demeure, et le jour il favorisait merveilleusement notre silence quand nous étions réunies. . . . La naissance, le mariage, et la mort composaient toute l'histoire de notre société, et ces trois événements différaient moins là qu'ailleurs . . . Je passais quelque fois des jours entiers sans entendre dire un mot qui répondit ni à une idée ni à un sentiment ; l'on ne se permettait pas même des gestes en parlant ; on voyait sur le visage des jeunes filles la plus belle fraîcheur, les couleurs les plus vives, et la plus parfaite immobilité ; singulier contraste entre la nature et la société : tous les

ages avaient des plaisirs semblables, et les femmes vieillissaient en faisant toujours la même chose, en restant toujours à la même place. Le temps était bien sur de ne pas les manquer il savait où les prendre. . . . Je sentais mon talent se refroidir, mon esprit se remplissait malgré moi de pettesses. . . . C'est en vain qu'on se dit tel homme n'est pas digne de me juger, telle femme n'est pas capable de me comprendre ; le visage humain exerce un grand pouvoir sur le cœur humain ; et quand vous lisez sur ce visage une désapprobation secrète, elle vous inquiète toujours en dépit de vous même ; enfin le cercle qui vous environne finit toujours par vous cacher le reste du monde ; le plus petit objet placé devant votre œil vous intercepte le soleil. . . . et qui veut être heureux et développer son génie, doit avant tout bien choisir l'atmosphère dont il s'entoure immédiatement."

The dull grey life which is so favourite a theme with modern novelists had then its first and most impressive delineator in Madame de Staël, and the injured and repressed genius fettered by her petticoats, who sighs and groans, or does battle through so many chapters of modern romance, is a great-granddaughter of Corinne, unconscious of her parentage, and in the inheritance of her affliction missing her beauty and her poetry. The philosophical thought abounding in the chapter which has just been quoted has been reproduced in various forms, but it has not elsewhere found such concise and emphatic expression. "Le plus petit objet placé devant votre œil vous intercepte le soleil" ought to have passed into a proverb. Corinne and Delphine were for a time regarded as specimens of somewhat undisciplined feminine passion, but in this line they have been so outstripped by their descendants that they would appear tame and cold to the young ladies who write and read in the present day. Corinne does on one occasion fall down with her forehead against the floor when she hears of the unexpected departure of her lover, but that indulgence of her emotion is known only to the omniscience of the author, and in Lord Nelvil's presence she gives way to no such transports. She neither twines her arms so tightly round him that he is inextricably imprisoned, nor chases him over ploughed fields, nor along

dark lanes, nor smothers him with ever-growing kisses, nor breathes flame by his side, nor does any of those acts of violence which make up the daily life of the interesting young ladies of our modern novels. *Corinne* and *Delphine* do not carry things so far; they belong to the emotional, sentimental, passionate school, but the physical was not yet in fashion when they first enlisted sympathy for their trials. They were, however, the pioneers on the road of unrestraint, and began that system of which the author could hardly conceive the completion which we witness in our days. While this subject is present, it may be well to notice one essential point of difference between the art of the French and English novelists of the free school. In the French there is excess in the descriptions of vice: but one virtuous central figure is maintained modest and dignified, and that one is generally the girl of seventeen or nineteen. In the English, the most unlimited manifestations of passion proceed from the girl herself, who is created expressly to charm the young people of good society. Setting the question of morality aside, the repose given by one presence which exalts and sweetens our contemplations is a necessary element of art, and where such an element is wanting, the construction, however clever in detail, fails in strength.

A work of art lives by the harmony of its parts, not by particular passages of power. The "*Vicar of Wakefield*" has outlived "*Corinne*," yet "*Corinne*" gives evidence of far more extensive genius, poetry, and knowledge in the writer: but the author of "*Corinne*" had a particular purpose in view, and for that purpose concentrated her force upon one idea. The public falls in love with an idea, possesses it, and is satiated: a book like the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," which only seeks to give a picture of general humanity, and succeeds in making it a resemblance, pleases by its truth and its good proportion, in spite of some carelessness in detail, and suits the men of to-day no less than the men of yesterday, so long as humanity

maintains in the present some general characteristic features establishing its relationship with the past. Novel-writing in England was less immediately affected by Rousseau's genius than in France. It has sucked in some of its constituents gradually, but it has taken them from the later descendants without any contact with the original virus of inoculation: a few works, such as "*Sandford and Merton*," MacKenzie's "*Man of Feeling*," and "*Julia de Roubigny*," with some others of no great significance, appeared as blossoms from the new seed, but the events of the French Revolution from 1789 to '93 alienated the school of freedom from English sympathies, and for a while even the good there was in Rousseau's teaching was cast down by the violence of those who destroyed the cause of liberty while they made spasmodic efforts to advance it.

Miss Burney's immediate successor in popularity was Mrs. Radcliffe. Hannah More's tedious narratives about husbands and wives and their merits and duties had a certain vogue among the ultra-good and serious-minded, but took no real hold on the public: and Mrs. Radcliffe's burst of melodramatic romance was a relief. She took her readers into beautiful scenery, generally in the South of France or Italy; she treated them to many adventures; she gave them mysteries to unravel, and villains to hate, and lovely girls to adore; she gave them sudden frights, and sensations of horror; she took them entirely away from any possible form of actual life. Tight-lacing was the only bad passion that her books encouraged. The mountain maidens, sturdy and robust, extolled by Rousseau, were put down; and a slim creature, preferring bilberries to meat, with a complexion of pink and white, and an inclination to fainting fits, was substituted, and was called "our heroine." She was *tender to a fault*, but *when tried to the utmost was heroic to an excess*. She was in weak health, owing to her many shocks and trials, but when pursued by a ruthless and iniquitous count

or marquis, generally spoken of as "The Marchese," *she was fleetier than the fawn*. If her strength suddenly failed her at the end of a long corridor, she would discover a serviceable niche where she would kneel and utter a short prayer, and while in this attitude the Marchese, blinded by the fury of his passion, would pass her by; and she would then be picked up in a deadly swoon by her faithful waiting-maid, who would afterwards retire with her to the inmost recesses of her chamber, where they would discuss together the reason of her persecutions, and the ultimate cause of all the sufferings of humanity: for these heroines, more German than French, are given to metaphysical speculation, and zealously encourage free talk on such subjects in their bright-eyed, quick-tongued attendants, while they majestically silence them with "A truce to your idle babble," if they ever venture a remark upon "*The Marchese*," or "*Our Hero*." Our hero is, however, an inferior personage to our heroine: his chief attributes are his personal beauty and prowess, and his aptitude for being badly wounded at the moment when his appearance in sound health would end the story too abruptly. He is free from all vice, and his innocence prevails over the accusations of his enemies; but it is the innate strength of the heroine which brings about a final triumph, and, after the occasional murder of a father and a brother or two, causes the union of the lovers and their immortal happiness.

The fine feeling of natural beauty, the pleasant descriptions of woods and winding rivers and grand old castles, which are to be found in these romances, are stimulating to the æsthetic taste; while the strain of lofty sentiment throughout, somewhat verbose, yet not without a generous impulse, raises the reader above the region of the mean and commonplace; and these books did no harm beyond inducing in a few sentimentally minded young women an idea that "our hero" was a necessity of life, and that a pursuer of unscrupulous pas-

sion was also a desirable element in the scheme of a feminine existence. The artistic error of Mrs. Radcliffe's productions consists in the bringing the possibilities of mediæval life into modern chronology; otherwise they are well constructed—one part agrees with the other, the characters suit the nature of the plot, the language is in accordance with them, and the background of mountain and forest suits the movement of the narrative. Perhaps they might still be read for the good art that is in them, had not a host of imitators been evoked by them, inferior in quality but surpassing in quantity, who ultimately weighed them down; so that now the originals and the imitations lie confounded together in great heaps at the bottom of the lowest cellars of our circulating libraries.

Jane Austen's novels, level in tone, narrow in their sphere, sensible and quiet in story, strong in satire, may be regarded as a reaction from the Radcliffe school of romance. They were calculated to bring back the attenuated and sentimental to proper nutrition and common sense. The first in order, "*Sense and Sensibility*," had this distinct purpose in it; its more artistic successors showed no direct motive, but the atmosphere of all is the calm and anti-romantic. The way of life of the characters in each narrative is ordinary, but they are handled with such extraordinary skill that they have in them the interest of a life lived in our presence and in that of a keen, right-minded observer, who directs our understanding. A small section of English society is represented perfectly, and nothing is undertaken by the author which is not fulfilled. There are six novels completed by Jane Austen; they are all admirable as works of art, and being so they are equally valuable for all successions of time. By those who prefer the satirical to the passionate and poetic, they are prized as the most perfect specimens of English literature to be found in the form of fiction; but they do not appeal to a wide range of sympathies, and are more esteemed than loved

by readers who seek for an expansion of mind : that is to say, while their perfection upon their own scale is admitted, the want is felt of something beyond to exalt and to stimulate thought—the want of the ideal. If the disciples of the Rousseau, Goethe, and De Staël school are liable by exaggerating the characteristics of their leaders to run into delirium, the imitators of Miss Austen are in danger of dulness, and a large class of daily life, bread-and-butter and tea-cup novels, which endeavour to resemble her, are unutterably wearisome. Trivial dialogue, vulgar types of character, mean thoughts, and small incidents, abound in these productions. “*Toute imitation est stérile,*” says Victor Hugo ; and if his saying is true of every aping of manner, it is never more evidently so than in the attempts occasionally made to be like Jane Austen.

Dull books, distinguished only by their platitudes, are not unfrequently compared to the most excellent examples of the Dutch school of painting ; as if, when the great painter had produced an exact image of a glass of beer or of a fish-stall upon his canvas, he had shown all his power ; as if no account were to be taken of the delicious atmosphere with which he surrounds his figures, of the light from heaven which he wins to give some divinity to the commonest object, of the poetry of treatment by which he lifts the meanest things up to the region of beauty. This the great masters of the Dutch school did thoroughly, and this Miss Austen did to a considerable extent.

There is a large class of readers in English society so apathetic, so worn down into indifference by dissipation, that they would rather find nothing than much in the pages they turn over ; and the existence of such a class is an obstacle, not only in the way of the highest efforts of literature, but of every great endeavour in art. To these another large number must be added, of poorly educated persons, who can read with their eyes but not with their minds, and then it will become evident that a mean, slovenly literature will see the

day, and not want encouragement to grow and prosper, and possibly, as before said, finally to overshadow and smother the good and the beautiful. The distinguished Swedish novelist, Miss Bremer, may be regarded as a cutting from the Austen stem ; taking root in a foreign soil, the plant has thrown out new blossoms, new fragrance, and brilliant hues of its own. Genius can never be imitative in the most contracted sense of the word : largely imitative it will always be ; it takes a deep impression from every truth that is uttered, and reproduces that utterance newly, more beautifully shaped, till it becomes an eternal eloquence for the universe. The writings of Miss Bremer are distinguished by a spirit of romance mingled with the common details of modern life, and an unconscious simplicity of narrative gives a semblance of truth to her most exciting incidents. Her characters move naturally, and are full of life ; they are never overwhelmed with the complexities of their creator's thought ; they are generally surrounded by interesting scenery. The pleasure which the reader derives from them is of a beneficial kind, for a genial humanity pervades them all. They are not often now to be found in London drawing-rooms, but they are frequently the only source of imaginative interest permitted to the pent-up school-girl, and a large number of English girls between the ages of thirteen and eighteen have reason to bless the name of the Swedish novelist.

Sir W. Scott's first appearance in prose romance as a writer without a name made a new epoch in the literature of fiction, and before his light, when it shone out in its first intensity, all others paled. He knew how to combine the ideal and the actual as no man had done before. His eye travelled over far space and distant ages. He touched the past, and it woke into life after the slumber of centuries. He called up long processions of glory and beauty ; he opened the gates of the palace, thronged with gay retinues—crowned monarchs, proud scarlet cardi-

nals, women rich in beauty and attire, stately queens and timid maidens. He opened the door of the peasant's hut, where the frugal meal was shared with the stranger, where the children played in rough sport, and the dogs barked a welcome or growled an alarm; with kindly truth he showed the best affections of poverty. He relieved the sorrows of his fiction with breezes from the mountain, the forest, and the sea; he alternated his dark scenes of passion with glimpses of pleasant humour; his extensive reading, shaped by his brilliant fancy, gave him the life of history; his long country rambles, his pauses at way-side inns, his love of field sports, his wanderings over heather and moor with the shepherd and his dog, added to his other varied sources of knowledge the most precious of all, the knowledge of humanity.

There was no direct teaching to be found in his pages; but a spirit of loyalty, of chivalry, of generosity, and of benevolence breathed through them all. He stirred a noble ambition and a sense of beauty; to his historical romance we owe the romantic form of history so prevalent at this time; and perhaps the one is as true as the other. He was the idol of his time. At the present epoch, when the quality is so borne down by the quantity of literary production, no work, however paramount its excellence, can excite so passionate an enthusiasm as that which greeted the first appearance of "Waverley." It became the chief subject of interest throughout all society all over England. Hot disputes arose as to its authorship, and every succeeding volume by the new magician's hand was hailed with still increasing delight. Sir W. Scott's reign was long, and his popularity was undiminished till his death. During the last twenty years it has known fluctuations; and in the first flush of excitement which followed the publication of the works of Charles Dickens, the world forgot the Waverley Novels; but the taste for them is now renewing itself, and they are probably as much read as any works of fiction of the same length

can be read in the strain and stir of our time. Among the actual disciples of Scott's school of romance, the most distinguished are Alfred de Vigny, author of "Cinq Mars;" Alexandre Dumas (the elder), author of almost everything; and Victor Hugo, in his romance of "Notre Dame." His other works have no affinity whatever with Scott's. These works, however, had a distinct originality of their own, and if the scheme of historical fiction which they embraced was suggested by the Waverley romances, the treatment of the subject was unlike. More strange and impossible adventure abounded in Dumas, with more intricacy of plot and more psychological subtlety. There was more enthusiastic sentiment and more epigram in De Vigny; there was a deeper passion, a more fervent imagination, and a more powerful grasp in Victor Hugo. None of these three men could be imitators in the narrow way. Creative genius was in them all. In Victor Hugo its extent was so vast as to convey the idea of the illimitable.

The impulse which Scott's works gave to literature was vivid; the interest they awakened excited all thinking minds to new energy, and prose fiction became so abundant that it is difficult even to take a brief view of the distinguished novelists in England and France who were his contemporaries or his successors. Among Scotchmen, Lockhart, Galt, and Wilson were writers of great power in their different ways. Galt is hardly remembered now; yet in his exactness of detail, in his vigorous conception of human character, in his forcible delineation of the mean and disagreeable, in his perfect mastery over his narrative and the situation it unfolds, he is only equalled by Balzac and George Eliot. The total oblivion into which his genius has fallen must be accounted for by the limited sphere of his observation; he was Scotch, and only Scotch. The dialect of Scotland was the fashion while the author of Waverley's influence was fresh to buoy it up; but when that diminished, the trouble of reading an unfamiliar language made itself felt, and

it increased as the necessity for ease in a public, daily more exercised by demands upon its attention, grew more imperative. There is no other assignable cause for the total disappearance of a strong original writer who was neither exaggerated nor affected in his composition.

The brilliant novels and romances of Disraeli and Lord Lytton belong to no special school. They are unlike each other, and they are still more unlike any of their predecessors. The vividness of Disraeli's fancy is oriental in its character, glowing, prodigal, easy, unrestrained. It assembles objects together as heterogeneous as those which adorn an Eastern bazaar. But they are displayed with considerable art, and under the continual play of a flashing wit, subtle truths are to be found. The reader is transported from the drawing-rooms of London to the deserts of Arabia without the sense of a shock; he listens to the light talk of a fashionable dinner-party in one chapter, and to the poetry of Italy or of Syria in another; the themes of love which link together so much variety of space and action in these novels are of a spiritual nature, tenderly and musically touched, and the different stories are sufficiently removed from any positive family resemblance; but one enthusiasm pervades them almost all: it is a true enthusiasm for the genius of the Hebrew race. A combination of modern life and its passing fashions with a spirit of high romance is the only ground which Disraeli and Lord Lytton hold in common.

Lord Lytton's novels and romances take a wider range than Disraeli's.

From the daring, stinging satires of "Pelham" which first awakened the English public to the recognition of Lord Lytton's genius, to the philosophy and humanity of that charming romance called "My Novel," a long line of imaginative works extends, embracing almost every possible phase of life, past or present—modern political life; stirring historical romance; strange, mystical love stories; the romance of art; the romance of crime. It is useless to continue the enumeration of a variety of

subject which seems to exhaust every form of creation in literature. But through all these different types the hand of the same master is felt, and it would be an inattentive reader who failed to perceive the mind of the author of "Pelham" still, in his more mature conceptions—in "Devereux," in "The Last of the Barons," in "Zanoni," and in "The Caxtons." Lord Lytton's novels and romances are popular through the medium of translations both in France and Germany. They have sympathies with the spirit of both nations, without belonging to either school. Indeed, to speak of a German school in novel-writing would be an error. Goethe, the poet who clasps hands with the first in the universe, has also written the most remarkable works of German prose fiction, founded, as before said, a good deal on the model of Rousseau, but distinctly original productions. Auerbach, happily still living, is the author of some charming romances, amongst which his "Auf der Höhe" stands supreme as a production of singular beauty and complete art; but there are few other German novels worth describing.

Since the date of the publication of "Clarissa Harlowe," in 1748, and that of "Waverley," in 1814, no work of fiction so suddenly roused and rivetted the attention of the English public as "Pickwick," by Charles Dickens, which appeared in the year 1836. Its novelty of subject, the originality with which it represented the humours of its own time, its new phases of character, its fresh fields of observation, its genial, irresistible fun, its touches of genuine pathos and the wide range of sympathies which it embraced, made it the wonder and the delight of every English human being who could read in every class of life. It was published in serial numbers, upon the successive appearance of which, crowds flocked to libraries and bookstalls eager for possession. There was not a house, nor a cottage, nor a remote dwelling in England, where the name of the author of "Pickwick" was not gratefully spoken.

The sick and the poor, and the troubled in heart who had ceased to smile at anything, had an unlooked-for laugh wrung from them. The humour of this original young writer, and the popularity of his work, became a public frenzy, and other literature was sunk for the time in the excitement it produced. Dickens had little to do with drawing-rooms: with almost every other sphere he had active sympathies. He had a sense of fun and what may be termed an exaggeration of perception which could so describe dead things as to make them alive with mirth. A bell-pull at an inn, a worn-out toast-rack, a cover lifted by a waiter, the waiter's expression of countenance, a dog, a fly, the paper of a room, could suggest hidden, strange analogies unthought before, but evidently true when brought out by the master hand. The same hand could show all the strange haunts of London, the ludicrous and the grim aspect of them, the miseries of a prison, the boisterous merriment of a tavern, and the individual characteristics of each man in each company, without any apparent effort. Old London inhabitants seemed to know London for the first time through his descriptions, and for the first time, perhaps, they knew the actual sorrows and struggles of those who lived below the surface of its society. They also saw the good gleaming out of the dark abode, the flashes of fine feeling rising up through the weight of grimy misery or enforced sin; the pen which at every stroke could win a smile, could bring a tear too—a productive, sympathetic tear. The author of "Pickwick," in the long list of popular writings which succeeded to that work, and which are so ably reviewed in Mr. Forster's biography that further notice of them here would be superfluous, never lost sight of one motive. He continually and forcibly challenged the attention of the opulent to the toiling, suffering, neglected classes of society. He inveighed against oppression, whether in the school of a Squeers or the infirmary of a workhouse, or wherever else he found it, as the cause of human misery. He used his pictu-

resque power to exhibit the better nature in contrast with the evil circumstances. But while he consistently worked for the welfare of humanity, he also consistently abhorred the cant of philanthropy and mock religionism. Some of his most vigorous caricatures were examples of this kind, and are to be found in the characters of the Shepherd, of Pecksniff, of Honeythunder, and a host of others too numerous to name here.

The immortal glory of Dickens is not told by the immediate popularity of his novels, but by their action upon the minds of men in drawing them towards suffering, and pointing out the shame which attaches to the neglect of it. Many reforms, much educational progress, much care for the weak and the poor, have been due to the stir made by his genius; and should it ever happen, as may be sadly foreboded, that his works, with most besides that is admirable in literature, should sink under the rapid accumulation of fresh productions, the effect of what he has done will still remain, still continuing to win from the future new seeds of good. Dickens has also originated types of character which may outlive the stories they appear in. He has been charged with exaggeration as an artist, and not always untruly. But with a picturesque power so remarkable, a grasp of sympathies so large, with perceptions so intense, and so strong a purpose, it is impossible that exaggeration should be altogether avoided. Dickens had an extraordinary vividness of sight. In the grey dulness of a London atmosphere, things showed to him as under the beam of an electric light; and owing to this peculiarity, partly physical, partly acquired, too much detail crowded into his pictures, and too frequent a flash marred some of his effects. The one thing wanting to his genius was repose—not indeed at all times, for there is many a little tender glade and shadowy halting-place in his pages—but, viewing his works as a whole, the abundance of creation turthens the narrative. Some critics have compared Dickens to Balzac because of his power of seeing and describing the

furniture of life. But the two writers have nothing more than a singularly keen sight in common. Balzac was a worker in iniquity; an originator of types of sin; an anatomizer of disease. Dickens looks on such things in order to redeem the beautiful from their soil. Balzac goes into bright scenes to find pollution. He shows the canker in the rose; he exhibits depravity, with little to relieve it. His laugh is a grin; his humour is a satire; with him tenderness is a mask; and the only love he recognizes is passion. His detail both in the objective and subjective is of a marvellous accuracy, and in unflinching power dealing with a scene of utter despair, he is equalled only by Shakespeare. The last scene of "*Le Père Goriot*" is to prose what "*King Lear*" is to poetry. The constant presence of the cruel, the malignant, and the low in Balzac's composition, without the relief of contrasting good, is a blemish in art; but it made his pictures the subjects of a devouring curiosity when they first appeared, and Frenchmen, and, still more, Englishmen, revelled in them as exhibitions of the abnormal and the terrible. They affected French literature considerably for a long period: a taste for the elaborate painting of disease and of ugliness set in as a fashion from the date of the publication of Balzac's first acknowledged novel, called "*La Peau de Chagrin*," and it survives still; survives the death of the author, and survives the decay of his works in popularity. So long as the literature of the past holds together, Balzac's works will be admired by all critics for their skill, their force, and their passion, but the exaggerated leaning to vice, the too constant use of the dissecting knife which forced them upon general attention while they were new, begins to weary now, and a satiated public turns to seek something more alluring. At the present day, Balzac's novels are read with more avidity in England than in France, and in England their effect in inducing a taste for the revolting may also be traced throughout the region of creative art.

The later novels and romances of George Sand (unhappily the early ones are unreadable) have a counteracting influence. They dwell on the beautiful in art and nature; they embrace all the most charming scenery of the world; they bring air and light from heaven; they are full of the richest harmonies of music; life in them is roving and adventurous; they exhibit infinite diversity of character; they show examples of unaffected goodness and strength in woman, of generosity and honesty in men; they are full of poetry and full of life; and the style in which the narratives are told is the perfection of the French language—a language which has gone on gaining freedom, and the beauty of freedom, since the date of Rousseau's first bursts of eloquence, and which has found its most powerful master in the genius of Victor Hugo. "*Les Misérables*" is the greatest prose writing of that great poet. His copious vocabulary disdains the limits of the dictionary; where he wills to tread he makes his own road; with his huge axe he cuts his way before him, and climbs to his summit. Classical Frenchmen shake their heads at "*Les Misérables*," and say it is a great work, but it is not written in French. It has helped to make French: the language which a century ago was meagre, is full now, and yields harmonies to the poets which they dared not touch before. Victor Hugo's "*Misérables*" is more like a grand epic than a novel or a romance. It takes a large survey of human life; it strikes every chord of pity for misery and pain; it rouses every sympathy for the noble; it exhibits the austere, the cruel, the humorous, the beautiful, side by side; it drags the light of virtue out of sunless places; it follows vice to its most wretched haunt; it exhibits woman in her purity and in her degradation; it holds up a type of almost divine perfection in a priest and in a convict. It leaves few subjects untouched, and in every touch there is interest. Hugo's subsequent prose works have been inferior to "*Les Misérables*," and it is not possible that he will ever surpass it. It

cannot be spoken of merely with reference to its own time; it is the result of all time, and does not address itself to the special taste of any single epoch.

The poet looks to all ages: the satirist directs his force more immediately upon his own day. There are satires, however, such as those contained in the brilliant novels of Peacock, which lash mankind all round, everywhere; not concerning themselves with the follies of fashion, but with the general weaknesses or eccentricities of humanity. Peacock dealt mostly with its eccentricities. He was a complete master of English: he cut deep. Mixed with his serious satire there was a wild flow of humour, jovial as that of Rabelais, and mixed with his humour there was a classical lore always showing itself, not pedantically, but naturally, because the author could not help it. Over the whole a musical grace is dominant, and the songs with which the narratives are interspersed are among the most exquisite in the English language. "Maid Marian" is the best known of Peacock's novels; but "Headlong Hall," "Nightmare Abbey," "Crotchet Castle," "The Misfortunes of Elfin," and "Gryll Grange," are not less excellent as works of art. Peacock was a contemporary of Charles Lamb, and the literature of his period was elaborate and thoughtful, and bore the stamp of cultivation and care—too much perhaps for the general reader of the present day; but men who care to think and to linger over beauty turn to it still with delight.

The writings of Thackeray were more special in their satire than Peacock's. Thackeray dealt chiefly with the frivolities, the vanities, the petty jealousies and miserable aims and ends, heart-burnings, and frauds of fashionable life. His "Vanity Fair" is a painful exposure of such a mode of existence. He has the strength of Le Sage. His style is easy and finished, and he has the true

art which looks like simplicity. He has occasional touches of generosity and tenderness which relieve the bitterness of his sarcasm; and, in some of his novels, especially in "Esmond" and in "The Virginians," he leaves the stifling atmosphere of London drawing-rooms for freer air and more imaginative regions. All the good that satire can do must have been done by his works. As a satirist he has not been surpassed, and as a writer of English he should be read as a perfect model. He is unhappily to be counted now as a writer of the past—cut off, as Charles Dickens also was, in the fulness of his power. He has left in his gifted daughter a successor worthy of his name; but those who are continuing to produce fresh blossoms among us are not to be criticized in these pages, and for this reason the beautiful and powerful productions of George Eliot, and the admirable novels of Anthony Trollope, with many other works of genius, have not been mentioned.

The field of American prose fiction is too extensive for surveying here at present, and must be reserved for a future occasion. Yet, before closing this paper, it may be well to call attention to the remarkable American novel called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as a work which made an extraordinary sensation at the date of its publication, being written with the avowed object of putting down slavery. The narrative was forcible and pathetic, and roused the ladies of England into vehement anti-slavery demonstrations. It stirred the American mind no less.

Slavery in America is abolished now, owing to a concurrence of circumstance and of thought, to which thought "Uncle Tom" without doubt added some animation; but the novel has ceased to be popular, annihilated by the exaggerations which in almost all cases attach themselves to the novelist who writes with a direct mission.

JULIET POLLOCK.

EAST EUROPE.

RAILWAYS are rapidly invading the border provinces of Eastern Europe, carrying by assault the few strongholds of Old-World traditions, customs, and costumes that civilization has hitherto spared, and lessening the happiness of comparatively unsophisticated populations, by increasing what is erroneously called their prosperity—as if augmenting the number of a man's wants, by suddenly and unnaturally adding to his means, were in reality contributing to the increment of his felicity! In a few years even the picturesqueness of the East-European peoples will have disappeared, as have already their frugality, truthfulness, and love of labour. Throughout Hungary, the Banat, Transylvania, and the two Rouman Principalities, the bourgeoisie has exchanged its national costume for the dress which is common to the middle classes of Central and Western Europe. The hideous, oppressive, and prosaic chimney-pot hat has replaced the romantic and comfortable *schirák* and *kuczma*; the shooting-jacket has ousted the *attila* and *halena*; trousers, which rob every leg they clothe of its individuality, conceal the symmetry of many a sturdy limb which the *naschrag*, with the aid of a trim stocking and a few metal buttons, would set off agreeably. With the women it is still worse; especially if we go one step down the social ladder, and consider the peasantry. Bright colours are fading out of their petticoats and bodices; they are coming, in the matter of raiment, to that dismal blue complexion that afflicts the bronze ploughwoman, husband-wife, reaperess, and female slave to the soil in general, of Italy, Germany, Austria, and France. The "civilizing" railway brings them this stuff of livid hue (its intrinsic

hideousness frequently exaggerated by the superimposition of countless white spots, peculiarly distressing to the eye) in such enormous quantities, and at prices so moderate, that they are virtually compelled to take to it; and the gay scarlets and greens, purples and yellows, are doomed to play a subordinate part (and that only of a Sunday) where formerly they reigned paramount.

One of the immediate and inevitable results of the penetration by a railway of any country hitherto self-supporting in the way of edible and potable products, and dependent upon post-road, river, and canal locomotive facilities for its clothing, implements, and luxuries of all sorts, is that in the neighbourhood of the new line wages rise, luxuries become comparatively cheap, and necessities positively dear. That his wife can purchase pomatum at sixpence instead of ninepence a pot, does not compensate the labouring man for the injury he sustains by an advance in the prices of bread, meat, and wine, and by the raising of his rent; which changes in the conditions of his existence accompany, if they do not by a little precede, the raising of his own wages if he be merely another man's servant, or the improvement in the marketable value of whatever commodity he produces if he be an exploiter of land, labour, or skill on his own account. And with increased means (for human nature will not have it otherwise) come expenditure disproportionate to the increment suggesting it; ambition to appear something more than he is, or at least than his neighbour is; discontent with his lot; and several other heralds of civilization, gaudily garbed as heralds should be, and blowing their trumpets with such vigour that one cannot choose but hear; but, to a discriminating ear, the blaze

of those trumpets is a sound rather of menace than of joyful announcement.

Up to the year 1867 the Principalities, in the very teeth of their manifest destiny, preserved their immunity from the inroads of the steam-horse. As much ingenuity, indeed, was expended to prevent railways from crossing the Rouman frontier as if they had been armies of occupation, or, worse still, Effendim belonging to the Turkish Treasury Department, on special mission to demand payment of tribute to the Padishah—that tribute which his great Danubian vassals are so strangely forgetful to hand over annually, or indeed at any time, to their lord. Circassia had a railway of her own, part of the African Desert was intersected by an iron road, ere Roumania, a country lying right across one of the thoroughfares to the East, could boast of a single mile of rails. Servia, through which another of those natural highways should penetrate, has not even yet fully complied with the requirements of the age. She is reluctantly building her railways, but not with her own money; and, but that needy men wield the power of the State during Milano's minority, to whom the pickings of concessions have proved temptations irresistible, it may be doubted whether the haughty pig-breeders and distillers who make up the Skupchina, or Legislative Body, would of themselves have consented to forego the isolation of Servia, hitherto virtually absolute, surrounded though she is by countries closely akin to her through the race, speech, and religion of their inhabitants; an isolation brought about by the fierce temper and rigorous frugality of this hardy Slavonic tribe, which, having been for centuries subjected to terrible oppression, has rid itself of, but never forgiven, its oppressors—and has conceived a dislike towards all its neighbours, having been in times past successively the victim of one and another, actively or passively its foes. A country that has served as the battle-ground upon which mighty powers have chosen to fight out their quarrels à *plusieurs reprises* cannot be

expected to entertain lively affections for those who have, in dismal alternation, destroyed its crops, devoured its live stock, and burnt its villages! Besides, the Serbs have been hardened by ages of extreme poverty, the result of tributes without number, arbitrarily demanded and collected by means of fire and sword, to a simplicity of habits and paucity of wants that render them scornfully indifferent to the advantages promised them to accrue from the "opening up" of their grim little Fatherland by railway communication. They produce nearly everything that they require within its limits, roughly fabricated enough, coarse in material and wanting in finish; and they have hitherto experienced no ambition to supply themselves with better articles from abroad; whilst luxury is unknown, even in the houses of the wealthiest men. Bribes judiciously administered to those few of their leading functionaries who, having been educated abroad, have contracted tastes and developed faculties of enjoyment which their slender patrimonies and more slender official salaries by no means permit them to gratify, have vanquished the reluctance which Servia has consistently manifested, ever since her vassaldom became a merely nominal one, to coming into that league of Eastern civilization of which Austria has been the sincere and Russia the pretended propagandist for more than a hundred years past.

Of a totally different nature were the obstacles that for more than a lustum delayed the admission of Roumania into the Bradshaw Confederation. Somehow or other the great capitalists of Europe, into whose hands, either directly or through the financial companies they have created and still sway, all enterprises of any sensible magnitude are committed, failed to repose that implicit confidence in the integrity of Rouman Governments, whether of the fiery red or true-blue colour, that would have justified them in risking their millions upon the faith of a Moldo-Wallachian State guarantee. Whilst John Alexander Couza, the betting Boyard of

Galatz, sat upon the Hospodarial *pouf* of the twin Principalities (the union of which into one realm he was mainly instrumental in effecting), the 'Changes of Vienna, Frankfort, and Berlin entertained an unfavourable opinion of the country's solvability, as well as of its honesty; and that there was a solid foundation for what the glib Boyard himself used to deprecate as a cruel and groundless prejudice, may be fairly assumed upon evidence that was produced by the Triumvirate, immediately after Couza's abdication had been wrung from him by a *coup de main*. One out of a dozen startling facts that then came to light will serve to justify in some degree the distrust above alluded to. When, having transferred their ex-Hospodar in the early morn to Kotrocheni, on his way to the frontier, Messrs. Ghika, Catargiu, and Mavrogeni proceeded to take stock of the Public Treasury's contents, they found, in bullion, twelve ducats (about £5 14s.), the only sum immediately available wherewith to carry on the business of administering the nation's affairs. Inquiry into the state of matters at the different State departments led to the still more astonishing revelation that the army, for the maintenance of which the taxes had not only been repeatedly raised, but had actually been collected, to the painful surprise and discomfiture of the newly emancipate peasantry, had not received any pay for several months, and that the utter impecuniosity of the State had left its defenders in such straits that to the horses of the two cavalry regiments then garrisoning Bucharest no fodder of any kind had been served out for the twenty-four hours preceding Couza's seizure. But for these legitimate causes of discontent, it may be parenthetically observed, the army, to which Couza had been prodigal of favours, would have probably remained faithful to him in spite of all his shortcomings; and as it was, nothing but the almost starving condition of their horses prevented his spoilt children, the Lancers, from starting to rescue him from Colonel Pilat, Major Leko, and

their myrmidons, as soon as it came to the knowledge of that crack regiment that its patron and commander had been basely kidnapped in the dead of the night, by men whom he had raised from social obscurity to high military rank. Empty hayracks assuredly averted the jovial and astute Prince's recapture; luckily, perhaps, for him, as his betrayers had bound themselves by an oath to take his life if they should find themselves to be pursued by an armed force superior to their own. The empty Treasury presented a difficulty to be dealt with by the Triumvirate. It was only after it had been temporarily replenished that men set themselves seriously to consider what had become of the money; and the financiers, upon whose entertainment State guarantees for the construction and cost of Roumanian railways had been ardently urged by agent after agent of his Highness's Government, received the congratulations of their friends for their prudence and sagacity.

Since the good-looking youth who carried Bratiano's carpet-bag ashore from the "*accélére*" steamer at Giurgevo, in the early autumn of 1866, has ruled the roast at Bucuresci, the distrustfulness of contractors and bankers anent the value of Roumanian State responsibility, which they formerly were averse to discount on the most tempting terms, has become materially allayed. It was felt that not only did Prince Carol not stand alone, but that his backers were of the strongest. Having planted him out on "Vorposten" duty at such a distance from the main body of his comrades, the great political captain of the age, it was assumed (who never does anything by halves), would certainly not fail to support him when it might be needful, and would not, unless compelled thereto by some enormous exigency, abandon him so long as he carried out his instructions and behaved himself decently. The Pickelhaube and Zundnadelgewehr were, rightly or wrongly, deemed to be sustainers *in posse* of Carol I., *quoad* his subjects, should the latter turn out recalcitrant or even troublesome; and

it was not unnatural that a well-grounded faith in the irresistibility of these Teutonic institutions should have prompted the Germans to take the initiative in devoting their spare cash to the development of enterprises the genuineness of which appeared to them to be guaranteed by Krupp and Dreyse. Dacian railway shares found a ready, nay, an eager market in the 'Changes of the Fatherland ; a financial genius of the first rank amongst Latter-day speculators was the *concessionaire* of the more important lines. His luck, become a proverb amongst his countrymen, imparted itself for a while to Rouman railway stock ; money flowed into the Principalities ; armies of Polish, Slovack, and Wendish labourers were transported, under German leaderships, to the Trans-Carpathian provinces, and in a leash of years the capital of Roumania was linked to its chief provincial cities and commercial *emporia* by iron roads of serviceable if not excellent quality.

Dacia, therefore, is undergoing at last that process of transformation, conventionally called civilization, in which railway communication plays so leading a part. That little obscure corner of Europe, known to a limited class of commercial Englishmen as a practically inexhaustible granary, and to the general public as a sort of No-man's Land, liable to be "occupied" at any moment by Russian, Turkish, or Austrian armies—in which, even now, the *fanatico pell'* '*antichita*' may contemplate thousands of humble, contented, ignorant, picturesque people, who live, dress, and speak in much the same manner as their ancestors did eighteen hundred years ago—has been annexed by £ s. d., brought to its bearings by a dumpy level, and enregistered in the columns of a timetable. How long will the descendants of Trajan's legionaries preserve the individuality which an isolation that dates from the commencement of the Christian era has enabled them to maintain intact until now ? The lofty stature, dignified carriage, aquiline nose, and sweet, sonorous tongue may endure for a few gene-

rations to come, until the incursions of Slavish and Teutonic settlers shall have crossed the breed out of knowledge ; but how long will the flowing toga of skins, the furred bonnet, the leather buskin and sandal, girdle and sash, hold their own against cheap Manchester cottons, French and Belgian cloths, and rubbishing German "dry goods" ? Galatz, Buzeu, Roman, Ibraila, are railway stations ! Who, in English middle-class society, even knew where those places were situate some half-dozen years ago ? In the autumn of 1865 it happened to the writer of these lines to be sent on a special mission to the Principalities. On his way to the capital of Roumania, he had been ordered to convey some despatches of importance to the hands of an exalted personage then in Galatz ; and this fact he happened to mention, in course of conversation, to a well-known M.P. whom he met accidentally at dinner on the eve of his departure. "Rather hot, still, for Spain, is it not ? However, I congratulate you, for it is a most interesting country," was the legislator's kindly comment upon the communication. Just before the Austro-Prussian war broke out, an English corn merchant, having established a branch house on the Lower Danube, and invested a little more capital than he could conveniently spare from his regular business in a small fleet of iron barges and steamtugs for the conveyance of grain from store depôts at various stations on the river to the loading places near its mouth (a highly remunerative carrying trade), sought to *renter dans son argent* by handing his *schlepps*, &c., over to a company in the manner with which the last decade has made every owner of any marketable property so agreeably familiar. He prepared a glowing though truthful prospectus, and took it to an eminent financier, anxious to secure his name for the list of directors and his good word for the enterprise, which was all but launched. After reading the prospectus carefully, and listening with polite attention to the further explanations by which Mr. ——— endeavoured to

render the scheme irresistibly attractive, the man of millions observed : "Capital prospectus ! Most excellent project, I am sure, Mr. —. All very clear and unmistakable—except one thing—*Where is the Danube ?*"

It is given but to few to be accurately informed respecting men, events, and localities ; indeed, accuracy is probably the rarest attribute of modern society. We know so much about everything, that we are incapable of correctness with regard to any one particular fact. The British member, renowned for his acquaintance with foreign politics, and regularly put up by his party to speak upon the Eastern Question, who, being abruptly challenged by an old continental loungeur to point out Belgrade on the map, without hesitation boldly thrust his finger into the centre of East Prussia, —the French Secretary of Embassy in Vienna (now a *Chargé d'Affaires* representing the Republic in a southern clime), who, hearing the King of Württemberg mentioned in a political discussion during the 1866 war, unaffectedly exclaimed, "*Le Roi de Württemberg ! Qu'est ce que c'est que cela ?*"—were by no means out-of-the-way examples of the slip-sloppiness with which men get up what they suppose to be knowledge upon subjects having direct and essential bearing upon the occupations of their lives. It is not to be expected, of course, that all people of average education and intelligence, putting British legislators and foreign diplomatists out of the question, should know "all about the Danube" and its ripal territories, although it is the largest European river, and although it will be about the title to those countries on its either bank that the next great struggle for supremacy in the old world will probably be fought out. But it is a curious example of carelessness, as manifested by persons whose special business it is to be accurate, and at whose disposal are placed copious and exceptional sources of information, that the leading journals of Europe and the great telegraphic agencies, when they deal with the Danubian Principalities, almost in-

variably misspell the names of towns and of men, Rouman or Slavonic, which should be "household words" in their respective offices ; and, oddly enough, persist in misspelling them in a particular way, with a painstaking in the repetition of error that might just as well be bestowed upon the achievement of correctness. For instance, the thriving town of Buzeu, half-way between Bucuresci (commonly misnamed Bucharest) and Braila, at which, in the posting days now relegated to the limbo of tradition, every traveller between the Wallachian capital and the great Roumanian ports was fain to pass the night—a circumstance which, owing to the peculiarly loathsome accommodation provided by the owners of the two highly lepidopterous *krisme* (inns) constituting the entertainment resources of the town, must have ineradicably impressed the name of Buzeu upon the memories of all those who have visited it—is almost without exception spelt "Busen" in the telegraphic columns of English, French, German, and Italian newspapers. No matter that it is now an important station, at which there is a *buffet* and twenty minutes' "interval for refreshment." The other day, when it was the scene of a riot, in which the Jews were hunted down by their debtors, according to the pleasant custom of the country, members mentioning it in the House, philanthropists sending round the hat for subscriptions wherewith to comfort the harried Israelites (there is a good deal to be said, by the way, on the other side of that question), and newspapers printing indignation leaders on the barbarism of these "Oriental Christians," all were unanimous in the use of the "Busen" version.

Roumania, however, now that access to her cities has been rendered easy, and that a practicable short cut to Stamboul has been driven transversely through both her Principalities, must soon emerge from the obscurity in which, with occasional flashes of notoriety, she has been content to grovel for as many centuries as go to make up the annals of Christianity. Well for her had

she never emerged from that blissful state of comparative insignificance which leaves long blanks of real prosperity in the history of a nation! But for the covetousness of her neighbours, periodically aroused by the intrinsic value of her products and the almost marvellous fertility of her soil, her archives had resembled the diary of a child—most trustworthy record of happiness by reason of its dearth of incident. But for the mutual jealousies of those powerful and martial neighbours, she had long since been definitely annexed by one or other of them, and forcibly despoiled of the humble and inoffensive but romantic individuality which she has preserved so long, only to resign it with good grace at the behest of "civilization." It may be hoped that at some future time civilization will reward her sacrifice by condescending to observe the rules of orthography when describing the Locomotive's latest conquest.

A conquest, indeed, of which the Steam Genius and his mighty familiar, Capital, may be justly proud! Roumania is the Canaan of Europe, veritably overflowing with milk and honey, and many other natural products far more valuable and even more nutritious than those *summa bona* of Mosaic "prospecting." Filled with rude implements, the pattern and make of which have suffered scarcely any alteration since Virgil wrote his "Georgics," the soil of its plains will bring forth year after year crops of maize that overtop the pennon of an Uhlan's spear as he sits on his charger with ordered lance. Its vines are laden in the early autumn with large clusters of grapes, five and six pounds being no uncommon weight to be attained by the finer bunches. Its hares and partridges are nearly as large again and of a more delicate flavour than those indigenous to England and France. The average weight of a full-grown young hare in Moldavia is 12 lb.; and the writer has more than once had the good fortune to include an overgrown adult of over 15 lbs. in his day's bag. To the lovers of large and combative game the

Carpathians offer good store of bears (not mild little honey gluttons like the Pyrenean bruin, but good, strong, ferocious fellows, who would a good deal rather rend you than not), wild boars, the largest and fiercest of their kind in Europe, and wild cats with sanguinary proclivities. Wolves abound all over both Principalities, to which several varieties of deer are also native. Bustard by hundreds, quail by thousands, frequent the enormous maize fields; the rivers and lakes swarm with fish (Danube is famous for his sturgeon); there is buffalo in plenty on the river islands; and all sorts of fancy shooting in the way of pelican, condor, white-headed eagle, and water-fowl. Some of the white wines are equal in every respect to the finest growths of Bordeaux and Burgundy; and, but a few years ago, Odobesti and other famous brands, for which, labelled "Chateau Yquem" or "Montrachet," no connoisseur would grudge twenty francs a bottle at Bignon's or Vachette's, could be purchased in any decent country krisma on the high road, for about three piastres, or eight-pence a bottle. Already its price has more than doubled, and as soon as it becomes known abroad it will compete with and probably fetch more money than the Bakators and Nesmelyers of Magyarland. Civilization will leave the Roumans but little of it for home consumption, and will give them as a substitute bad beer or worse spirits.

Bucuresci is bidding fair to rival Vienna and Berlin in dearth of living; indeed, it would appear that the leading restaurants of the Podo Mogosoi are running Sacher's and Hiller's, or even the Boulevard Cafés Restaurateurs of Paris, hard in the matter of extravagant charges. House-rents have risen in Galatz, Braila, and even Jassy; the fine mansion that Couza the Boyard gambled away at *baccarat*, and in which the business of the Galatz Bourse is daily transacted, has attained a value that must cause his ex-Highness's bosom to heave with many a sigh of fruitless regret as he thinks of the com-

paratively trifling stake against which he set, and lost it on the strength of a seven and a two. Horses and cattle, though still cheaper than in Western Europe, have undergone an extraordinary advance in value. A pair of strong, sound, and fast ponies could be bought in Wallachia seven years ago for eight ducats (about 3*l.* 16*s.*) Their price now would be from 30*l.* to 40*l.* In the winter of 1866, an exceptionally severe one, during which fodder was scarce and dear, the peasants offered their live stock at fabulously low prices, and many a cow, with her calf by her side, went begging at two yermalicks, or 8*s.* 3*d.* This year ten or twelve times that amount might be bid for a heifer in vain throughout the Danubian Delta. Good tobacco costs a guinea a pound in Bucuresci; even the rachin (raki, a sweet spirit distilled from grain), of which, within the last ten years, a quantity sufficient to intoxicate a rhinoceros could be procured for twopence, has kept pace with the general rise, and is by way of classing itself among the liqueurs, at least as regards its price.

Roumania was never the abode of the virtues; but her immoralities, until lately, were of the patriarchal sort, naïvely committed and naïvely tolerated. Now they are becoming as vulgar and sordid as the vices of highly-civilized countries. She has got a national debt, as befits a rising and ambitious country; she has got a standing army, for which she has not the least occasion, and which costs her *les yeux de la tête*; she has made strenuous efforts to provide herself with a navy, despite the fact that Nature has omitted to endow her with a single yard of sea-board—indeed, she got once as far as nominating two admirals and fitting out a war-steamer on the Danube, which might have remained a floating menace to Europe up to the present moment but for having been deftly run down on its first cruise by an Austrian passenger-boat; and now she has got hereditary monarchy, the right of coining moneys, and, finally, railways in considerable profusion. Even to parliamentary institutions, she possesses every attribute of “civilization.” “And yet,” as Mr. Toole would say, “she is not happy!”

WM. BEATTY KINGSTON.

OUR COAL SUPPLY.

THE subject of the quantity and duration of our supply of coal can scarcely be said to have become a public question till the debates on the Commercial Treaty with France in 1860. Long before that, however, the possibility of the exhaustion, at a not very remote date, of our mineral treasures, had engaged the attention of scientific men. In 1842, Dr. Buckland successfully urged upon Sir Robert Peel the wisdom of imposing a duty upon the export of a commodity which, when destroyed, could not be replaced. The repeal of this duty in pursuance of the Treaty, and the anticipated increase in the consumption of coal, provoked a discussion which served to popularize a subject the consideration of which had been hitherto restricted to learned societies and professional men. When *Punch* depicted John Bull receiving from the French Emperor a bottle of light wine and handing him in exchange a scuttleful of black diamonds, with a countenance in which neighbourly regard was mingled with the apprehension of having made a bad bargain, the caricature expressed fairly enough a latent feeling of uneasiness as to the prudence of yet further augmenting the consumption of an invaluable commodity. In 1861, Professor Hull published his "Coalfields of Great Britain," in which he made an estimate of the resources of the British coalfields, based on the researches of the Geological Survey of which he was himself a member. In 1863, Sir W. Armstrong, in his opening address to the British Association, referred at length to the coal supply of this country, the future of which was, he said, a matter of no little anxiety. In 1866, the publication of Professor Jevons' computation that in three generations all the coal lying at a less depth

than four thousand feet would be exhausted, invested the subject with still more importance. Mr. Mill quoted Mr. Jevons' conclusions in a debate on the Malt Tax, and, in a speech whose only fault was its brevity, enlarged upon the necessity of diminishing the national liabilities at once, instead of leaving them, unreduced, to a posterity which may be but ill able to discharge them, because deprived of the most important factor in production. Mr. Gladstone, when introducing the budget of 1866, adopted a similar line of reasoning, and made the coal question the argument for a scheme for extending the operation of terminable annuities. But meanwhile, no further effort than that of Mr. Hull had been made to ascertain, in a comprehensive and accurate manner, the actual quantity of coal still unwrought in the country. At length, in June 1866, Mr. Hussey Vivian, the member for Glamorganshire, brought the subject before the House of Commons. In a speech of great ability, he questioned Mr. Hull's and Mr. Jevons' estimates, made light of the difficulties attendant on greater depth of working and on better ventilation, and concluded by moving for a Royal Commission, rather with the view of allaying public anxiety than because he shared at all in the frequent rumours of coming exhaustion. The motion was agreed to, and a Commission, consisting of some of the most eminent geologists and mining engineers of the present day, and with the Duke of Argyll as chairman, was constituted in June 1866. On the 27th of July 1871, the Commission presented its general report, based upon twenty-two sub-reports, the work during five years of five committees and twenty special commissioners. The labours of the Commission occupy in all three

volumes, of which only the first, containing the general and sub-reports, is at present published. By means of these, we hope to lay before our readers materials for the reply to the momentous question, How long will our coal last?

At the outset the subject divides itself into two main branches, viz. the quantity of coal still remaining in our known coalfields, and the probability or otherwise of the existence of new fields, hitherto hidden under newer strata. As our readers are aware, the coal-measures of England rest on a stratum of coarse sandstone, known as Millstone Grit, which itself reposes on the great calcareous deposit, the Carboniferous Limestone. Above the coal-measures have been deposited the Permian rocks, consisting of sandstones, dolomitic conglomerate, and magnesian limestone. The Permian is the highest of the Primary or Palæozoic rocks. Above these come the Secondary rocks, embracing the Trias and Lias series, and higher still the Tertiary or modern deposits. Now, during the tremendous convulsions which the Palæozoic strata underwent after the formation of the coal-measures and before the deposit of the Secondary strata, the older rocks were in many cases crumpled up into hills. Then denudation followed, and the newer rocks were deposited horizontally, completely levelling the smaller elevations, but thinning out as they approached the highest eminences. One such convulsion evidently operated in a direction from the south of Ireland along the coast of Wales, on to Frome, and resulted in the uplifting of the Mendip Hills. A similar disturbance elevated the Ardennes. By attention to such physical phenomena as these, and by comparison of the effects produced thereby in one locality with those observable in another, discoveries of the greatest practical value are made. So in the case before us. The known coalfields of Great Britain are, with scarcely an exception, limited to areas within which the coal-bearing strata lie at the

surface, or have been traced under overlying strata by the test of mining operations. But geology by no means admits that these are our only coalfields. She looks beneath the superincumbent formations, and points to large beds of coal under the new red sandstone and Permian rocks in many of the counties in which the existing fields are situated. Thus the latter become, as it has been expressed, "the black fringes of the great red shawl" which conceals virgin stores of mineral wealth. An effort has been made, by a committee of eminent geologists appointed by the Coal Commission, to determine the probable extent and productiveness of these coalfields, and the result arrived at is that, in a variety of districts extending from the valley of the Severn, through the midland counties, beds of coal of over 2,000 square miles in area, and containing upwards of 56,000,000,000 tons, exist under the Permian and sandstone deposits. To the same Committee also was referred the still more interesting and important question of the existence of coal in the south of England. As our readers are doubtless aware, south of a line drawn from Bath to Stamford and Yarmouth, no true coal has yet been found, the whole area being occupied by strata newer than the coal-measures. But even so long ago as 1826, geologists were struck with the resemblance existing between the coalfields of the Meuse and those of the south-west of England. Beyond Valenciennes, the Belgian coalfield was supposed to be lost under the cretaceous deposits, but the discovery subsequently of coal-measures within thirty miles of Calais led to the conclusion that they are prolonged under the chalk in a line with the Thames valley, and so extend to the Bath and Bristol fields. According to this view, which was elaborated by Mr. Godwin-Austen in 1855, the coal-measures of a large portion of England, France, and Belgium were once continuous, until broken up by the great disturbance which tilted up the coal strata to the surface, and formed the

anticlinal of the Ardennes and of South Wales. Now, as the axis of this upheave is accompanied in Belgium and France with the existence of a coal-trough within a workable depth, why may not that trough be continued through the south of England? To the question thus put, Sir Roderick Murchison replies that little coal could be expected to remain under the cretaceous rocks, in consequence of the denudation of the carboniferous rocks previously to the deposition of the Secondary rocks. These are the fundamental points of the subject, which has now been thoroughly investigated by Mr. Prestwich, who substantially endorses the views of Mr. Godwin-Austen, and contends for the existence of a large area of productive coal-measures under the Secondary strata of the south of England. At all events "a few trials for coals," says Mr. Prestwich, "would not be very costly, and could hardly fail in important results, as, in case of failing at once to hit the coal-measures, we might possibly find the Lower Greensands, and thus solve one or other of the great questions—of discovering the productive coal strata of the Somerset and Belgian band, or of obtaining the pure and abundant waters of the Lower Greensands; both considerations of high importance for the metropolis."

In any investigations as to the quantity of coal still remaining in our mines, one consideration of the highest importance is presented: What is the lowest depth at which mining operations can be carried on?—in other words, How much of the total supply of each mine must be omitted from our estimate of available coal, because of the practical impossibility of working it? Now, the difficulties to be encountered in deep mining are of two classes—those of a mechanical nature, and those which are occasioned by the great increase of temperature. The former are by no means insuperable. The cost of steam power for shaft-sinking and coal-hoisting does not greatly increase with the increase of depth, while the use of steel wire ropes

tapering downwards, and the adoption of stages in the shaft, renders it practicable to draw coal from extreme depths. Undoubtedly, the augmented firmness of the strata would make the labour of excavation arduous, but neither in this particular nor in the liability to explosion are there any insurmountable obstacles to deep working. With the latter class, however, the case is very different. The heat of a mine is a foe whose animosity can be but slightly conciliated by human device. To a great extent his opposition must be endured; and it becomes, therefore, of primary importance to ascertain the highest temperature at which healthy labour can be performed. The capacity of the human frame to support heat is, in some cases, almost incredible. Dr. Carpenter mentions that the workmen of the late Sir F. Chantrey were accustomed to enter a furnace in which his moulds were dried, while the floor was red-hot, and the thermometer in the air stood at 350 deg.; while Chabert, the Fire King, was in the habit of entering an oven at a temperature of from 400 to 600 deg. These are, undoubtedly, very extreme cases, even if they be not exaggerated, but it is abundantly clear that workmen in iron-foundries, glass-houses, and gasworks do habitually labour in a temperature which is absolutely intolerable to the occasional visitor. From the voluminous testimony which the Commissioners have collected on this subject, we find that glass-blowers work without serious detriment to health in 180 deg. Fahr.; while Mr. Deden, of the Jermyn-street Turkish Baths, states that the attendants there work constantly in a temperature of 120 deg. Fahr. In both cases, however, relief is frequently obtained by the men employed—the glass-blowers resorting at intervals to the external air, while the employés at the Turkish Bath have the opportunity of applying cold water to their bodies.

It is important to bear in mind that these high temperatures are chiefly dry air temperatures. The body can, of

course, endure a much higher degree of heat in dry air than in moist. Perspiration cools simply by promoting evaporation, and evaporation cannot take place with sufficient rapidity in an atmosphere charged with humidity. Hence the feeling of oppression experienced by most people in hot, damp weather. Now, the air in a mine is generally moist as well as hot, in consequence of the existence of hot-water springs. Thus, in a series of hygrometric observations in coal mines in Lancashire, &c., the temperature of which varied from 60 to 81 deg., the average humidity in relation to saturation was as 88 to 100; while in the shampooing chamber of the Jermyn-street Turkish Bath, where the dry bulb ranged from 112 to 114 deg., the average humidity was only as 33 to 100, showing a degree of dryness far in excess of that in coal mines. In consequence, therefore, of this moisture of the atmosphere, and of the severe conditions under which mining is performed—the dislodging of the coal requiring great exertion, frequently in a constrained posture and in comparative darkness—the same degree of heat which would be sustained with little or no inconvenience in a Turkish bath or glass-house would be simply intolerable in a mine. In a Cornish mine, where the air is heated by a hot spring to 117 deg. and saturated with moisture, it is found impossible for the miners to work more than three hours in the twenty-four, or for more than from ten to fifteen minutes at a time. At the expiration of each short spell of labour, the miner goes to the cooler part of the excavation to rest. “At that moment he is,” to quote Dr. Sanderson’s words, “no longer capable of exertion. Perspiration pours from his body, his heart and arteries pulsate visibly at the rate of 120 to 150 per minute; his bodily temperature, measured by a thermometer placed in the mouth, is over 100 deg. Fahr., and he complains of a sensation of extreme heat. After sitting in a current of humid air, at a temperature of 81 deg., and allowing cool water to pour over his body, the distress and exhaustion

pass off, and in half an hour the heart beats with but natural frequency, and the temperature in the mouth falls below 98 degrees.” Obviously only men of exceptionally robust constitution could work under such conditions as these, while even with them the labour must be intermittent, and well-ventilated cooling places must be at hand. Again, at Monkwearmouth Colliery, with a temperature of 81 deg., relative humidity 87, the men, in consequence of the high temperature, work shorter hours. A temperature, therefore, of about 81 deg. represents the point at which the heat becomes detrimental. On the whole, Dr. Sanderson thinks that mining is not practicable in moist air of a temperature equal to that of the blood, viz. 98 degrees, excepting at very short intervals, and that even at 90 deg. the loss would be very considerable.

Taking 98 deg., then, as the extreme limit at which mining operations are within the scope of human endurance, the next point to be determined is, at what depth is that temperature met with? In this country the temperature of the earth is constant, at a depth of fifty feet, at 50 deg. Fahr., and increases 1 deg. for every sixty feet of depth. At this rate the point at which a temperature of 98 deg. would be reached would be 3,000 feet below the surface. This calculation, however, makes no allowance for ventilation. The problem how adequately to ventilate deep mines is one the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated either in its bearing upon the future of our coal trade, or in its relation to the preservation of the life and limb of the miner. The subject is, however, encompassed with difficulties. In deep mines the outlay of capital involved in sinking pits to coal lying at extreme depths would make it necessary to work a large area of coal from each sinking. This in turn would require air-courses of great length. Now, improvement of ventilation means the transmission through these passages of greater volumes of air. Greater volume can be obtained either by increasing the velocity of the current or by en-

larging the sectional area of the shafts and air-courses. Increase of velocity is practically impossible, because of the enormous power required to produce it. Enlarged shafts, therefore, must be resorted to. But even with increased volumes of air, it seems clear that the diminution of temperature would be inconsiderable, except in the immediate vicinity of the incoming current. The difference of summer and winter, it is well known, is imperceptible in deep mines, except at short distances from the shaft. With the view of elucidating this point, Sir William Armstrong, one of the Commissioners, undertook a series of experiments in which air was forced through pipes of different lengths and sizes immersed in hot water, the temperatures being observed at the point of emergence. In these experiments the pipes represented the air-courses of a deep mine, the hot water being the heated strata through which the air would be conveyed. It was uniformly found that with short pipes, representing short distances from the shaft, increased circulation had considerable effect in reducing temperature, but in the longer pipes the cooling effects of the augmented volume of air was insignificant. These results accord exactly with observations made in the Rosebridge Colliery—the deepest mine in England—and show that in air-passages of great length increased disparity of temperature is quickly subdued by the accelerated absorption of heat which it occasions. So far, then, as experience has hitherto gone, it appears that even in mines where the most approved expedients are in operation, and the “long-wall” system of mining is adopted, ventilation cannot be relied on to effect a diminution of temperature averaging more than 7 deg. This reduction represents, according to the estimate just mentioned, an additional depth of 420 feet, so that the depth at which the temperature of the air would become equal to the heat of the blood would be about 3,420 feet. Allowing, then, an ample margin for the improvements which may hereafter be made in ventilation, such as, for example,

the exclusion of all moisture from the “intake” air, we arrive at a depth of 4,000 feet to which we may assume it would be practicable for human effort to penetrate, and which must, therefore, be made the limit of our available supplies of coal.

How much coal, then, have we at present in our coalfields within the limits just mentioned? The answer to this question involves nothing less than a detailed and skilled examination of each of our coal mines, and this, in turn, implies the measurement of each seam of coal and an accurate estimate of its resources, and of the probable waste in working it, based upon an acquaintance with all the geological and physical conditions of the neighbourhood. The difficulties which encompass such an undertaking are manifold. The frequent occurrence of “faults” in the seams, completely altering, in some cases, the character of the formation; the irregularity in the thickness of the seams, so that seams three or four feet thick in one colliery thin out to such an extent as to be practically unworkable in another; the change in the constitution of the coal itself, so that what is good coal at one pit becomes too sulphurous for use at another; the probable liability to explosion, or to flooding,—all these and other considerations form so many disturbing elements in the calculation. Again, no estimate of the capacities of the future can be satisfactory which has not been grounded upon the actual experience of the past. But in many cases, owing to the carelessness of proprietors or to other causes, the information as to the past yield of the pits is traditional and not documentary, while the plans of old excavations are incorrect and insufficient. Under these circumstances, of course, only an approximate estimate can be made. But that such a calculation could be made at all is a gratifying proof of the advance of geological and mining science in this country. Each of the great coalfields of the United Kingdom has been entrusted to a Commissioner, who has, to use the words of one of them, “computed each series of

seams with as much care as if purchase and sale depended on it." Of the labours expended in the mapping of the seams and the computation of quantities, no one can have any adequate idea who has not looked into the ponderous volumes which contain the reports and plans. The reports distinguish each vein of coal, and show its extent in acres, the total quantity of coal originally contained therein, the deductions for faults, waste, &c., the amount of coal already excavated, and the net quantity of coal remaining unwrought. And these are the results of this great stock-taking in our national coal-cellar :—

	Tons.
Probable quantity of coal actually existing in the ascertained coalfields of the United Kingdom . .	90,207,000,000
Coal which probably exists at workable depths under the Permian, New Red Sandstone, and other superincumbent strata .	56,273,000,000
Making an aggregate quantity available for future use, of	146,480,000,000

These being the estimates of our available coal, let us now see what relation they bear to our consumption. The latter has grown with marvellous rapidity. It is impossible, indeed, not to be struck with the very short space of time which has sufficed for the development of the coal trade. Coal mines are not even mentioned in Domesday Book; the Boldon Book of Henry II. only hints at "coal-finders;" and the mineral was not recognized by authority till 1259, when Henry III. granted a charter to the freemen of Newcastle to dig coals. The new fuel encountered, however, great opposition. Its fumes were said to injure the complexion and to undermine health. Meat cooked by it was declared to be tainted. To such a height did these prejudices rise, that Edward I. prohibited the introduction of coal into London, and a man was actually executed for the violation of the law. But meanwhile, with the growth of civilization, the old system of lighting the fire in the middle

of the room, and of allowing the smoke to escape through a hole in the roof, began to fall into disuse. Gradually chimneys were introduced, and the use of coal steadily advanced. By the beginning of the seventeenth century the old prejudices had almost died out in England, though they found a congenial home in Paris. In the latter capital, it is said that so recently as half a century ago, an English ambassador found his parties attended only by gentlemen, the ladies refusing to accept the invitation because he used coal fires. The total produce of the United Kingdom rose from two and a quarter million tons in 1660, to five millions in 1750, and to 10,000,000 tons in 1800. Then came the development of canal navigation, which necessitated larger supplies, the consumption being, in 1816, 27,000,000 tons, while in 1869 there were extracted from the coal mines of the United Kingdom 107,000,000 tons. Our present annual consumption may be fairly reckoned at 115,000,000 tons. It seems, therefore, that within two and a half centuries we have made such ample calls upon our inheritance that we have now to ask, Will it hold out for our children?

Now, if our drain upon the pits were to rise as steadily in the future as it has risen during the past few years, the prospect would be indeed deplorable. For, under such conditions, the annual consumption of coal would reach 2,607,000,000 tons at the end of a century, a strain upon our coalfields which would render them barren in 110 years. And it is worthy of note that this estimated consumption, which is that of Professor Jevons, has up to this time nearly accorded with observation. Mr. Jevons, writing in 1864, calculated that the rate of growth in the aggregate annual consumption of coal amounted to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum of the previous year's supply. Thus he arrived at an estimated consumption for the year 1871 of nearly 118,000,000, about two and a half millions only over that which has actually been determined. But the

continued operation of such a rate of growth as this seems to imply that population will expand during the next century at the same rate as that arrived at since 1800 A.D., and that the consumption per head of the population will also increase at corresponding rates. Now, as Mr. Price Williams points out, though the population of the United Kingdom steadily grows, yet the rate of that growth steadily diminishes. For instance, from 1811 to 1821 the increase was 16 per cent., while in the decade just concluded, from 1861 to 1871, it was only $11\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Again, Mr. Williams still further shows that even if—as is proved by statistics—the consumption of coal per head increases each year, still the rate of that increase also is annually diminishing. The present rapid increase in the annual production of coal, and, to a minor degree, in the population itself, are the consequences, in Mr. Williams's opinion, "of the abnormal development of our commercial activity which has followed the introduction of steam power into this country." The question, then, of the probable duration of our coal supply must be based upon calculations of constantly diminishing ratios. Accordingly, a series of estimates has been prepared on these assumptions, and with these results, that—

In A.D. 1971, the population will be 59,000,000, and the home consumption 274,000,000 tons.

In A.D. 2071, the population will be 93,000,000, and the home consumption 433,000,000 tons.

In A.D. 2171, the population will be 120,000,000, and the home consumption 558,000,000 tons.

In A.D. 2231, the population will have reached to 132,000,000, the consumption to 613,000,000 tons, and our coal-fields will have become exhausted.

Shortly stated, the various views which may be taken of the national future, show the following conclusions:—That on the principle of an increase of consumption expanding at a diminishing

rate, our coal supply will last 360 years; on the principle of the addition of a constant quantity equal to the average annual increase of the last fourteen years the supply will last only 276 years; while, on the principle that the present consumption will not be enlarged at all, or, if enlarged, that the addition will be cancelled by future reductions, the supply will last 1,273 years.

And now, having computed the extent of our stores of coal and estimated their duration, the question comes—Are we economical in the use of our treasures, or is there waste which might be prevented? True, it must never be forgotten that the repression of waste has a tendency rather to promote than to retard consumption. The introduction of economies into the use of coal cheapens all commodities in the production of which coal is a factor, and thus augments the demand for them, thereby stimulating the consumption of fuel. To arrest waste, however, is at least to substitute profitable for unprofitable consumption, and the subject has accordingly occupied no small share of the attention of the Commission. A cloud of witnesses, consisting of eminent iron-masters, civil engineers, and managers of factories, has been examined, and several of the more important ironworks and steam factories have been visited by the Commissioners in person. And they tell us that there is waste in combustion everywhere—in the production of steam power, in the iron blast and puddling furnaces, and in the manufacture of other metals than iron. In theory, one pound of pure coal in combustion should lift ten millions of pounds a foot high; in practice, only one-tenth of that energy is attained. In theory, a pound of pure coal should evaporate thirteen pounds of water; in practice, the best coals show scarcely half that result. In ordinary steam-engines, indeed, not one-thirtieth of the theoretic value of coal is realized in power. Of course, it is in the highest degree improbable that the perfection indicated by theory will ever be reached in practice, but it is certain that only in proportion as a theoretic standard has

been striven after have improvements been introduced. A careful perusal of the evidence collected on this subject suggests the conclusion, that however important the discovery of better modes of combustion may be, what is wanted now is a more general and persistent adoption of those already known. Take, for example, the utilization of the waste heat of blast and puddling furnaces. The non-professional reader may well confess to some feelings of disappointment when he hears that in the blast furnace, working in what we may call its normal state, nearly two-thirds of the total quantity of heat produced escapes uselessly from the mouth of the furnace. For upwards of forty years the efforts of scientific men have been directed to the best modes of remedying this waste, or of converting it into an agent of production. One great result has been the application of these gases to heat the currents of air which are driven into the furnace. This substitution of the hot for the cold blast, wherever adopted, has proved a most effective and economical expedient. "By the application of the hot blast," says Dr. Percy, "the same amount of fuel reduced three times as much iron, and the same amount of blast did twice as much work, as previously." Two and a quarter tons of coal will now reduce as much crude iron as required formerly six and a quarter tons. Moreover, these waste gases may be collected from the top of the furnaces and employed under the boilers for the production of steam. Or, again, by the use of such admirable inventions as Siemen's regenerative gas furnaces, in which almost perfect combustion is obtained, these gases may be utilized in the furnace itself. Here, then, are improved processes which are capable of easy adoption, and which, in the manufacture of iron alone, have effected, during the last ten years, a saving of not less than twenty per cent. of the fuel used. Yet we find that of the six thousand puddling furnaces at work in 1869, only a very small number had adopted any arrangement for utilizing the waste heat. In South Wales,

for instance, the waste heat of the puddling and mill furnaces is amply sufficient to produce all the steam required. No coal is really necessary for that purpose, and it follows, therefore, that in that district there is used over a quarter of a million of tons of coal yearly which might be saved.

And it must never be forgotten that loss of power and dissipation of an invaluable agent in production are not the only consequences of this deplorable waste. A journey through the coal-producing districts shows other and worse results. The dense volumes of black smoke which pour from the chimneys poison the atmosphere and destroy vegetation. And what injures vegetable life stunts human growth, and in the train of the smoke follow dirt, disease, and crime. Now, these evils are nearly all preventible. They are mainly the result of bad stoking—itself the offspring of ignorance, or of a vulgar idea that it is a fine thing to burn as much coal as possible. In Cornwall, where a more careful system of stoking has been devised, the engines show a "duty" more nearly approaching to theoretic perfection than in any other part of the kingdom. Even there, however, we regret to find from the valuable records preserved by Mr. Lean that within the last few years habits of carelessness have crept in, and there is a decline in the effective power obtained, and, in consequence, an increase in the coal consumed.

On the whole, we may feel assured that economical contrivances are steadily making their way in the great industries which are based on coal. The labours of the Commission, by directing attention to the need for, and to the possibility of, such contrivances, will doubtless contribute somewhat to the now general adoption of them; but, obviously, the great incentive to economy in consumption will be the increased cost of the article consumed. In many districts this influence has hitherto scarcely operated at all; those in which it has been felt are precisely those in which regenerative furnaces are employed and

waste heat is utilized. But, though subordinate to this influence in respect to its efficacy, yet still valuable as an economical expedient, would be the scientific training of the men employed. A more exact education for our younger engineers, especially in that branch of philosophy which deals with the convertibility of motion and heat, and such a knowledge of elementary science amongst workmen as should at least teach them how best to stoke their furnaces, would quickly lead to a diminished consumption of fuel. On both these points it would seem that we are, as a nation, inferior to France and Germany.

But let not the reader think that the ironmaster and smelter are alone responsible for the waste of our mineral treasures. To each *paterfamilias* we may say—

“Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.”

The manufacture of iron consumes annually between thirty and thirty-five millions of tons of coal, while, for domestic purposes only, one ton is burnt for every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. Now, a vast proportion of this consumption might be saved if Englishmen would consent to give up the open stove. Open fires in our kitchens and drawing-rooms are admirable attempts at solving the problem how not to do it. The defects of the open fireplaces, we are told, are recognized; the modes of remedying them are within the reach of everybody, yet it is certain that the public do not generally avail themselves of the opportunity of saving fuel by their adoption. The truth is, the open fire is a *luxury* which English men and women will most unwillingly forego. And is it not indeed a luxury? We recall Cowper's lines—

“Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing
urn

Throws up a steaming column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.”

Who does not feel that the cosiness and the comfort of this scene depend mainly

on the ruddy glow of a visible fire? For the open fireplace, substitute the hot-air pipes which science recommends, and the parlour degenerates into the classroom, and the family party into a mutual improvement society. In this matter, however, we may anticipate further improvements. When once the subject is taken up earnestly, we believe it will be found practicable greatly to utilize fuel, and at the same time retain the open fire, and ensure adequate ventilation.

Such, then, are the results at which the Coal Commission has arrived. After five years' hard work they have measured the contents of the national coal-cellar, and have endeavoured to predict how long the cellar will hold out. Their calculations oscillate between 276 and 1,273 years, within which limits there is ample scope for speculation and conjecture. Their estimates assume that the production of coal will continue unabated until the point of absolute exhaustion is reached, and then suddenly cease. But of course such an event, though necessarily assumed for purposes of calculation, could never actually happen. In reality, coal would get gradually dearer as the supply diminished or the cost of excavation increased, until a scarcity-price was reached. This scarcity-price would, in turn, reduce consumption, and the saving thus effected would, in all probability, operate first of all on those trades which are connected with the production of metals. But, meanwhile, the importation of coal would have commenced. Indeed, as a matter of fact, much of the coal included in the preceding estimates would probably never be worked at all, for the simple reason that it would be cheaper to import the stores of other countries than to raise our own under conditions of great depth or peculiar difficulty. And other nations can well spare us of their abundance. America alone possesses coalfields of seventy times the area of our own. The coal supply of the *world* is practically inexhaustible.

By the operation, then, of the ordinary laws of commercial intercourse, anything like the absolute exhaustion

of our coalfields will be prevented. But can this country hope to maintain her manufacturing supremacy when obliged to import coal? Does not the greatness of England rest on one foundation, the co-existence of coal and iron,—the proximity of the most generally useful metal to the mineral best fitted to manufacture it? What will happen when we can no longer produce coal and iron cheaper than other countries? This is the real coal question, and it is one upon which no Royal Commission, however laborious and able, can throw much light. For into such a problem, moral as well as material considerations enter. Its solution depends quite as much on *what a nation is* as on *what a nation has*; on an innate capacity to encounter the altered conditions of commercial enterprise, and extract therefrom the elements of yet greater prosperity and larger growth. But these elements cannot be measured by the statistician, nor moulded by the statesman.

For the present, we know that there is an ample supply of coal for many generations to come; that we need not apprehend a sudden collapse of our manufacturing industry, with its accompaniments of a fall in rent, wages, and profits. We need not contemplate the spectacle of silent foundries and deserted workshops, of solitary grass-grown streets, of collieries, once resonant with the hum of labour and luminous with the glare of furnace-fires, now dumb and desolate and dark. Our duty is to repress waste in every way, and to be on the alert for the discovery of new motive powers, of new modes of producing heat. For the future, we must rely on that geographical position which, intermediate between the Old and New worlds, has benefited us quite as much as our material wealth; and on the sagacity, energy, and industry which

made England great before coal was generally known, which, recently, sustained the nation during the temporary dethronement of King Cotton, and which will assuredly serve us should the sceptre fall from the hands of King Coal.

P.S.—Since the above was written, the unprecedented advance in the price of coal has invested the subject with a familiar and personal interest which neither the investigations of scientific men nor the apprehensions of statesmen could have given it. The rise of prices has of course affected different kinds of coal unequally, and may, without exaggeration, be computed at considerably over 50 per cent. The Board of Trade returns show that in July 1871 we exported 1,127,000 tons, the value of which was 535,883*l.*; while in July 1872 we exported 1,164,000 tons, valued at 850,376*l.* That is, in the former month the average price of coal exported was 9*s.* 6*d.* a ton, in the latter, 14*s.* 7*d.*, an advance of 53 per cent. Into the causes of this remarkable advance we cannot enter now. The insufficiency of supply, however, is, we believe, only temporary, consequent upon a very large sudden demand and other exceptional causes. The rise does not indicate a collapse in the productiveness of the mines. Nevertheless, we may reasonably hope that now that public attention is thoroughly aroused, permanent results will follow. Meanwhile, we rejoice that the British Association has resolved to solve the problem as to the existence or not of coal in the south-eastern counties; and, while we write, the boring apparatus of the Association is slowly making its way through the Sub-Wealden formation in Sussex in search of the mineral wealth beneath.

ALFRED S. HARVEY.

THE TWO MARYS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

I. MY OWN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

My name is Mary Peveril. My father was the incumbent of a proprietary chapel in that populous region which lies between Holborn and the New Road—a space within which there is a great deal of wealth and comfort, a great deal of penury and pain, but neither grandeur nor abject misery. I like those streets, though I know there is no loveliness in them. I feel that I can breathe better when I come out into the largeness and spacious widths of the squares, and I take a pleasure which many people will laugh at in the narrow paved passages—crooked and bent like so many elbows, with their bookstalls and curious little shops. How often have I strayed about them with my father, holding on by his coat-skirts when I was little, by his arm when I grew tall, while he stood and gazed at the books which he could so seldom afford to buy. When he found a cheap one that pleased him, how his face brightened up! While he looked at them I was not often thinking what the thoughts might be in his mind. What was I thinking of—swinging by the skirts of his coat, or by his arm when I grew a great girl? How can I tell? Thinking how bright the twinkling lights were; how funny life was, so full of people passing whom we never saw again—of paving-stones and shop-windows; and droll with whispering airs that blew round the corners, and always seemed to want to tell you something; and again more lights and more faces and more shop-windows. In winter these passages always felt warm and comfortable, and I had some theory about them which I scarcely remember now—something like the theory of the poor man whom I once heard saying that he

went into the streets by night because the gaslights made them so warm. The desolateness of such a forlorn being, seeking warmth in the lighted streets, did not strike me when I heard that speech; I only felt I understood him, and had frequently been conscious of the same feeling. But I remember very well how once, when I was swinging back a little upon papa's arm, clinging to him, proud of showing that I belonged to him and was old enough to take his arm, yet separate from him, as youth so often is, thinking my own thoughts, living in another world, I all at once caught the illumination on his face as he fell upon a book he wanted which was cheap enough to be bought. To think he should really care about such a trifle—he—papa, the clergyman whom everybody looked up to; that he should look as pleased about it as Ellen our servant did when she got a new dress! I was half humiliated, half sympathetic. Poor papa! What a pity he could not buy a great many books when he cared so much for them. But yet, I think, a little sense of shame on his behalf, and of humiliation, mingled with that more amiable thought; that he should care so much about anything, seemed somehow a derogation from his dignity, a descent on his part into a less lofty place.

We lived in Southampton Street, in the end where there are no shops. We had two very white steps before our front-door, which was the brightest point about us. When anyone asked in that street where the clergyman of St. Mark's lived, the house was always pointed out by this: "No. 75, the house with the white steps." I used to think for years and years that they were a natural feature, and had nothing to do with any work of man, or rather, woman. It was

a shabby house inside. There were two little kitchens in the basement, two little parlours on the ground-floor, two little bedrooms above that, and on the top storey I think there were three divisions instead of two. One of the little parlours—the back one, which looked out upon a little square yard about the same size—was papa's study. It was not a cheerful room, with that outlook upon four brick walls, and a little square bit of mouldy black soil in which flourished some poor tufts of grass, and the big water-butt in the foreground, where the water was black with soot—when there was any water at all. The room had a writing-table in it, always covered with books and papers, and papa's chair—black haircloth, beginning to wear white at the edges—between the table and the fire, and two other black chairs standing against the opposite wall. It was divided by folding doors from the parlour, in which we lived. This room was furnished with a haircloth sofa, half-a-dozen chairs, a round table with a close-fitting oilcloth cover, and, thrust up into a corner, an old piano, upon which I practised sometimes, and which on other occasions served as a sideboard. There was a short Venetian blind at the lower part of the window to keep people from seeing in, and a chair in the recess, on which I used to sit and darn papa's stockings and dream. Sometimes I read, but, generally, dreaming was more fun. I made out such nice new lives for myself and papa. Sometimes I would dream that we were quite different people from what we appeared to be—great people, rich and noble, with all kinds of grandeur belonging to us, though no one knew; and how it would be found out all of a sudden, to the confusion of everybody who had ever been uncivil. I used to trace out, as minutely as if I had seen it, every detail of what we were to do. I was Lady Mary in these visions; and if anyone had called me so I should have been, I am sure, more shocked to think that *it* had been prematurely discovered than struck by the unreality of the title. It was not unreal to me. Sometimes it would take

other shapes, and my imagination would content itself with the notion of someone dying and leaving us a fortune, and how we would wear mourning and do our very best to be sorry; but the other idea was much the favourite. It was very sweet to me to think that, for all so humble and so unknown as we were, things would appear very different *if people but knew!* The old life comes round me as I go back to it, the afternoon sounds in the street—vulgar sounds, but softened by summer air as much as if they had been the sweetest; the drowsy tinkle of the muffin-man's bell, the prolonged cry of "water-cre-e-sses!" the sound of children's voices and dogs barking, and distant wheels that always ground out an accompaniment; and myself in the window, poor Mr. Peveril the clergyman's daughter, to my own knowledge Lady Mary, and a very great, small person. I wonder which was the real Mary—she or I.

I have heard that in poor mamma's time we were so fine as to have a drawing-room upstairs on the first floor, like Mrs. Stephens next door; but that splendour was long, long over, for mamma died soon after I was born, and I was left all alone—a small baby, with papa on my hands to look after. I do not think, however, that I was at any time very sorry for this. I was sorry for her, who died so young, but not for myself; I felt instinctively that, had she been there, always poking between papa and me, I should not have liked it, and that on the whole things were best as they were. The room which had been the drawing-room was papa's bedroom, and I slept in the room behind, over his study. Ellen had the three little places up above all to herself, though one of them was called—I don't know why—the spare room. In this little place we lived, and never asked ourselves whether it was dingy or not. The walls were dark, with papers which had not been renewed so long as I could remember; and the curtains were dark, and always had the look of being dusty, though, thanks to Ellen, they never were so in reality.

We had no pictures, except two old prints from Raphael's cartoons. One was the "Miraculous draught of fishes," and the other "Peter and John at the beautiful gate of the Temple." How I remember those twisted pillars, and how many dreams have they twisted through! But I never admired them, though they were part of my life. I should have liked a landscape better, or some pretty faces like those one sometimes sees in the shop-windows. When the people who went to St. Mark's talked of having a lithograph of papa the thought made me wild with excitement; but the lithograph was never done.

It must not be supposed, however, that papa and I lived in that state of ecstatic delight in each other's society which one hears of often in books. There were no great demonstrations between us. I led my own life by the side of his, and he, I suppose, lived his by me, like two parallel lines which never meet whatever you may please to do. I do not know that it occurred to me to think articulately that the happiness of my life depended on him. I did not seek to sit in his study or to be near him while he worked, as I have heard of girls doing. I was quite satisfied to be in the parlour while he was busy on the other side of the closed doors; indeed, until he ceased to be all mine, I accepted papa as calmly as I did the other accessories of my life. When he went out to dinner, which was a very rare occurrence, yet happened sometimes, I would make myself very comfortable with a book over my tea. I was fond of going out with him; but then, he was the only person who ever took me out, through amusing places, where there were shop-windows and crowds of people passing. I had not been brought up to have my walk regularly every day, like well-educated children. I walked when I could. Sometimes I had an errand to do—something to buy or order, which I did by myself in one of the shops of the neighbourhood; but this was an office I hated, for I was too shy to go into a shop with any pleasure; and sometimes old Mrs. Tufnell would send for me to walk

in the square, which was fine, but not very amusing. I liked the passages about Holborn with the bookstalls a great deal better. But we did not talk a great deal even in these walks. Sometimes I would be seized with a fit of inquiry, and would pester papa with a torrent of questions; but at other times I fell back into my dreams, and would be making some splendid expedition as Lady Mary all the time, while I hung, always a little behind him, on his arm, leaving him as undisturbed as, generally, he left me. I think of this calm of indifference now, when I look back upon it, with very odd feelings. Is it that one does not care so long as one has those whom one loves all to one's self? It is only, I suppose, where your rights are interfered with that you grow violent about them. I suppose it was the fact that we loved each other—I him, and he me—that made us happy; but it was so natural to love each other that we thought little about it, and I am afraid it would have surprised me a little in my secret heart if any one had told me that my happiness depended upon papa.

The way in which this tranquil ease of possession was disturbed was a very gentle and gradual one—at least, so I can see now, though at the time it appeared to me most abrupt and terrible. My idea of my father was that he was old, as a child's ideas generally are; but he was not old. He was about five-and-forty when I was fifteen. He was not tall—and he stooped, which made him look still less so. At fifteen I was as tall as he was. He had a handsome, refined face, with very clear features, and a sort of ivory complexion. His hair was worn off his temples, and there were a great many lines in his face—partly with trouble, partly with work; but his smile was the sweetest smile I ever saw, and he had a way of captivating everybody. I have heard it said since that this power of fascination did not last, and that he grew melancholy and monotonous after the first few times you had seen him; and though I was very angry when I heard this first, I can with an effort believe that it might be true. I suppose

it was the same faculty which showed itself at church, where there were always new people coming, who attended closely for a few weeks and then went away. He was like a man who gives you everything he has at once, and then has nothing more for you. At home he was silent, always kind, but never saying much. I scarcely recollect ever to have been scolded by him. Ellen scolded me, and so did old Mrs. Tufnell, and even Mrs. Stephens next door; but papa only said, "Poor child!" with the air of a compassionate spectator, when I was complained of to him. Our chief conversation was at meals, when he would sometimes talk a little, and tell me of things he had seen or heard; and it was at tea one evening that he first brought forward the name of the other person who was henceforward to stand between us. No such thought was in his mind then, I am sure; but he was more communicative than usual. He told me that he had seen a young lady on one of his visits, in a very strange place for such a person to be found in—in the back parlour of a small grocer's shop which I knew quite well. He told me quite a long story about her—how she was an orphan and had been left destitute, and had been obliged to go back to her mother's family, who had been a governess in her day, and married much above her. Her father, too, was dead, having been of no use whatever in the world or to her, and there was no prospect before her but that of going out to be a governess—a thing which papa seemed to think a great hardship for her. I had been trained to believe that some such place would have to be mine as papa got older and I grew a woman; therefore I was not at all shocked by the suggestion. I said: "Has she heard of any nice situation, papa?" with the quietest matter-of-fact acceptance of his words.

"Heard of a situation! You talk very much at your ease, Mary,—if you saw this elegant, accomplished, refined girl," said my father. "Poor thing, I cannot bear to think that she should be driven to such a fate."

I did not make any answer. I was

surprised. It had never occurred to me that it was "such a fate." Most girls, it seemed to me, who were not great ladies were governesses, both in the little real world with which I was acquainted and in books.

"Poor thing!" he said again. "Poor thing! how I wish there was any possible way of saving her. What a thing it is to be poor!"

"But any situation would be better than staying with the Spicers," I said. "Think, papa—the Spicers! I should not mind being a governess—I suppose I shall be, some day or other—but I should hate living in a parlour behind a shop."

"Well, Mary, I hope you will see her sometimes, and when you do see her you must be very kind to her," said my father with a sigh; and that night he drew his chair to the fire and tried to talk, which was a thing that took me very much by surprise. But, unfortunately, I had a new book which was very interesting, and instead of responding to this unusual inclination, as I ought to have done, I kept on reading, making pettish and uncertain replies, until he grew tired of the attempt and gave it up, and got a book too, as usual. He sighed a little as he did so, with a sort of disappointed air; and through my reading and my interest in the story somehow I perceived this, and felt guilty and uncomfortable all the rest of the evening. When I had finished my volume I was very conciliatory, and tried all I could to bring him back to the point where he had given it up, but it was of no use. I have always found it exactly so in my experience. If you are too stupid, or too much occupied with yourself, to take just the right moment for explanations, you never can recover the thread which you have allowed to slip through your fingers. Even to this day I often wonder what papa would have said to me that night had I let him speak. I have invented whole conversations, but they never were much satisfaction to me. To think out what perhaps some one might have said is very different from hearing them say it.

I was not at all pleased with myself that evening when I went to bed; but perhaps this was partly because I had finished my novel and it was not satisfactory, and seemed, now it was over, such a poor sort of thing to have preferred to a conversation with papa.

Nothing, however, happened for some time after this to put me on my guard. I went on in my old careless way. If he was out a little more than usual, I paid no attention. All that was quite natural. Of course he had his duties to attend to. He dined at Mrs. Tufnell's once during this time, and was very particular about his tie, and about having his coat brushed. "It is quite nice," I said; "it was well brushed on Monday morning before it was put away. Why, papa, I thought you did not like a fuss: how you laughed at me for being so particular about my sash when we went to the party at Mrs. Overend's. Shouldn't you like to have a sash too?"

He laughed, but he did not look like laughing; and I remember stopping short in the middle of my tea, and laying down my book to ask myself if anything could be the matter with him. One or two odd people whom I did not know had come to see him of late. Was it possible he could be ill? But no, he ate as usual, and he had looked quite ruddy when he went out. So I took up my novel again, and helped myself to jam, and thought no more of it. I believe the whole business was decided, or the next thing to decided, that night.

I could if I liked have heard a great deal of what was said in the study while I sat at work in the parlour, and this was a thing which Mrs. Tufnell and Mrs. Stephens had often remarked. They thought it "not quite nice," for, to be sure, people might say things to papa as their clergyman which they did not wish to be overheard. But it could not well be helped, for there was no other room where I could sit. I have said too that I could have heard if I liked; but the fact was I did not care, and I never heard. When you are perfectly indifferent and used to anything,

and know there is no mystery in it, it is astonishing how little you hear. I had got accustomed to the hum of voices from the study just as I had to the cries in the streets and the muffin-man's bell. Sometimes, I suppose, a word must have caught my ear now and then, but I paid no attention, and heard as if I heard it not. I was thinking of such very different things. One day, however, I did catch a few words which surprised me. It was a summer day. The back-door into the little yard and all the windows everywhere were open. The noises in the street came into the house exactly as if we were living out of doors, but so softened by the warm air and the sunshine that they were pleasant instead of being disagreeable. The day was not hot, but only deliciously, genially warm. We had put up white curtains in the parlour, and the wind blew them softly about, flapping the wooden stretcher in the blind against the window-frame. I was in a muslin dress myself; and I was happy without any reason, not in the least knowing why. I came downstairs singing, as I had a way of doing, and went into the parlour and sat down in the window. I gave up singing when I sat down, partly because it might have disturbed papa, and partly because people stopped to listen as they were passing. I was running up the breadths of my new frock, a blue print, which was as bright and pretty as the day, and, to tell the truth, did not care in the least what the voices were saying on the other side of the folding doors. I had made noise enough to demonstrate my presence, and, as nothing was ever hid from me, it never came into my head to listen. It was Spicer the grocer's voice, I think, which attracted my ear at last. It was a strange, little, harsh, snappish voice, so unharmonious that it worried one like a dog barking; and by degrees, as he talked and talked, some sort of vague association came into my mind—something which I had half forgotten. What was it I had heard about the Spicers? I could not recollect all at once.

"Governessing ain't paradise," said

Spicer, "but it's better perhaps than other things. Marrying a man as is in poor health, and at a troublesome time o' life—and nothing to leave to them as comes after him; that ain't much, Mr. Peveril. A woman's best married, I allow; but marriage has conseqenses, and when there's no money——"

I did not hear what my father said in reply, and indeed I did not care to hear. I was half annoyed, half amused, by Spicer's queer little barking voice.

"Forty-five, sir? no, it ain't old—but it ain't young neither. I've known many a man carried off at forty-five. Them things have all got to be considered; though for that matter twenty-five would make little difference. The thing is, here's a young woman as has a trade she can make her living by. A man comes in, marries her right off: they have a child or two in natural course, and then he goes and dies. Nothing more natural or more common. But then you see, Mr. Peveril, sir, here's the question: what's to become of her? And that's the question I've got to consider. I've a family myself, and I can't put myself in the way of having to support another man's family; and a woman can't go out and be a governess, it stands to reason, with two or three young uns on her hands."

My father said something here in a very earnest, low, grave voice, which really attracted my curiosity for the first time. Whatever he was saying, he was very serious about it, and his tone, though I could not hear what he said, woke me up. Perhaps he warned Spicer to talk low; but at all events I heard nothing more for some time, except the grumbling and barking of the grocer's voice, in a much subdued tone. They seemed to argue, and Spicer seemed to yield. At last he got up to go away, and then I heard him deliver his final judgment on the matter, whatever it was, standing close to the folding doors.

"You speaks fair, sir. I don't say but what you speaks fair. Granting life and health, it's a fine thing for her, and a honour for us. And taking the other side of the question, as I'm bound

to take it, I wouldn't say but the insurance makes a difference. A woman with a thousand pounds and a babby is no worse off than if she hadn't neither—and Missis is better nor Miss in the way of setting up a school or such like. I may say, Mr. Peveril, as the insurance makes a great difference. A thousand pound ain't much for a dependance; and if there was a lot of little uns—but to be sure, in them matters you must go on providence to a certain extent. I'll think it over, sir—and I don't see as I've any call to make objections, if her and you's made up your minds." Then there was a step towards the door, and then Spicer came to a stand-still once more. "First thing," he said, "Mr. Peveril, is the insurance. You won't put it off, sir? I've known them as meant it every day o' their lives, and never did it when all was done; and died and left their families without e'er a ——"

"It shall be done at once," said my father peremptorily, and almost angrily; and then there was a begging of pardon, and a scraping and shuffling, and Spicer went away. I saw him go out, putting his hat on as he shut the door. I never liked Spicer—of course he was one of the parishioners, and papa could not refuse his advice to him or to any one; but I made a face at him as he went away. I felt quite sure he was the sort of man one sometimes reads of in the newspapers, who put sand in the sugar, and sell bad tea to the poor people, and have light weights. This was in my mind along with a vague, faint curiosity as to what he had been talking about, when to my surprise papa came into the parlour. He came in quickly, with a flush on his face, and the most uneasy, uncomfortable look I ever saw a man have. Was he ashamed of something?—ashamed! he—papa!

"I suppose you have heard all that Spicer has been saying, Mary," he said to me, quite abruptly. He gave me one strange look, and then turned away, and gazed at the Beautiful gate of the Temple which hung over the mantelpiece as if he had never seen it before.

"Yes," I said; and then it suddenly

flashed upon me that Spicer's talk had not been exactly of a kind to be overheard by a girl, and that this was why poor papa looked so embarrassed and uncomfortable. He felt that it was not proper for me: "I heard a little of it," I said instantly, "but I never listen, you know, papa, and I don't know in the least what he was talking about."

Poor papa! how delicate he was; how shocked I should have heard anything I ought not to know—though it was not so dreadful after all, for of course everybody knows that when people are married they have babies. But he did not like to look me in the face; he kept his back to me, and gazed at the twisted pillars.

"Mary," he said, "I have a little explanation to make to you."

"An explanation?" I looked at him over my blue print, wondering what it could be; but it did not seem worth while to stop working, and I threaded my needle and made a knot on my thread while I waited for what he was going to say. Then suddenly my heart began to beat a little fast, and the thought crossed my mind that perhaps my dreams were about to become true, and that he knew all about it as well as I, and was just going to tell me I was Lady Mary, and he Earl of ——. I had never been able to choose a satisfactory title, and I could not invent one on the spur of the moment; but instinctively I gave a glance from the window to see whether the beautiful carriage was in sight, coming to take us to our splendid home.

"Perhaps I ought to have taken you into my confidence before," he said, "for you have been brought up a lonely girl, and ought to feel for people who are lonely. I have been very lonely myself, very desolate, ever since your poor mother died."

Here my heart gave a slight stir, and I felt angry, without knowing exactly why. Lonely? Why, he had always had me!

"When you are older," he went on nervously, "you will feel what a dreadful thing the want of companionship is.

You have been a good child, Mary, and done all you could for me. I should not have been able to live without you; but when a man has been used to a companion of—of his own standing, it is a great change to him to fall back upon a child."

I grew angrier and angrier; I could scarcely tell why. A feeling of disappointment, of heart-sinking, of fury, came over me. I had never made much fuss about adoring my father, and so forth; but to find out all at once that he had never been satisfied—never happy—

"Do you mean me?" I said, quite hoarsely, feeling as if he had wronged me, deceived me, done everything that was cruel—but with no clear notion of what was coming even now.

"Whom else could I mean?" he said, quite gently. "You are a dear, good child, but you are only a child."

Oh, how my heart swelled, till I thought it would burst! but I could not say anything. I began to tap my foot on the floor in my anger and mortification, but still I was so stupid I thought of nothing more.

"Don't look as if you thought I blamed you, Mary," said my father; "on the contrary, you have been a dear little housekeeper. But—do you remember, dear," he went on, with his voice shaking a little, "that I told you once of a young lady who lived with the Spicers?"

It began to dawn upon me now. I turned round upon him, and stared at him. Oh, how pleased I was to see his eyes shrink, and to see the embarrassed look upon his face! I would not give him any quarter; I felt my own face growing crimson with shame, but I kept looking at him, compelling him to keep opposite to me, preventing him from hiding that blush. Oh, good heavens—an *old* man—a man of forty-five—a clergyman—my father! and there he sat, blushing like some ridiculous boy.

He faltered, but he kept on, not looking at me, "I see you remember," he said, with his voice shaking like a flame in a draught of air. "She has no pros-

pect but to go out as a governess, and I cannot see her do that. I have asked her to—to—share—our home. I have asked her to—to be your—best friend ; that is, I mean, I have asked her to marry me, Mary. There ! You must have seen that I have been disturbed of late. I am very glad there is no longer this secret between my little girl and me.”

And with that he kissed me quite suddenly and trembling, and went off again to the mantelshef, and stared up at Peter and John by the Beautiful gate.

For my part I sat quite still, as if the lightning had struck me. What ought I to do ? I did not realize at first what had happened. I felt simply struck dumb. I knew that I ought to do or say something, and I could not tell what. My lips stuck together—I could not now even open my mouth ; and there he stood waiting. I suppose if I had possessed my wits at that moment I would have gone and kissed him or something. Even, I suppose, if I had stormed at him it would have been less idiotic—but I could say nothing ; I was bewildered. I sat staring into the air with my mouth open, over my blue print.

At last he made an impatient movement, and I think said something to me, which roused me out of my stupefaction. Then—I do not know what impulse it was that moved me—I asked all at once, frightened, feeling I ought to say something, “What is her name, papa ?”

“Mary Martindale,” he said.

CHAPTER II.

I REMEMBER quite distinctly how people talked. They did not think I observed or listened, for I had always been a dreamy sort of girl, and never had attended much to what was said about me. At least so everybody thought. They said I had always to be shaken or pulled when anything was wanted of me, to make me listen—which is true enough, I believe ; but nevertheless I was not half so absent as people thought at any time, and heard a great

deal that I was not supposed to hear. And now my senses were all shaken up and startled into being. How well I recollect hearing old Mrs. Tufnell and Mrs. Stephens talking in the quiet front drawing-room in the Square, while I was in the little room behind, taking no notice, as they thought. They had given me a book and got rid of me, and though they all pretended to deplore my dreamy ways, I think on the whole it was rather a relief to get rid of a quick, inquisitive, fifteen-year-old girl, and to be able to talk in peace. It was twilight of the summer evening and we had taken tea, and the two ladies were seated at one of the windows looking out upon the Square. The windows had long, full, white curtains, hanging and fluttering from the roof to the carpet. They were seated against that soft white background in their black silk dresses, for Mrs. Tufnell was old, and Mrs. Stephens was a widow and always wore black. It was like a picture, and I, not being so happy as I used to be, sat with my book and read and listened both together. You may think this is nonsense ; but I could do it. I see them now approaching their caps to each other, with little nods and shakes of their heads, and the white curtains fluttering softly behind them. Mrs. Tufnell was a great patroness of papa’s, and always went to St. Mark’s regularly, and Mrs. Stephens was our very nearest neighbour, living next door.

“I hope it will turn out the best thing that could happen for *her*,” said Mrs. Tufnell, nodding her head at me. They would not say any more lest they should attract my attention. “She has been greatly neglected, and left alone a great deal too much,—and I hear *she* is accomplished. Dear, dear, who would have thought that he, of all men in the world, would have taken such a step.”

“I don’t quite see that,” said Mrs. Stephens ; “he is a young man still, and nobody could suppose he would always be contented with his child’s company : besides, she is so cool and indifferent ; as if she never thought it

possible anything could happen, and I am sure she never did anything to make herself necessary or agreeable——”

“Poor child!”

“You may say ‘poor child!’ but yet I blame her. A girl of fifteen is a woman to all intents and purposes. She ought to have seen that there was a great deal in her power by way of making him comfortable and herself pleasant. It’s rather hard to say the plain downright truth about it, you know, he being a clergyman and all that. Of course, when there is a young family one can say it is for them; but in this case there’s no possible excuse—he only wanted a wife, that’s all. I don’t blame him; but it’s a coming down—it’s a disturbance of one’s ideal——”

“I don’t know much about ideals,” said Mrs. Tufnell; “what surprises me is, if the man wanted to marry, why he didn’t marry long ago, when the child was young and he had an excellent excuse. As for being a clergyman, that’s neither here nor there. Clergymen are always marrying men, and it’s no sin to marry.”

“It disturbs one’s ideal,” said Mrs. Stephens; and, though Mrs. Tufnell shrugged her shoulders, I, sitting behind over my book, agreed with her. Oh the inward humiliation with which one sees one’s father in love!—I suppose it would be still worse to see one’s mother, but then, I never had a mother. I blushed for him a great deal more than he blushed for himself, and he did blush for himself too. If he was happy, it was a very uneasy, disturbed sort of happiness. He took me to see her—to Spicer’s; and then he went himself and sat in the parlour behind the shop, and suffered, I am sure, as much as ever a man who is having his own way could suffer. Mrs. Tufnell, who was a thoroughly kind old lady, at length came to his aid, and invited Miss Martindale to stay with her the rest of the time, and to be married from her house, which was a thing which even I was grateful for. And the night before the wedding-day the old lady kissed me and said, “Things will turn out better

than you suppose, dear. It is hard upon you, but things will turn out better than you suppose.”

I am not sure that this is ever a very effectual kind of comfort, but to me it was exasperating. Had I been told that things would turn out worse than I supposed, I should have liked it. It seemed to me that nothing could be half bad enough for this overturn of all plans and thoughts and life. For you must recollect that it was my life that was chiefly to be overturned. Papa liked it, I suppose, and it was his own doing—but the change was not so great to him as to me. All the little offices of authority I used to have were taken from me—my keys, which I was proud of keeping—my bills and tradesmen’s books, which I had summed up since ever I can remember. I was turned out of my room, and sent upstairs to the spare room beside Ellen. In the parlour I was never alone any more, and not even my favourite corner was mine any longer. I had no more walks with papa, swinging back from his arm. She had his arm now. She made the tea, and even darned his stockings. I was nothing in the house, and she everything. If you suppose that a girl bears this sort of dethronement easily, I am here to witness to the contrary. I did not take it easily; but the thing that went to my heart most was, I think, that she was called Mary, like me. For the first few days when I heard papa call Mary I used to run to him and find her before me, and get sent away, sometimes hastily (that time I ran in and found them sitting together, he with his arm round her waist. I wonder he was not ashamed of himself, at his age!); and another time with a joke which made me furious: “It was my other Mary I wanted,” he said, looking as vain and foolish as—as—. I never saw anybody look so foolish. *My* father! How it humbled me to the very ground. But then I took to never answering to the name at all, which sometimes made papa angry when it was really me he wanted. I soon came to know very well which of us he meant

by the sound of his voice, but I never let him know that I did. His voice grew soft and round as if he were singing when he called her. When he called me, it was just, I suppose, as it always had been; but I had learned the other something now, the different accentuation, and I resented the want of it, though I knew that it never had belonged to me.

All this time I have not spoken of her, though she was the cause of all. When I saw her first, in the grocer's back shop, working at frocks for the little Spicers, I could not believe my eyes. Though I had already begun to hate her [as supplanting me with my father, I could not but acknowledge how very strange it was to see her there. She had on a very plain black alpaca dress, and she sat in the back parlour, amid all that smell of hams and cheese, with a sewing-machine before her; and yet she looked like a princess. She was tall and very slight, like a flower, and her head bowed a little on its stem like the head of a lily. She was pale, with dark eyes and dark hair. I believe she was very handsome—not pretty, but very handsome, almost beautiful, I have heard papa say. I allow this, to be honest, though I cannot say I ever saw it. She had a pathetic look in her eyes which sometimes felt as if it might go to one's heart. But, fortunately, she always looked happy when I saw her—absurdly happy, just as my poor foolish father did—and so I never was tempted to sympathize with her. I do not understand how anybody but an angel could sympathize with another person who was very happy and comfortable while she (or he) was in trouble. This was our situation now. She had driven me out of everything, and she was pleased; but I was cross from morning till night, and miserable, feeling that I scarcely minded whether I lived or died. Her smiles seemed to insult me when we sat at table together. She looked so much at her ease; she talked so calmly, she even laughed and joked, and sometimes said such merry, witty things, that it was all I could

do to keep from laughing too. It is painful to be tempted to laugh when you are very much injured and in a bad temper. Reading was forbidden now at meals, and neither papa nor I ever ventured to prop up a book beside us while we ate. I suppose it was a bad custom; yet my very heart revolted at the idea of changing anything because she wished it. And then she tried to be “of use” to me, as people said. She made me practise every day. She gave me books to read, getting them from the library, and taking a great deal of trouble. She tried to make me talk French with her; but to talk is a thing one cannot be compelled to do, and I always had it in my power to balk that endeavour by answering *Oui* or *Non* to all her questions. But the worst of it all was that I had no power to affect either her or papa, whatever I might do to make myself disagreeable. I suppose they were too happy to mind. When I was sulky, it was only myself I made miserable, and there is very little satisfaction in that.

I cannot but say, however, looking back, that she was kind to me, in her way. She was always good-natured, and put up with me and tried to make me talk. She was kind: but *they* were not kind. As soon as my father and she got together they forgot everything. They sat and talked together, forgetting my very existence. They went out walking together. Sometimes even he would kiss her, without minding that I was there; and all this filled me with contempt for his weakness. I could not support such nonsense—at his age, too! I remember one day rushing to Mrs. Stephens' to get rid of them and their happiness. She was well off, and I don't really know why she lived in such a street as ours. She kept two servants all for herself, and had a nice drawing-room on the first-floor very beautifully furnished, as I then thought, where she sat and saw all that was going on. Without Mrs. Stephens I think I should have died. I used to rush to her when I could bear it no longer.

"What is the matter, Mary?" she would say, looking up from her Berlin work. She had a daughter who was married—and she was always working chairs for her, and footstools, and I don't know what.

"Nothing," said I, sitting down on the stool by her wool-basket and turning over the pretty colours; and then, after I had been silent for a minute, I said, "They have gone out for a walk."

"It is very natural, my dear; you must not be jealous. It might be a question, you know, whether you liked your papa to marry; but now that he is married, it is his duty to be attentive to his wife."

"He had me before he had a wife," cried I; "why should he love her better than me? Why should he be so much happier with her than with me? He has always something to say to her: he is always smiling and pleasant. Sometimes with me he will be a whole day and never say a word. Why should he be more happy with her than with me?"

Mrs. Stephens laughed. "I can't tell you how it is, Mary, but so it is," she said; "and by and by, when you are older, you will have somebody whom you will be happier with than you ever were with your papa. That is the best of being young. When my Sophy married, it was very hard upon me to see her happier with her husband than she had been with her mother, and to know that all that sort of thing was over for me, and that I must be content with my worsted-work. But you will have a happiness of your own by and by, when you are older; so you must not grudge it so much to your poor papa. I think he is looking pale. I thought he coughed a great deal on Sunday. Is she doing anything for that cough of his, do you know?"

"I never noticed that he had a cough."

"Well, I hope *she* does," said Mrs. Stephens, with a strange look, as if she meant something. "Your papa never was strong. He has not health to be

going out of nights, and to all those concerts and things. She ought to look after his cough, Mary. If she does not, it will be she who will suffer the most."

I did not in the least understand what this meant; I had never remarked papa's cough. Yes, to be sure, he always had a little cough—nothing to speak of. I had been used to it all my life, and it was not any worse than usual—it was nothing. I told Mrs. Stephens so, and then we talked of other things.

What a long year that was! When the wedding-day came round again they had a party, and were quite gay. It was a very odd thing to see a party in our house; but, though I would not have owned this for the world, I almost think I half enjoyed it. I had got used to papa's foolish happiness, and to Mrs. Peveril's ways. By mere use and wont I had got more indifferent; and then there began to be some talk of getting a situation for me as a governess. Papa did not like the idea, but I pressed it on myself, with a feeling that something new would be pleasant. I took most of my ideas of life from novels; and if you will think of it, young ladies who are governesses in novels generally come to promotion in the end, though they may have to suffer a great deal first. I did not much mind the suffering. Whatever it may be that makes one superior to other people, one can bear it. I made up my mind to a great deal of trouble, and even persecution, and all kinds of annoyances, feeling that all this would come to something in the end. All my dreams about being Lady Mary, and a great personage, had been dispersed by my father's marriage. But now I began to dream in another way; and by degrees the old nonsense would steal in. I used to sit with a book in my hand, and see myself working in a schoolroom with the children; and then some one would come to the door, and I would be called to a beautiful drawing-room, and the lady of the house would take me in her arms and kiss me, and say, "Why did not you tell me who you were!" and there would be a lawyer in black who had come with the news.

All this I am sure is intensely silly, but so was I at the time; and that is exactly how my mind used to go on. Sometimes a gentleman would come into it, who would be intensely respectful and reverential, and whom I would always refuse, saying, "No; I will allow no one to descend from their proper rank for me!" until that glorious moment came when I was found out to be as elevated in rank as in principles. Oh, how absurd it all was! and how I liked it! and what a refuge to me was that secret world which no one ever entered but myself, and yet where so many delightful people lived whom I knew by their names, and could talk to for hours together! Sitting there under Mrs. Peveril's very nose, I would have long argumentations with my lover, and he would kiss my hand, and lay himself at my feet, and tell me that he cared for no one in the world but me; and the scene of the discovery was enacted over and over again while papa was talking of parish matters, quite unaware that by some mysterious imbroglio of affairs he was really the Earl of — So and So—(I never could hit upon a sufficiently pretty name). Thus, instead of weeping over my hard fate and thinking it dreadful to have to go out as a governess, I looked forward to it, feeling that somehow the discovery of the true state of affairs concerning us was involved in it, and that, without that probation, Fate would certainly never restore me to my due and native eminence in the world.

But, however, I must come back to the night of the anniversary, and to our party. I had on a pretty new white frock—my first long one, and I half, or more than half, enjoyed myself. Everybody was very kind to me, everybody said I was looking well; and Mrs. Tufnell and Mrs. Stephens petted me a good deal behind backs, and said "poor child!" And then papa's curate, who was one of the guests, kept following me about and trying to talk to me; whenever I looked up I met his eyes. I did not admire him in the least, but it amused me very much, and pleased

me, to see that he admired me. When I wanted anything he rushed to get it for me. It was very odd, but not at all disagreeable, and gave me a comfortable feeling about myself. When the people went away, papa stood a long time in the hall between the open doors, saying good-night to everybody. He went back into the parlour after they were all gone; he went up to the fireplace, I don't know why, and stood there for a moment as if there had been a fire in the grate. Then he called "Mary!" I might have known it was not me he wanted. He held out his hand without turning round. "I never thought I could be happier than I was this day last year," he said, "and yet I am happier to-night. What a delightful year you have given me, my darling—Oh, is it you? What did you mean by not telling me it was you, when you must have perceived that I thought I was talking to my wife?"

"There was no time to tell you," I said. It gave me a pang I can scarcely describe when he thrust my hand away which I had held out to him. He was ashamed; he sat down suddenly in the big chair, and then all at once a fit of coughing came on, such a fit of coughing as I never saw before. It frightened me; and he looked so pale, and with such circles round his eyes! When he could speak he said, hurriedly, panting for his breath, "Be sure you do not tell her of this——." That was all he thought of. It did not matter for me.

But, as it happened, it was not long possible to keep it from *her*. When I look back upon that evening, with its little follies, and the laughter, and the curate, and my new dress! Oh, how little one knows! That very night papa was taken ill. He had caught cold in the draught as he shook hands with the people. It was congestion of the lungs, and from the first the doctor looked very serious. The house changed in that night. The study and the parlour and the whole place turned into a vestibule to the sick room, which was the centre of everything. The very atmosphere was darkened; the sun did

not seem to shine; the sounds outside came to us dulled and heavy. I was not allowed to be very much in the room. She took her place there and never left him, day or night; and if I were to spend pages in describing it I could not give you any idea of my dreariness, left alone down below, not allowed to help him or be near him while my father lay between living and dying. I could not do anything. I tried to read, but I could not read. To take up a novel, which was the only thing I could possibly have given my attention to, would have seemed like profanation at such a time. It would have been worse than reading a novel on Sunday, which I had always been brought up to think very wicked; and as for my dreams, they were worse even than the novels. I dared not carry them on while papa was so ill. I felt that if I allowed my thoughts to float away on such useless currents, I never could expect God to listen to my prayers. For this reason I made a dreadful effort to think "as one ought to think,"—to think of religious things always and all day long—and this was very difficult; but I made the effort, because I thought God was more likely to listen to me if I showed that I wanted to do well.

But, oh the dreary days and the dreary nights! The three last nights I sat up in my dressing-gown, and dozed drearily and woke still more drearily, after dreaming the strangest dreams. Sometimes I thought it was the wedding-day again, and he was standing with her hand on his arm; sometimes it was the anniversary, and he was saying how happy he was; sometimes it was a funeral. I dreamed always about him, and always in different aspects. One morning I woke up suddenly and found Ellen standing by me in the grey dawning. She did not say anything; the tears were running down her face. But I got up and followed her quite silent, knowing what it was.

He died, after a week's illness, in the morning, leaving us a whole horrible,

light, bright day to get through with what patience we could; and then there was a dreary interval of silence, and he was carried away from us for ever and ever; and she and I, two creatures of different minds as ever were born, with but this one link of union between us, were left in the house alone.

CHAPTER III.

SHE and I alone in the house! I do not think that I could express our desolation more fully were I to write a whole book. He who had brought us together was gone. The link between us was broken—we were two strangers, rather hostile to each other than otherwise. No pretence of love had ever existed between us. She had never had any occasion to be jealous of me; but she had known and must have felt that I was jealous of her, and grudged her her position, her happiness, her very name. She knew this, and it had not mattered to her so long as he was alive; but now that he was gone, now that she and I, bearing the same name, supposed to belong to each other, were left within our dismal house alone——

We went together to the funeral. I was too much absorbed in my own feelings, I believe, to think of her; and yet I noticed everything, as people do when they are deeply excited. She walked by herself, and so did I. There was no one to support either of us, and we did not cling to each other. The churchwardens were there, and Spicer the grocer, to my annoyance. When I saw him all the conversation which I had once overheard came to my mind. Even as I stood by my father's grave it came back to me. I understood it only partially, but it seemed to me as if the time had come on which he calculated, and which he had spoken of. I do not think it had ever recurred to me till that moment. She would be better off with a thousand pounds than with nothing. A thousand pounds——and—— what had he said? I thought my heart had been too faint to feel at all, and yet it began to quicken now

with excitement. I looked at her as she walked before me. What was to become of her? What was to become of me? But I did not think of myself.

When we got back to the house Spicer came in and the churchwardens with him; they came into the parlour. When I was going away Mr. Turnham, who was one of them, called me back. "Miss Mary," he said, "wait a little. It is hard upon you, but there is some business to be settled. Pray come back."

I went, of course. She had dropped into the chair my father used to sit in. He had given it up to her when they were married, but now death had unmarried them, and I could not bear to see her there. Spicer had gone to sit by her; they were at one side of the room, Mr. Turnham and I at the other, as if we were opposite sides. The other churchwarden had shaken hands with us all and gone away.

"In the present melancholy circumstances it is our duty," said Mr. Turnham, "to inquire into our late dear friend's monetary arrangements; there must have been some settlement or other—some explanation at least, as he married so short a time ago."

Then Spicer cleared his throat, and edged still more on to the edge of his chair. Oh, heaven knows! I was as miserable as a girl could be—but yet I noticed all this as if I did not care.

"There was no settlement," he said, "reason good, there wasn't nothing to settle as was worth the while; but being Mrs. Peveril's only relation, and responsible like, he spoke very clear and honourable about his means to us. 'I ain't got no money, Mr. Spicer,' he said, 'but I've insured my life for my daughter, and I'll do as much for her. They'll have a thousand pounds apiece, and that's better than nothing,' he said; 'it will get them into some snug little way of business or something.' He was a sensible man, Mr. Peveril, and spoke up handsome when he saw as nothing was exacted of him. I don't know what office it's in, but I believe as what he said must be true."

"Perhaps if we were to adjourn into the study, and if one of the ladies would get the keys, we might look in his desk if there was a will," said Mr. Turnham. "I am very sorry that our late lamented friend had so short an illness, and therefore was unable to say anything as to what he wished."

"Stop, please," Mrs. Peveril said all at once. "Stop: neither of us is able to give you any help to-day; and afterwards we will try to manage for ourselves. We thank you very much, but it is best to leave us to ourselves. I speak for Mary too."

"But, my dear Mrs. Peveril, you will want some one to manage for you; it is painful, I know, but it is best to do it at once; you will want some one to manage——"

"I do not see the necessity," she said. She was dreadfully pale; I never saw any one so pale; and it went to my heart to be obliged to side with her, and acquiesce in what she said; but I could not help it, I was obliged to give in. She spoke for me too.

"As long as there's me, you may make your mind easy," said Spicer. "A relation; and on the premises; so to speak. I'll do for 'em all as is necessary; you may make your mind quite easy, Mr. Turnham—you trust to me."

Then she got up; her head drooped in her great heavy black bonnet and veil. She was not like a lily now, in all that craze; but I could not keep my eyes from her. She was not afraid of these men, as I was. She held out her hand first to the one, then to the other. "Good-bye," she said. "We thank you very much for taking so much interest, but we would like to be alone to-day. Good-bye."

Mr. Turnham got up not quite pleased, but he shook hands with her and then with me, and said: "Good-bye and God bless you" to us both. "If you want me you know where I am to be found," he said, with a little look of offence. Spicer stayed behind him, as if he belonged to us.

"I agree with you," he said, putting his hand on her shoulder. "Them a

is strangers has no business with your affairs. Trust 'em to me, my dear; trust 'em to me. When your money's safe in a good snug little business you won't be so badly off; at least it's always something to fall back upon;—don't you be downhearted, my dear. I don't see as you will be so badly off."

"Good-bye, Mr. Spicer," she said. She pushed past him and left the room with an impatience which I understood. He and I were left standing together, looking at each other. Nobody considered me much. It was the wife who was thought of—not the daughter. He shook his head as he looked after her.

"Bless us all! bless us all!" he said. "That's what comes of turning a woman's head. Miss Mary, I ain't going to forsake you, though she's far from civil. I'll stand by you, never fear. If the money's well invested you'll both get something 'andsome. Nothing pays like business; and as there ain't no babby—which was what I always feared——"

"I don't want to talk about Mrs. Peveril," I said.

"Oh, you don't want to talk about her; nor me neither. She's very flighty and hoity-tohty. I remember when she was at least glad to get a corner at my table. She thinks she's set up now, with her thousand pounds. It's a blessing as there's no family. Miss Mary, I'll take your instructions next time as I comes if you'll put yourself in my hands. I've come to think on you as a relation too; but bless you, my dear, I know as you can't be cheerful with visitors not just the first day. Don't stand upon no ceremony with me."

He wanted me to leave him, I thought, that he might examine everything, and perhaps get at poor papa's papers; but I would not do that. I stayed, though my heart was bursting, until he went away. What an afternoon that was! it was summer, but it rained all day. It rained and rained into the smoky street, and upon papa's grave, which I seemed to see before me wet and cold and sodden, with little pools of water about. How heartless it seemed, how terrible, to have come into shelter our-

selves and to have left him there alone in the wet, and the cold, and the misery! If one could but have gone back there and sat down by him and got one's death, it would have been some consolation. I went up to my room and sat there drearily, watching the drops that chased each other down the window-panes. It was so wet that the street was quite silent outside, nobody coming or going, except the milkman with his pails making a clank at every area. There were no cries in the street, no sound of children playing, nothing but the rain pattering, pattering, upon the roofs and the pavement, and in every little hollow on both. The house, too, was perfectly still; there was no dinner, nothing to break the long monotony. Ellen came up in her new black gown, with tears on her cheeks, to bring me a glass of wine and a sandwich. I could not eat, but I drank the wine. "Oh, Miss Mary," said Ellen, "won't you go to her now? There's only you two. It ain't a time, Miss—oh, it ain't a time to think on things as may have been unpleasant. And she's a taking on so, shut up in that room, as I think she'll die."

Why should she die any more than me? Why should she be more pitied than I was? I had lost as much, more than she had. She had known him but a short time, not two years; but he had been mine all my life. I turned my back upon Ellen's appeal, and she went away crying, shaking her head and saying I was unkind, I was not feeling. Oh, was not I feeling? How my head ached, how my heart swelled, how the sobs rose into my throat; I should have been glad could I have felt that it was likely I should die.

"Will you go down to tea, Miss Mary," Ellen said, coming back as the night began to fall. I was weary, weary of sitting and crying by myself; any change looked as if it must be better. I was cold and faint and miserable; and then there was in my mind a sort of curiosity to see how she looked, and if she would say anything—even to know what were to be the relations between

us now. I went down accordingly, down to the dark little parlour which, during all papa's illness, I had lived in alone. She was there, scarcely visible in the dark, crouching over a little fire which Ellen had lighted. It was very well-meant on Ellen's part, but the wood was damp, and the coals black, and I think it made the place look almost more wretched. *She* sat holding out her thin hands to it. The tea was on the table, and after I went in Ellen brought the candles. We did not say anything to each other. After a while she gave me some tea and I took it. She seemed to try to speak two or three times. I waited for her to begin. I could not say a word; and we had been thus for a long time mournfully seated together before she at last broke the silence. "Mary," she said, and then paused. I suppose it was because I was younger than she that I had more command of myself, and felt able to observe every little movement she made and every tone. I was so curious about her—anxious, I could not tell why, as to what she would do and say.

"Mary," she repeated, "we have never been very good friends, you and I; I don't know why this has been. I have not wished it—but we have not been very good friends."

"No."

"No; that is all you say? Could we not do any better now? When I came here first, I did not think I was doing you any wrong. I did not mean it as a wrong to you. Now we are two left alone in the world. I have no one, and you have no one. Could we not do any better? Mary, I think it would please *him*, perhaps, if we tried to be friends."

My heart was quite full. I could have thrown myself upon her and kissed her. I could have killed her. I did not know what to do.

"We have never been enemies," I said.

"No. But friends—that is different. There never were two so lonely. If we stayed together we might get to be fond of each other, Mary; we might keep together out of the cold world. Two

together are stronger than one alone. You don't know how cold the world is, you are so young. If we were to keep together we might stay—at home."

Some evil spirit moved me, I cannot tell how; it seemed to me that I had found her out, that it was this she wanted. I got up from my chair flaming with the momentary hot passion of grief. "If there is any money for me, and if you want that, you can have it," I cried, and tried to go away.

She gave a little moaning cry, as if I had struck her. "Oh, Mary, Mary!" she cried, with a wailing voice more of sorrow than of indignation; and then she put out her hand and caught my dress. I could not have got away if I had wished, and I did not wish it, for I was devoured by curiosity about what she would do and say. This curiosity was the beginning of interest, though I did not know it; it fascinated me to her. She caught my dress and drew me closer. She put her other hand on mine, and drew me down to her, so that my face approached hers. She put up her white cheek, her eyes all hollowed out with crying, to mine: "Mary," she said, in a heartrending tone, "do not go away from me. I have nobody but you in the world." Then she paused. "I am going to have a baby," she said all at once, with a low, sharp cry.

I was confounded. I do not know what I said or did. Shame, wonder, pity, emotion—all mingled in me. I was very young, younger in heart than I was in years; and to have such a thing told to me overwhelmed me with shame and awe. It was so wonderful, so mysterious, so terrible. I dropped on my knees beside her, and covered my face with my hands, and cried. I could not resist any longer, or shut myself up. We cried together, clinging to each other, weeping over our secret. *He* had not known. At the last, when she was aware herself, she would not tell him to add to his pains. "He will know in heaven, Mary," she said, winding her arms round me, weeping on my shoulder, shaking me, frail support as I was, with her sobs. This was how the other

Mary and I became one. We were not without comfort as we crept upstairs, with our pale faces. She went with me to my room; she would not let me go. I had to hold her hand even when we went to sleep. "Do not leave me, Mary; stay with me, Mary," she moaned, whenever I stirred. And we slept by snatches, in our weariness; slept and woke to sob, and then slept again.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS union, following so close upon our complete severance from each other, astonished everybody. We frightened Ellen. When she came to call me next morning, and saw the other sleeping by me, she thought it was witchcraft; but I did not mind that. I rose, and dressed very quietly, not to wake *her*. She was sleeping deeply at last, the sleep of exhaustion. During all papa's illness she had not rested at all, and at last sorrow and watching had worn her out. But I need not go over at length everything that happened. We told kind Mrs. Tufnell and Mrs. Stephens, our nearest neighbours; and I believe they told it to many in the parish; but Mary and I neither knew nor heard what went on out of our house. I had got to call her Mary, as he did; I liked it now—it no longer seemed to interfere with me. I thought my voice sounded round and soft like his when I said her name—Mary. It is a pleasant name to say, though it is my own. I got to admire it, being hers—I, who had hated her for being so called. But all that was changed now.

I do not quite know how our business was settled, for I know nothing about business. This I know, that she managed it all herself, as she had said; she would not let Spicer have anything to do with it. She wrote about the money to an old friend of papa's, and got it invested and all settled. Half was for her and half for me. It brought us in about 85*l.* a year. We settled to let the first floor, two rooms furnished as a

sitting-room and bed-room, which would pay our rent; and we got three or four little pupils, who came every day, and whom we taught. Everything was very closely calculated, but we decided that we could manage it. We had never been used to be rich, neither one nor the other; and though when all was well I had dreamed of going away among strangers, yet now I could not help chiming in with that desperate desire of hers to avoid separation and remain together. She used to tell me stories of how she had been when she was a governess. How she had lived upstairs in a schoolroom alone in the midst of a great houseful of people; how when she came downstairs she was in the society without belonging to it; and how when any one in the family was kind to her they got into trouble. What she said was quite vague, but it was not comfortable; and by degrees my dreams and ideas were modified by her experience. But I could not be cured of my follies all in a moment, even by grief. After a while I began to dream again; and now my dreams were of my high estate being discovered somehow when I was seated lonely in that schoolroom, trying to get through the weary evening. I used to make a picture to myself of how the lady of the house would come penitent and ashamed, and make a hundred apologies; and how I would say to her, that though her other governesses might not turn out to be Lady Marys, yet did not she think it would be best to be kind and make friends of them? Lady Mary! I clung to my absurdity, though I began to be old enough to see how ridiculous it was. How could I ever turn out to be anybody now—now that papa was gone? But when a girl is but sixteen there are often a great many follies in her head which she would be deeply ashamed of if any one knew them, but which please her in secret as she dreams over them. My life was altogether changed by papa's death. It is dreadful to say so, but it was not changed for the worse. Perhaps I had been happier in the old days before Mary was ever heard of,

when he and I used to sit together, not talking much, and walk together, thinking our own thoughts—together, yet without much intercourse. I had been quite content then, having enough to amuse me in my own fancies, as he, I supposed, had in his. But now I began to be able to understand why he had wearied for real companionship, now that I knew what real companionship was. We lived together, Mary and I, in a different way. We talked over everything together; the smallest matter that occurred, we discussed it, she and I. She had the art of working everything that happened, into our life, so that the smallest incident was of importance. Even in those very first days, though her heart was broken, she soothed me. "Mary," she said, with her lips trembling, "we cannot be always crying; we must think of something else whenever we can; we must *try* to think of other things. God help us; we must live, we cannot die." And then she would break down; and then dry her eyes, and talk of something, of anything. When we got our little pupils, that was a relief. She went into her work with all her heart. Her attention never seemed to wander from the business, as mine constantly did. We had four little girls; they came for two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. When they went away we had our walk. In the evening we did our needlework, and she made me read aloud, or sometimes play, and she taught me to sing. We used to stop and cry at every second bar when we began, but by degrees that hysterical feeling passed off. I was never away from her. I had constant companionship, communion,—talk that kept me interested, and even amused. I got to be—I am almost ashamed to confess it—happier than I had been for a long time, perhaps than I had ever been in my life.

We had lived like this for about three months, and had got used to it, when something came to make a little change. Mary and I rarely spoke of our secret. It seemed to be my secret as well as

hers, and I tried all I could to take care of her, with a secret awe which I never expressed. I could not have spoken of it; I should have been ashamed; but the mysterious sense of what was coming was always in my mind. The needlework which we used to do in the evenings filled me with strange feelings. I never dared ask what this or that was for. I was afraid and abashed at the very sight of the little things when they happened to be spread out and showed their form. It was making them which made me a good needlewoman: perhaps you will think that is of no great importance in these days of sewing-machines; but oh, to have let a sewing-machine, or even a stranger's hand, touch those dearest little scraps of linen and muslin! Nothing but the finest work, the daintiest little stitches, would do for them. I used to kiss them sometimes in my awe, but I would not have asked questions for the world. This is a digression, however; for what I was going to say had nothing to do either with our work or our secret. All this time we had not let our first floor—and it was with great satisfaction in her looks that Mrs. Stephens came in one day and told us that she had heard of a lodger for us. "He is a gentleman, my dears," she said, "*quite* a gentleman, and therefore you may be sure he will give no trouble that he can help. He is an engineer, and has something to do, I believe, about the new railway; otherwise he lives at home somewhere about Hyde Park, and moves in the very best society. When I say an 'engineer,' I mean a 'civil' one, you know, which is, I am told, quite the profession of a gentleman. He will want the rooms for six months, or perhaps more. His name is Durham; he is cousin to the Pophams, great friends of mine, and if the lodgings suit him he would like to come in at once."

Mary had given a little start, I could not tell why. There seemed no reason for it. Her work had fallen out of her hands; but she picked it up again and went on. "His name is— What

did you say, Mrs. Stephens?—a civil engineer?"

"Yes, my love, a civil engineer—Durham, his name is. He will come with me to-morrow, if you are agreeable, to see the rooms."

Mary made a visible pause. She looked at me as if she were consulting me; it was a curious, appealing sort of look. I looked back at her, but I could not understand her. What did I know about Mr. Durham, the civil engineer? Mrs. Stephens was not so observant as I was, and probably she never noticed this look. And then Mary said, "Very well. If they suit him, we ought to be very thankful. I should have preferred a lady——"

"My dear, a lady is a great deal more at home than a man, and gives more trouble," said Mrs. Stephens; "very different from a man who is out all day. And then, probably he will dine almost always at his West-end home."

The idea was funny, and I laughed. The notion of the West-end home amused me; but I could not help observing that Mary, who was always ready to sympathize with me, did not smile. Her head was bent over her work. She did not even say anything more on the subject, but let Mrs. Stephens go on and make all the arrangements for coming next day. I thought of this after; and even at the time I noticed it, and with some surprise.

Next day, just as we were going out for our walk, Mary, who had been at the window, started back, and went hurriedly into the little room behind, which had once been papa's study. "Mary," she said, "there is Mrs. Stephens and——her friend. Go with them, please, to see the rooms. I am not quite well: I would rather not appear."

"I am so stupid; I shall not know what to say," I began.

"You will do very well," said Mary, and disappeared and shut the door. I had no time to think more of this, for the stranger came in directly with Mrs. Stephens; and in my shyness I blushed

and stammered while I explained. "She is not very well," I said; "I am to show you. Will you please—sit down; will you come upstairs?"

"You will do very well," said Mrs. Stephens, patting me on the shoulder. "This is Mr. Durham, Mary, and I don't think he will eat any of us. It is a nice light, airy staircase," she said, as she went up, not to lose any opportunity of commending the house. "A capital staircase," said Mr. Durham, with a cheery laugh. I had scarcely ventured to look at him yet, but somehow there was a feeling of satisfactoriness diffused through the air about him. I cannot explain quite what I mean, but I am sure others must have felt the same thing. Some people seem to make the very air pleasant: they give you a sense that all is well, that there is nothing but what is good and honest in the place where they are. This is what I felt now; and when we got upstairs I ventured to look at him. He was tall and strong and ruddy, not at all like any hero whom I had ever read of or imagined. There was nothing "interesting" about him. He looked "a good fellow," cheery, and smiling, and active, and kind. He settled at once about the rooms. He laughed out when Mrs. Stephens said something about their homeliness. "They are as good as a palace," he said; "I don't see what a man could want more." The sitting-room was the room papa died in, and it cost me a little pang to see them walking about and looking at the furniture; but when people are poor they cannot indulge such feelings. We learn to say nothing about them, and perhaps that helps to subdue them. At all events, I made no show of what I was thinking, and it was all settled in a few minutes. He was to come in on Saturday, and Ellen was to work for him and wait upon him. I could not help thinking it would be pleasant to have him in the house.

And thus there commenced another period of my life, which I must speak of very briefly,—which indeed I do not

care to speak of at all, but which I will think about as long as I live. I did not see very much of him at first. I was nearly seventeen now, and very shy; and Mary watched over me, and took great pains not to expose me to chance meetings with the stranger, or any unnecessary trouble. Ellen managed everything between us. She was a good, trustworthy woman, and we did not require to interfere; she was full of praises of Mr. Durham, who never gave any trouble he could help. But one night, when I was taking tea with Mrs. Stephens, he happened to come in, and we had the pleasantest evening. He knew a song I had just learned, and sang a second to it in the most delightful deep voice. He talked and rattled about everything. He made Mrs. Stephens laugh and he made me laugh, and he told us his adventures abroad till we were nearly crying. When it was time for me to go, he got up too, and said he would go with me. "Oh, it is only next door; I can go alone," I said, in my shyness. "It is only next door, but I live there too, and I am going to work now," he said. "To work! when all the rest of the world are going to bed?" said Mrs. Stephens; "you will make yourself ill." How he laughed at that! his laugh sounded like a cheery trumpet. He did not mean to kill himself with work. "But I hope you will let me come to tea again," he said. How pleased Mrs. Stephens was! She always says she likes young people, and we had spent such a pleasant night.

Many more of these pleasant evenings followed. Sometimes when we were sitting quiet after tea, she would send for me suddenly; sometimes she would write a little note in the afternoon. This expectation filled my life with something quite new. I had never had many invitations or pleasures before: I had never expected them. When we sat down to work after tea I had known that it was for the whole evening, and that no pleasant interruption would disturb us. But now a little thrill of excitement ran through my whole life.

I wondered, would a note come in the afternoon? If it did not come, I wondered whether the bell would ring after tea, and Ellen come in saying, "If you please, ma'am, Mrs. Stephens's compliments, and would Miss Mary go in, and take her music?" Mary never interfered; never said "Don't go." She looked at me sometimes very wistfully; sometimes she smiled and shook her head at me, and said I was getting dissipated. Once or twice she looked anxious, and told me a story, which I only half understood, of girls who met with people they liked, and were very happy, and then lost sight of them ever after. Mary was very clever at telling stories, and I was fond of listening; but she did it so well and delicately that I fear I never thought of the moral—never, at least, till all the harm was done and it was too late.

I would not have any one think, however, that Mr. Durham either meant or did any harm. To say so would be very wrong. It was as imperceptible with him as with me. He went quite innocently, as I did, to cheer up Mrs. Stephens, and because an evening's chatter with a little music was pleasant; and by degrees we thought less and less of Mrs. Stephens and more and more of each other. If any one meant anything beyond this, it was she who was the guilty person. She would nod off to sleep in her easy-chair while we were talking. She would say with a sleepy smile, "Don't mind me, my dears. The light is a little strong for my eyes. That is why I close them—but I like the sound of your voices even when I don't hear what you say." Alas, if she had heard everything that had been said it might have been better. After a while he began to say strange things to me while she had her doze. He talked about his family to me. He said he hoped I should know them some day. He said his mother was very kind and wise—"a wise woman." These were the very words he used. And then he said—other things; but that was not till the very, very last.

One morning we met in the little

hall. It was raining, and it was a holiday, and when he insisted on following me into the schoolroom, what could I do—I could not shut him out. He seemed to fill the whole room, and make it warm and bright. I do not think we had ever been quite alone before. He came to the window and stood there looking out upon the bare bit of smoky grass and the water-butt. And then all at once he came to me and took my hand. "If I had a nice little house out in the country, with flowers and trees about it, a bright little house—Mary—would you come and be my little wife, and take care of it and me?"

Oh, what a thing to have said to you, all at once, without warning, in the heart of your own dull little life, when you thought you were to work, and pinch, and put up with things, for ever! It was different from my old fancy. But how poor a thing to have been found out to be Lady Mary in comparison with this! What I said is neither here nor there. We stood together in the little old study, among the forms where we had our little scholars, as if we had been in a fairy palace. I was not seventeen. I had no experience. I thought of nothing but him, and what he said. It was not my part to think of his father and mother, and what he would do, and what he wouldn't do. He was a great deal older than I was; about thirty, I believe. Of course, I thought of nothing but him.

"Do you know," he said after a long time, "I have never seen your step-mother, Mary? I have been three months in the house, and I have never seen her. I must go and see her now."

"Oh, wait a little," I said; "wait a day. Let us have a secret all to ourselves one day." How foolish I was!—but how was I to know?

He consented after a while; and then he made me promise to bring her out at a certain hour in the afternoon, that he might meet us at the door and see her. I made all the arrangements for this with a light heart. Though it was very difficult to hide from her what had happened, I did so with a great effort. I persuaded her to come out earlier than

usual. She did not resist me. She was kinder, more tender, than I had ever known. She began to say something of a story she had to tell me as we went out. I went first and opened the door, and stood aside on the white steps to let her go out. Her crape veil was thrown back. Though she was still pale, there was a tint of life upon her cheeks. She was more like herself in her refined, delicate beauty, more like a lily, my favourite image of her, than she had been for ever so long.

I had begun to smile to myself at the success of our trick, when suddenly I got frightened, I could scarcely tell how. Looking up, I saw him standing on the pavement gazing at her, confounded. I can use no other word. He looked bewildered, confused, half wild with amazement. As for Mary, she had stopped short on the step. She was taken strangely by surprise too; for the first moment she only gazed as he did. Then she dropped her veil, and stepped back into the house. "I have forgotten something," she said; and turned round and went upstairs to her room. He came in, too, and went upstairs after her, passing without looking at me. His under lip seemed to have dropped; his cheerful face had lost all its animation; his eyes had a wild, bewildered stare in them. What did it mean? oh! what did it mean?

I did not know what to do. I wondered if he had followed her to speak to her, or what was the meaning of those strange looks. I lingered in the hall holding the handle of the door, feeling miserable, but not knowing why. In two or three minutes she came downstairs. "I had forgotten my handkerchief," she said; and we went out together as if nothing had happened. But something had happened, that was certain. She did not talk very much that day. When we were coming home she said to me, quite suddenly, "Was it your doing, Mary, that I met Mr. Durham so at the door?"

"He said it was so strange he had never seen you," I said.

"Yes, but you should have known I

would not do that for nothing. You should not have been the one to betray me, Mary. I knew Mr. Durham once. He is associated with one of the most painful portions of my life."

"Oh, Mary dear! I did not know—"

"You did not know, and I did not want you to find out; but never mind, it is done. It need not, I hope, do any harm to you."

That was a very strange day: the excitement of the morning, and then the other excitement; and to feel that I had a secret from her, and that he was seated upstairs giving no sign, taking no notice of our existence all day long. I was so agitated and disturbed that I did not know what to do. At last I settled myself in the schoolroom to do some translations. When one has been looking for a long time for a holiday, and something happens to spoil the holiday when it comes, it is worse even than if that something had happened on an ordinary day. I think Mary was glad to be left to herself, for instead of our ordinary companionship, she sat in the parlour at work all the long afternoon, and I in the schoolroom. One of the doors was half opened between us. She could hear my pen scratching on the paper, and the rustling of the leaves of my dictionary—and I could hear her moving softly over her work. It was autumn by this time, and the days were growing short, and neither of us cared to ring for tea; and I think Ellen was cooking dinner for Mr. Durham and forgot us at the usual hour. We still sat as we had been all the afternoon when the twilight came on. I laid down my pen, having no light to write by, when I heard some one knock softly at the parlour door.

Mary made no reply. She sat quite still, never stirring. The knock came again; then I, too, put my paper away from me and listened. The door opened, and some one came into the parlour. How well I knew who it was! I listened now so intently that nothing escaped me. How could it be wrong? He must have come to talk to her of me.

"Mary!" he said. I rose up softly in my excitement, thinking it was me he was calling; but before I could move further a strange consciousness came over me that it was not me he meant. The old feeling with which I had heard my father call Mary came into my very soul—but worse, a hundred times worse. Oh, had he too another Mary besides me?

"Mary!" he said, breathless, and then paused. "How has all this come about? Why do I find you here? What does it mean? There are many explanations which I have a right to ask. You disappear from me—sent away—I know not how; and then—not to count the years that have passed—after these three months, in which you must have known me, I find you by chance—"

She knew that I was within hearing, and that whatever she said to him must be to me too. If that was a restraint upon her, I cannot tell. I felt sorry for her vaguely in my mind; but yet I did not move.

"I did not wish you to find me at all," she said, very low. "Mr. Durham, there is and can be nothing between you and me."

"Nothing!" he said; "what do you mean, Mary? Why there is all the past between us—a hundred things that cannot be undone by anything in the future. You know how many things there are connected with you which are a mystery to me—things not affecting you alone, but others. How you went away, for instance? and what became of you, and how much my mother had to do with it? You must have known the moment I found you that all these questions remained to be asked."

"All these questions," she said, "are made quite unimportant by two things. First, that I am the wife, though now the widow, of a man I loved dearly—and that you have begun to love, begun to think of some one very different from me."

"Ah!" he said, with a strange brief utterance of distress. Whether he was grieved to think of the wrong he was doing me, or whether the strange posi-

tion he stood in troubled him, I cannot tell; but there was pain in the cry he gave—"ah!" with a little shiver. "You have abundance of power to pain me," he said, very low, "but it seems strange you should upbraid me. Yes, I have begun to think of some one else; but that does not prevent me from being deeply startled, deeply moved, by the sight of you."

There was a little silence then, and I came to myself slowly. I woke as it were out of a trance. She knew I was there, but he did not. I had no right to hear his secrets without warning him. I tried to get up, but could not at first. I felt stiff and weary, as if I had been travelling for days together. I could scarcely drag myself up from my chair. The sound I made in rising might have warned him, but I do not think he heard. Before I could drag myself to the door and show I was there, he had begun again.

"Mary," he said, lingering upon the name as if he loved it, "this is not a time for recrimination. Tell me how you left Chester-street, and what my mother had to do with it? and then, if you choose, I will never see you again."

"Is it for your mother, or for me?"

I did not hear the answer. I could not stay longer. I got to the door somehow, and threw it open. I was too much bewildered to know what I was doing, or to think. I came out with a little rush as feeble creatures do. "I want to get away. I want to go out. I cannot stay there all day and hear you talking," I said. I was not addressing either her or him. The sound of my voice must have been very piteous, for I remember it even now.

"Mary!" he said.

Oh, what a difference in the sound! This time his voice was startled, pained, almost harsh, with a kind of reproof in it: not as he said Mary to her. Oh, papa, papa! it was you first who taught me the difference. I gave a hoarse little cry. I could not speak. Millions of words seemed to rush to my lips, but I could not say any of them. "I have been here long enough," I managed to

stammer out. "Let me go—let me go!" Next moment I was in the dark, in the silence, in my own little room, kneeling down by the bedside, crying and moaning to myself. I did not know why. I had heard nothing wrong; but it seemed to me that all my life was over, and that it did not matter what came next.

And, indeed, I cannot tell what came next. She came up to me, and told me the whole story, and in a vague sort of way I understood it. She was not to blame. He had been fond of her (everybody was fond of her) when she was the governess in his mother's house; and it had been found out, and his mother was harsh, and she had gone suddenly away. There was nothing in this which need have made me unhappy, perhaps—so people have said to me since—but then I was very young; and I had been happy—and now I was miserable. I listened to her, and made no answer, but only moaned. The night passed, I cannot tell how. I did not sleep till late in the morning; and then I fell asleep and did not wake till noon. Then what was the use of going downstairs? I stayed in my room, feeling so weary, so worn out. It was Saturday, a half-holiday, and there was nothing to do. She came to me and spoke to me again, and again; but I gave her very little answer. And he took no notice—he sent no message, no letter—not a word of explanation. He never asked my pardon. In my misery I thought I heard voices all the day as if they were talking, talking—and he never sent a message or note or anything to me. And then after a long talk, as I fancied, with him, she would come to me. "Mary, this must not be. You must get up. You must be like yourself. Neither Mr. Durham nor I have done you any wrong, Mary."

"Oh, don't call me Mary!" I said: "call me some other name. If you knew how different it sounds when it is said to you, not to me."

And then she would look at me with her eyes full of tears, and sit down by me, and say no more. And so passed this bitter day.

CHAPTER V.

NEXT day was Sunday. When I woke up, early, I recollected all that had happened with a flush of overwhelming shame. How childishly, how foolishly I had behaved. I was very, very wretched; but I was ashamed, and pride got the upper hand. I dressed myself carefully and went downstairs, resolved not to show my misery at least, to be proud and forget it. "If he does not care for me," I said to myself, "I will not care for him." I passed his room very softly that I might not wake him. There was early morning service in St. Mark's now, for the curate who had succeeded poor papa was very High Church. I stole out and went to this early service, and tried to be good, and to give myself up to God's will. Yes, it must have been God's will—though how it could ever be God's will that anybody should be false, or unkind, or cruel, I could not tell. I know it is right, however, whatever happens that vexes you, to accept it as if it must be the will of God. I tried to do that, and I was not quite so miserable when I went home. Ellen opened the door to me, looking frightened. "I thought you was lost, too, Miss," she said. "I have been to church," I answered, scarcely noticing her words. Breakfast was laid in the little parlour. It was very, very tidy, dreadfully tidy—everything was cleared away—the basket with the work and all the little things, and every stray thread and remnant. All of a sudden it occurred to me how little I had been doing to help of late. Instead of working I had been spending the evenings with Mrs. Stephens. I did not even know how far the "things" were advanced, and it seemed strange they should all be gone. Of course it was because of Sunday. After a while Ellen brought in the coffee. She had still the same frightened look. "Missis wasn't with you at the early service, Miss Mary?" "Oh no," I said, surprised at the question; "perhaps she is not up."

"She's never lain down all night,"

said Ellen; "she was worried and worn off her legs going up and down to you yesterday Miss—you that was quite well, and had no call to your bed. She was a deal more like it, the dear. She's never lain in her bed this blessed night, and I can't find her, high or low."

I scarcely waited to hear this out, but rushed up to her room. The bed had not been touched since yesterday. A little prayer-book lay on it, as if she had been praying. The room was in perfect good order—no litter about it. The little "things" were not to be seen. One of her dresses hanging against the wall made me think for a moment she was there, but it was only an old dress, and everything else was gone. Oh the terror and the pain and the wonder of that discovery! I could not believe it. I rushed through all the house, every room, calling her. Mr. Durham heard me, and came out to the door of his room and spoke to me as I passed, and tried to take my hand, but I snatched it away from him. I did not even think of him. I can just remember the look he had, half-ashamed, appealing with his eyes, a little abashed and strange. I scarcely saw him at the time—but I remember him now, and with good reason, for I have never seen him again.

And I have never seen Mary again from that day. Mrs. Stephens came in to me, startled by the news her servants had carried her; and she told me she had heard a carriage drive off late on the previous night, but did not think it was from our door. She knew nothing. She cried, but I could not cry; and it was Sunday, and nothing could be done—nothing! even if I had known what to do. I rushed to Spicer's, and then I was sorry I had gone, for such people as they are never understand, and they thought, and think to this day, that there was something disgraceful in it. I rushed to Mrs. Tufnell, not expecting to find her, for now it was time for church. The bells had done ringing, and I had already met, as I walked wildly along, almost all the people I knew. One woman stopped me and asked if Mrs. Peveril was taken

ill, and if she should go to her. "Poor thing, poor thing!" this good woman said. Oh, she might well pity us—both of us! But to my surprise Mrs. Tufnell was at home. She almost looked as if she expected me. She looked agitated and excited, as if she knew. Did she know? I have asked her on my knees a hundred times, but she has always shaken her head. "How should I know?" she has said, and cried. I have thought it over and over for days and for years, till my brain has whirled. But I think she does know—I think some time or other she will tell me. It is a long time ago, and my feelings have got a little dulled; but I think some time or other I must find it out.

This wonderful event made a great change in my life. I began at once, that very day, to live with Mrs. Tufnell in the Square. She would not let me go home. She kissed me, and said I was to stay with her now. Mr. Durham came twice and asked to see me; but I could not bear to see him. Then Mrs. Stephens came with a letter. He said in it that I must dispose of him; that he was in my hands, and would do whatever I pleased; that he had been startled more than he could say by the sudden sight of one whom he had loved before he knew me; but that if I could forgive him any foolish words he might have said, then he hoped we might be happy. In short, he was very honourable, ready to keep his word; and I felt as if I hated him for his virtue—for treating me "honourably!" Was that what all his love and all my happiness had come to? I sent him a very short little note back, and it was all over. He went abroad soon after, and I have never heard of him any more.

And thus my story ended at seventeen. I wonder if there are many lives with one exciting chapter in them, ending at seventeen, and then years upon years of monotonous life. I am twenty-three now. I live with Mrs. Tufnell. I am daily governess to one little girl, and I have my forty pounds a-year, the interest of poor papa's insurance money. I am very well off indeed, and some people think I need not care to take a pupil at all—better off, a great deal, than I was in Southampton-street;—but how different! I heard very soon after that Mary had a little boy. It was in the papers, but without any address; and I had one letter from her, saying that we had made a mistake in trying to live together, and that she was sorry. She hoped I would forgive her if she had been mistaken, and she would always think of me and love me. Love me? Is it like love to go away and leave me alone? Two people have said they loved me in my life, and that is what both have done.

However, after that letter I could not do anything more. If she thought it was a mistake for us to live together, of course it was a mistake. And I had my pride too. "I always felt it was a doubtful experiment," Mrs. Tufnell said when people wondered, "and it did not answer—that was all." And this is how it was settled and ended—ended, I suppose, for ever. Mrs. Tufnell is very good to me, and as long as she lives I am sure of a home. Perhaps I may tell you her story one of these days; for she has a story, like most people. She tells me I am still very young, and may yet have a life of my own; but in the meantime the most I can do is to take an interest in other people's lives.

To be continued.

DEVELOPMENT IN DRESS.

THE development of dress presents a strong analogy to that of organisms, as explained by the modern theories of evolution; and in this article I propose to illustrate some of the features which they have in common. We shall see that the truth expressed by the proverb, "*Natura non facit saltum*," is applicable in the one case as in the other; the law of progress holds good in dress, and forms blend into one another with almost complete continuity. In both cases a form yields to a succeeding form, which is better adapted to the then surrounding conditions; thus, when it ceased to be requisite that men in active life should be ready to ride at any moment, and when riding had for some time ceased to be the ordinary method of travelling, knee breeches and boots yielded to trousers. The "*Ulster Coat*," now so much in vogue, is evidently largely fostered by railway travelling, and could hardly have flourished in the last century, when men either rode or travelled in coaches, where there was no spare room for any very bulky garment.

A new invention bears a kind of analogy to a new variation in animals; there are many such inventions, and many such variations; those that are not really beneficial die away, and those that are really good become incorporated by "*natural selection*," as a new item in our system. I may illustrate this by pointing out how macintosh-coats and crush-hats have become somewhat important items in our dress.

Then, again, the degree of advancement in the scale of dress may be pretty accurately estimated by the extent to which various "*organs*" are specialized. For example, about sixty years ago, our present evening-dress was the ordinary dress for gentlemen; top-boots, always worn by old-fashioned "*John Bull*" in *Punch's* cartoons, are now reserved for the hunting-field; and that the red coat was formerly only a best coat, appears from

the following observations of "a Lawyer of the Middle Temple," in No. 129 of the *Spectator*:—"Here (in Cornwall) we fancied ourselves in Charles II.'s reign,—the people having made little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires appear still in the Monmouth cock; and when they go awooing (whether they have any post in the militia or not) they put on a red coat."¹

But besides the general adaptation of dress above referred to, there is another influence which has perhaps a still more important bearing on the development of dress, and that is fashion. The love of novelty, and the extraordinary tendency which men have to exaggerate any peculiarity, for the time being considered a mark of good station in life, or handsome in itself, give rise I suppose to fashion. This influence bears no distant analogy to the "*sexual selection*," on which so much stress has recently been laid in the "*Descent of Man*." Both in animals and dress, remnants of former stages of development survive to a later age, and thus preserve a tattered record of the history of their evolution.

These remnants may be observed in two different stages or forms. 1st. Some parts of the dress have been fostered and exaggerated by the selection of fashion, and are then retained and crystallized, as it were, as part of our dress, notwithstanding that their use is entirely gone (e.g. the embroidered pocket-flaps in a court uniform, now sewn fast to the coat). 2ndly. Parts originally useful have ceased to be of any service, and have been handed down in an atrophied condition.

The first class of cases have their analogue in the peacock's tail, as explained by sexual selection; and the second in the wing of the apteryx, as explained by the effects of disuse.

¹ See p. 356 of Fairholt's "*Costume in England*:" London, 1846.

Of the second kind of remnant Mr. Tylor gives very good instances when he says:¹ "The ridiculous little tails of the German postilion's coat show of themselves how they came to dwindle to such absurd rudiments; but the English clergyman's bands no longer convey their history to the eye, and look unaccountable enough till one has seen the intermediate stages through which they came down from the more serviceable wide collars, such as Milton wears in his portraits, and which gave their name to the 'band-box' they used to be kept in." These collars are curiously enough worn to this day by the choristers of Jesus College, Cambridge.

According to such ideas as these it becomes interesting to try to discover the marks of descent in our dresses, and in making this attempt many things apparently meaningless may be shown to be full of meaning.

Women's dress retains a general similarity from age to age, together with a great instability in details, and therefore does not afford so much subject for remark as does men's dress. I propose, therefore, to confine myself almost entirely to the latter, and to begin at the top of the body, and to work downwards through the principal articles of clothing.

HATS.—Hats were originally made of some soft material, probably of cloth or leather, and in order to make them fit the head, a cord was fastened round them, so as to form a sort of contraction. This is illustrated on p. 524 of Fairholt's "Costume in England," in the figure of the head of an Anglo-Saxon woman, wearing a hood bound on with a head-band; and on p. 530 are figures of several hats worn during the fourteenth century, which were bound to the head by rolls of cloth; and all the early hats seem provided with some sort of band. We may trace the remnants of this cord or band in the present hat-band. A similar survival may be observed in the strings of the

Scotch-cap, and even in the mitre of the bishop.¹

It is probable that the hat-band would long ago have disappeared had it not been made use of for the purpose of hiding the seam joining the crown to the brim. If this explanation of the retention of the hat-band is the true one, we have here a part originally of use for one purpose applied to a new one, and so changing its function; a case which has an analogy to that of the development of the swimming-bladders of fishes, used to give them lightness in the water, into the lungs of mammals and birds, used as the furnace for supporting animal heat.

The duties of the hat-band have been taken in modern hats by two running strings fastened to the lining, and these again have in their turn become obsolete, for they are now generally represented by a small piece of string, by means of which it is no longer possible to make the hat fit the head more closely.

The ancestor from which our present chimney-pot hat takes most of its characteristics is the broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, with an immense plume falling down on to the shoulder, which was worn during the reign of Charles II.² At the end of the seventeenth, and during the eighteenth century, this hat was varied by the omission of the plume, and by giving of the brim various "cocks." That these "cocks" were formerly merely temporary is shown by Hogarth's picture of Hudibras beating Sidrophel and his man Whacum, where there is a hat, the brim of which is buttoned up in front to the crown with three buttons. This would be a hat of the seventeenth century. Afterwards, during the eighteenth century, the brim was bent up in two or three places, and notwithstanding that these "cocks" became permanent, yet the hats still retained the marks of their origin in the button and strap on the right side. The cockade, I imagine, took its name from its being a badge worn on one of the "cocks."

¹ P. 16, vol. i., of "Primitive Culture," London, 1871.

¹ For the origin of this curious head-dress, see Fairholt, p. 564.

² See Fairholt, p. 540.

The modern cocked-hat, apparently of such an anomalous shape, proves, on examination, to be merely a hat of the shape above referred to; it appears further that the right side was bent up at an earlier date than the left, for the hat is not symmetrical, and the "cock" on the right side forms a straight crease in the (quondam) brim, and that on the left is bent rather over the crown, thus making the right side of the hat rather straighter than the left. The hat-band here remains in the shape of two gold tassels, which are just visible within the two points of the cocked-hat.

A bishop's hat shows the transition from the three cocked hat to our present chimney-pot; and because sixty years ago beaver-fur was the fashionable material for hats, we must now needs wear a silken imitation, which could deceive no one into thinking it fur, and which is bad to resist the effects of weather. Even in a lady's bonnet the elements of brim, crown, and hat-band may be traced.

The "busby" of our hussars affords a curious instance of survival. It would now appear to be merely a fancy head-dress, but on inspection it proves not to be so. The hussar was originally a Hungarian soldier, and he brought his hat with him to our country. I found the clue to the meaning of the hat in a picture of a Hungarian peasant. He wore a red night-cap, something like that worn by our brewers' men, or by a Sicilian peasant, but the cap was edged with so broad a band of fur, that it made in fact a low "busby." And now in our hussars the fur has grown enormously, and the bag has dwindled into a flapping ornament, which may be detached at pleasure. Lastly, in the new "busby" of the Royal Engineers the bag has vanished, although the top of the cap (which is made of cloth and not of fur) is still blue, as was the bag formerly; the top cannot, however, be seen, except from a bird's-eye point of view.

It appears that all cockades and plumes are worn on the left side of the hat, and this may, I think, be explained by the fact that a large plume, such as that worn in the time of Charles II., or

that of the modern Italian Bersaglieri, would impede the free use of the sword; and this same explanation would also serve to show how it was that the right side of the hat was the first to receive a "cock." A London servant would be little inclined to think that he wears his cockade on the left side to give his sword-arm full liberty.

COATS.—Everyone must have noticed the nick in the folded collar of the coat and of the waistcoat; this is of course made to allow for the buttoning round the neck, but it is in the condition of a rudimentary organ, for the nick would probably not come into the right place, and in the waistcoat at least there are usually neither the requisite buttons nor button-holes.

"The modern gentleman's coat may be said to take its origin from the *vest*, or long outer garment, worn towards the end of the reign of Charles II."¹ This vest seems to have had no gathering at the waist, and to have been buttoned all down the front, and in shape rather like a loose bag; to facilitate riding it was furnished with a slit behind, which could be buttoned up at pleasure; the button-holes were embroidered, and in order to secure similarity of embroidery on each side of the slit, the buttons were sewn on to a strip of lace matching the corresponding button-hole on the other side. These buttons and button-holes left their marks in the coats of a century later in the form of gold lacing on either side of the slit of the tails.

In about the year 1700, it began to be the fashion to gather in the vest or coat at the waist, and it seems that this was first done by two buttons near the hips being buttoned to loops rather nearer to the edge of the coat, and situated at about the level of the waist. Our soldiers much in the same manner now make a waist in their loose overcoats, by buttoning a short strap to two buttons, placed a considerable distance apart on the back.

This old fashion is illustrated in a figure dressed in the costume of 1696, in an old illustration of the "Tale of the

¹ Fairholt, p. 479.

Tub," and also in the figure of a dandy smelling a nosegay, in Hogarth's picture, entitled "Here Justice triumphs in his Easy Chair," &c., as well as elsewhere. Engravings of this transition period of dress are, however, somewhat rare, and it is naturally not common to be able to get a good view of the part of the coat under the arms. This habit of gathering in the waist will, I think, explain how it was that, although the buttons and button-holes were retained down the front edges, the coat came to be worn somewhat open in front.

The coat naturally fell in a number of plaits or folds below these hip buttons; but in most of Hogarth's pictures, although the buttons and plaits remain, yet the creases above the buttons disappear, and seams appear to run from the buttons up under the arms. It may be worth mentioning that in all such matters of detail Hogarth's accuracy is notorious, and that therefore his engravings are most valuable for the study of the dress of the period. At the end of the seventeenth, and at the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, coats seem very commonly to have been furnished with slits running from the edge of the skirt, up under the arms, and these were made to button up, in a manner similar in all respects to the slit of the tails. The sword was usually worn under the coat, and the sword-hilt came through the slit on the left side. Later on these slits appear to have been sewed up, and the buttons and button-holes died away, with the exception of two or three buttons just at the tops of the slits; thus in coats of about the year 1705, it is not uncommon to see several buttons clustered about the tops of all three slits. The buttons at the top of the centre slit entirely disappeared, but the two buttons now on the backs of our coats trace their pedigree up to those on the hips. Thus it is not improbable that although our present buttons represent those used for making the waist, as above explained, yet that they in part represent the buttons for fastening up these side slits.

The fold which we now wear below

the buttons on the back are the descendants of the falling plaits, notwithstanding that they appear as though they were made for, and that they are in fact commonly used as, the recesses for the tail-pockets; but that this was not their original object is proved by the fact that during the last century the pockets were either vertical or horizontal, placed a little in front of the two hip buttons (which have since moved round towards the back), and had highly embroidered flaps, buttons, and button-holes. The horizontal pockets may now be traced in the pocket-flaps of court dress before alluded to; and the vertical pocket is represented by some curious braiding and a row of buttons, which may be observed on the tails of the tunics of the foot-guards. The details of the manner in which this last rudiment became reduced to its present shape may be traced in books of uniforms, and one of the stages may now be frequently seen in the livery of servants, in the form of a row of three or four buttons running down near the edge of the tail, sewn on to a scalloped patch of cloth (the pocket-flap), which is itself sewed to the coat.

In the last century, when the coats had large flapping skirts, it became the custom (as may be seen in Hogarth's pictures) to button back the two corners of the coat, and also to button forward the inner corners, so as to separate the tails for convenience in riding.¹ This custom left its traces in the uniform of our soldiers down to the introduction of the modern tunic, and such traces may still be seen in some uniforms, for example, those of a Lord Lieutenant and of the French gendarmes. In the uniforms of which I speak, the coats have swallow-tails, and these are broadly edged with a light-coloured border, tapering upwards and getting broader downwards; at the bottom of the tail, below where the borders join (at which joining there is usually a button), there

¹ It seems to have been in actual use in 1760, although not in 1794. See Cannon's "Hist. Rec. of Brit. Army" (London, 1837), the 2nd Dragoon Guards.

is a small triangle of the same colour as the coat, with its apex at this button. This curious appearance is explained thus:—the two corners, one of which is buttoned forwards and the other backwards, could not be buttoned actually to the edge of the coat, but had to be fastened a little inland as it were; and thus part of the coat was visible at the bottom of the tail: the light-coloured border, although sewn to the coat, evidently now represents the lining, which was shown by the corners being turned back.

It was not until the reign of George III. that coats were cut back at the waist, as are our present evening coats, but since, before that fashion was introduced, the coats had become swallow-tailed in the manner explained, it seems likely that this form of coat was suggested by the previous fashion. And, indeed, stages of development of a somewhat intermediate character may be observed in old engravings. In the uniforms of the last century the coats were double-breasted, but were generally worn open, with the flaps thrown back and buttoned to rows of buttons on the coat. These flaps, of course, showed the lining of the coat, and were of the same colour as the tails; the button-holes were usually embroidered, and thus the whole of the front of the coat became richly laced. Towards the end of the century the coats were made tight, and were fastened together in front by hooks, but the vestiges of the flaps remained in a double line of buttons, and in the front of the coat being of a different colour from that of the rest, and being richly laced. A uniform of this nature is still retained in some foreign armies. This seems also to explain the use of the term “facings” as applied to the collar and cuffs of a uniform, since, as we shall see hereafter, they would be of the same colour as these flaps. It may also explain the habit of braiding the front of a coat, as is done in our Hussar and other regiments.

In a “History of Male Fashions,” published in the *London Chronicle* in 1762, we find that “surtouts have now

four laps on each side, which are called ‘dog’s ears;’ when these pieces are unbuttoned, they flap backwards and forwards, like so many supernumerary patches just tacked on at one end, and the wearer seems to have been playing at backswords till his coat was cut to pieces. . . . Very spruce *smarts* have no buttons nor holes upon the breast of these their surtouts, save what are upon the ears, and their garments only wrap over their bodies like a morning gown.” These dog’s ears may now be seen in a very meaningless state on the breasts of the patrol-jackets of our officers, and this is confirmed by the fact that their jackets are not buttoned, but fastened by hooks.

In early times, when coats were of silk or velvet, and enormously expensive, it was no doubt customary to turn up the cuffs, so as not to soil the coat, and thus the custom of having the cuffs turned back came in. During the latter part of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth century, the cuffs were very widely turned back, and the sleeves consequently very short, and this led to dandies wearing large lace cuffs to their shirts.

The pictures of Hogarth and of others show that the coat cuffs were buttoned back to a row of buttons running round the wrist. These buttons still exist in the sleeves of a Queen’s Counsel, although the cuffs are sewed back and the button-holes only exist in the form of pieces of braid. This habit explains why our soldiers now have their cuffs of different colours from that of their coats; the colour of the linings was probably determined for each regiment by the colonel for the time being, since he formerly supplied the clothing; and we know that the colour of the facings was by no means fixed until recently. The shape of the cuff has been recently altered in the line regiments, so that all the original meaning is gone.

In order to allow of turning back with ease, the sleeve was generally split on the outer side, and this split could be fastened together with a line of buttons

and embroidered holes." In Hogarth's pictures some two or three of these buttons may be commonly seen above the reversed cuff; and notwithstanding that at first the buttons were out of sight (as they ought to be) in the reversed part of the cuff, yet after the turning back had become quite a fixed habit, and when sleeves were made tight again, it seems to have been usual to have the button for the cuff sewed on to the proper inside, that is to say, the real outside of the sleeve.

The early stage may be seen in Hogarth's picture of the "Guards marching to Finchley," and the present rudiment is excellently illustrated in the cuffs of the same regiments now. The curious buttons and gold lace on the cuffs and collars of the tunics of the Life Guards have the like explanation, but this is hardly intelligible without reference to a book of uniforms, as for example Cannon's "History of the 2nd Dragoon Guards."

The collar of a coat would in ordinary weather be turned down and the lining shown; hence the collar has commonly a different colour from that of the coat, and in uniforms the same colour as have the cuffs, which form, with the collars, the so-called "facings." A picture of Lucien Bonaparte in Lacroix's work on Costume shows a collar so immense that were it turned up it would be as high as the top of his head. This drawing indicates that even the very broad stand-up collars worn in uniforms in the early part of this century, and of a different colour from that of the coat, were merely survivals of an older form of turn-down collar. In these days, notwithstanding that the same difference in colour indicates that the collar was originally turned down, yet in all uniforms it is made to stand up.

The pieces of braid or seams which run round the wrist in ordinary coats are clearly the last remains of the inversion of the cuffs.

TRousERS.—I will merely observe that we find an intermediate stage between trousers and breeches in the pantaloon, in which the knee-buttons of the breeches

have walked down to the ankle. I have seen also a German servant who wore a row of buttons running from the knee to the ankle of his trousers.

Boots.—One of the most perfect rudiments is presented by top-boots. These boots were originally meant to come above the knee; and, as may be observed in old pictures, it became customary to turn the upper part down, so that the lining was visible all round the top. The lining being of unblacked leather, formed the brown top which is now worn. The original boot-tag may be observed in the form of a mere wisp of leather sewn fast to the top, whilst the real acting tag is sewn to the inside of the boot. The back of the top is also fastened up, so that it could not by any ingenuity be turned up again into its original position.

Again, why do we black and polish our boots? The key is found in the French *cirage*, or blacking. We black our boots because brown leather would, with wet and use, naturally get discoloured with dark patches, and thus boots to look well should be coloured black. Now, shooting boots are usually greased, and that it was formerly customary to treat ordinary boots in the same manner is shown by the following verse in the ballad of "Argentile and Curan":—

"He borrowed on the working daies
His holy russets off,
And of the bacon's fat to make
His startops black and soft."

Startops were a kind of rustic high shoes. Fairholt in his work states that "the oldest kind of blacking for boots and shoes appears to have been a thick, viscid, oily substance." But for neat boots a cleaner substance than grease would be required, and thus wax would be thought of; and that this was the case is shown by the French word *cirer*, which means indifferently to "wax" or to "polish boots." Boots are of course polished because wax takes so good a polish. Lastly, patent-leather is an imitation of common blacking.

I have now gone through the principal articles of men's clothing, and have

shown how numerous and curious are the rudiments or "survivals," as Mr. Tylor calls them; a more thorough search proves the existence of many more. For instance, the various gowns worn at the Universities and elsewhere, afford examples. These gowns were, as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, simply upper garments,¹ but have survived into this age as mere badges. Their chief peculiarities consist in the sleeves, and it is curious that nearly all of such peculiarities point to various devices by which the wearing of the sleeves has been eluded or rendered less burdensome. Thus the plaits and buttons in a barrister's gown, and the slit in front of the sleeve of the B.A.'s gown, are for this purpose. In an M.A.'s gown the sleeves extend below the knees, but there is a hole in the side through which the arm is passed; the end of the sleeve is sewed up, but there is a kind of scollop at the lower part, which represents the narrowing for the wrist. A barrister's gown has a small hood sewed to the left shoulder, which would hardly go on to the head of an infant, even if it could be opened out into a hood shape.

It is not, however, in our dress alone that these survivals exist; they are to be found in all the things of our every-day life. For instance, anyone who has experienced a drive on a road so bad that leaning back in the carriage is impossible, will understand the full benefit to be derived from arm-slings such as are placed in first-class railway carriages, and will agree that in such carriages they are mere survivals. The rounded tracery on the outsides of railway carriages show the remnants of the idea that a coach was the proper pattern on which to build them; and the word "guard" is derived from the man who sat behind the coach and defended the passengers and mails with his blunderbuss.

In the early trains (1838-39) of the Birmingham Railway there were special "mail" carriages, which were made very narrow, and to hold only four in each compartment (two and two), so as to be like the coach they had just superseded.

The words *dele*, *stet*, used in correcting proof-sheets, the words *sed vide* or *s.v.*, *ubi sup.*, *ibid.*, *loc. cit.*, used in foot-notes, the sign "&" which is merely a corruption of the word *et*, the word *finis* until recently placed at the ends of books, are all doubtless survivals from the day when all books were in Latin. The mark Λ used in writing for interpolations appears to be the remains of an arrow pointing to the sentence to be included. The royal "broad-arrow" mark is a survival of the head of "a barbed javelin, carried by serjeants-at-arms in the king's presence as early as Richard the First's time."¹ Then again we probably mount horses from the left side lest our swords should impede us. The small saddle on the surcingle of a horse, the seams in the backs of cloth-bound books, and those at the backs of gloves are rudiments,—but to give a catalogue of such things would be almost endless. I have said enough, however, to show that by remembering that there is *nihil sine causâ*, the observation of even common things of every-day life may be made less trivial than it might at first sight appear.

It seems a general rule that on solemn or ceremonial occasions men retain archaic forms; thus it is that court dress is a survival of the every-day dress of the last century; that uniforms in general are richer in rudiments than common dress; that a carriage with a postilion is *de rigueur* at a wedding; and that (as mentioned by Sir John Lubbock) the priests of a savage nation, acquainted with the use of metals, still use a stone knife for their sacrifices—just as Anglican priests still prefer candles to gas.

The details given in this article, although merely curious, and perhaps insignificant in themselves, show that the study of dress from an evolutionary standpoint serves as yet one further illustration of the almost infinite ramifications to which natural selection and its associated doctrines of development may be applied.

GEORGE H. DARWIN.

¹ See figures, pp. 254, 311, Fairholt.

¹ Fairholt, p. 580.

THE BALLOT.

THE Ballot is the law of the land: another point of the Charter has been conceded, and the genius of Radicalism (not without some latent fears of Conservative consequences) is once more triumphant. The powers of procrastination—so efficaciously exerted during the last, and not entirely quiescent during the present, session of Parliament—have done their worst: jest and argument—foreign example and home prejudice—oratory, bombastic and burlesque—all have failed, and “the gentlemen below the gangway” have triumphed, by the aid of the Ministry whom they more or less guide, over Conservatives, Whigs, Peelites (if any still remain), and all the host of “moderate” politicians by whom the Ballot has long been considered as little more than the inevitable subject of one evening’s debate “to please the Radicals,” with little idea that it would ever form part of a Ministerial programme, or be thrust down the throats of a doubting and distrustful party by the iron will of a powerful Minister. Since, then, the die is cast—the battle has been fought and won, and our elections, parliamentary and municipal, are henceforward to be conducted upon a principle new to England, and only partially understood by the generality of Englishmen—it is worth while to inquire somewhat into the nature of the change, and more especially into the “reason why” it has come upon us at last.

In considering the latter point, and remembering the difference of opinion which formerly prevailed upon this subject in the Liberal ranks, we must begin by a glance at the constitution of that overpowering majority which has recently carried the Ballot Bill through Parliament. The supporters of the Ballot may not unfairly be divided into three separate and distinct classes: First, those who believe in it as a panacea for intimidation, and at least a partial remedy

for bribery; secondly, those who think it a mechanical improvement upon our present method of voting, which has been rendered necessary by the great enlargement of the constituencies; thirdly, those who, either not caring about the Ballot one way or the other, or even, it may be just possible, disliking rather than admiring the theory of secret voting, have nevertheless adopted or “swallowed” it as part of the accepted programme of the political party to which they belong. That the Ballot, in some form or another, is popular with certain constituencies, appears tolerably well established by the fact of more than one Conservative candidate having announced his advocacy of the measure, hitherto so constantly and consistently opposed by the Conservative party. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether there exists that general and ardent desire for secret voting among the constituencies which the enthusiastic supporters of the Ballot would wish us to believe. The general election of 1868 turned principally upon the questions of the Irish Church Disestablishment, and the amount of confidence relatively bestowed by the electors upon Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli; and there was probably not one single contest the issue of which was decided in consequence of the opinions of the candidates upon the subject now under discussion. But be this as it may, and to whatever cause the result may be really due, the fact remains that in the year of grace 1872 we find ourselves face to face with the Ballot under circumstances which a very few years ago could have been scarcely anticipated or hoped for by its warmest admirers. It is scarcely to be ranked even in the category of party questions, nor would much surprise have been manifested if the leader of the Tory party had accepted it at the commencement of the present session. Had he

done so, indeed, he would have been no more obnoxious to the charge of tergiversation than many of the leaders of the Liberal party. For, up to a very recent period, the ablest and most prominent Liberals have, as a rule, been as much the opponents of secret voting as their political antagonists, and the presence of an advocate of the Ballot in a Liberal Cabinet was looked upon as a concession to the Radical element in the party, which would perhaps hardly have been tolerated but for the general conviction that the measure was so unlikely ever to be carried, that a vote in favour of this particular point of the Charter might be given by a Cabinet Minister without any chance of the unpleasant result of his finding himself in a majority against his colleagues.

It is interesting to recur to past debates upon this subject, as illustrating the different aspects under which particular points are viewed by statesmen of the same party at different times, and also as showing the opinions entertained by eminent men in years gone by upon questions which have recently formed the subject of earnest debate and controversy. Perhaps no better example could be quoted at the present moment than the words of a speech delivered in 1858, almost, it would appear, in a spirit of prophecy, so accurately do they foreshadow the arguments which have been employed in both Houses of Parliament during the present session. Upon the 8th June, 1858, Mr. Henry Berkeley brought forward his annual motion for leave to introduce "a Bill to cause the votes at Parliamentary elections to be taken by Ballot." Peace be with his ashes! His annual motion was always regarded by the House with interest and amusement, save when (as was occasionally the case) the hour of the division (which he always took) unfortunately clashed with that of dinner. But the genial twinkle in his eye, the friendly jocosity of his style, and the anecdotal variety with which he interspersed his speech, generally delivered from the front Opposition bench, secured to Mr. Berkeley's annual motion an amount of

popularity which it would have probably lacked in other hands. In 1858 the member for Bristol was quite equal to himself, and the debate which followed was well sustained. The following passages in one of the speeches then delivered are those to which we would call special attention on the present occasion:—

"If the Ballot were permissive, then it would be a trap for the timid; because, if a few persons, from fear of exposing themselves to a certain influence, gave their votes in secrecy, that influence would still equally act on them, because they would be suspected individuals. No person, whether landlord, employer, or customer, would be satisfied at the vote being given in secrecy; and the consequences, whatever they might be, would be the same whether the vote were given secretly or openly. If, on the other hand, the voter should be compelled by law to give a secret vote, that was imposing a restriction on free will and on the freedom of election totally incompatible with our national feelings and habits. But it would be in vain to attempt any such thing. *You must go further, and if you compel a man to vote in secret, you must make it penal in him to tell how he has voted.*"

Again:

"I defy you to invent any mode of voting, whether by putting a person in a secret chamber, or by any other human contrivance, which will prevent a man, if he has sufficient motive to know how his dependant voted, from visiting upon the voter who breaks his promise that breach of promise. Well, I say that publicity in the exercise of all great functions is an essential principle of the British Constitution; and that the electors exercise a trust. It has been said in reply, that they do not exercise a trust, but a right. *I contend that the exercise of the franchise, even if you had universal suffrage, would be a trust; for one individual is invested with the power of voting, not for his own personal advantage and interest, but for the interest and advantage of the nation.*" The speaker went on to argue that there is

"no security for the proper exercise of political functions, unless it be that security which public opinion affords," and that the adoption of the Ballot "would most injuriously affect the political spirit and institutions of the country;" for which reasons he opposed Mr. Berkeley's motion. We are writing just fourteen years after the delivery of the speech referred to, and the speaker was none other than Lord Palmerston, then and for eight subsequent years the leader of the Liberal party. And in the division (294 to 197) which negatived the motion we find among the majority the names of Sir George Lewis, Sir George Grey, Lord John Russell, and almost all the then leaders of the Liberal party, including amongst them the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

These things, however, are now legends of the past. Lord Palmerston's arguments of 1858 are held to be worth nothing in the mouths of the opponents of the Ballot in 1872, and those of his colleagues who still occupy seats in the House of Commons are steady supporters of Mr. Forster's Ballot Bill. A change has come o'er the spirit of their dream, and that which would have "most injuriously affected the spirit and institutions of the country" in 1858 has been discovered in 1872 to be a natural corollary and sequitur of household suffrage. In fact, we are all expected to hail the Ballot with delight. The Liberal who doubts is held to be scarcely worthy of the name, and the Opposition have been gradually schooled to believe that, after all, in its practical consequences and results, the Ballot will turn out to be an eminently Conservative measure. The truth or error of this statement we are both unable and unwilling to discuss;—unable, because no reliable data can be adduced upon which to found our argument; unwilling, because we are rather concerned with the general effect of the Ballot upon the constituencies than its possible particular effect upon political parties. Nor, indeed, is it likely that, supposing the system to be efficacious in removing the evils against which it is directed, either party can expect a cer-

tain and wide-spread advantage to the detriment of the other. Landlords, employers, customers, are of different politics in different localities, and the arbitrary nature of man which the Ballot is intended to control is not displayed exclusively by members of either political party. Therefore, before we can argue as to the balance of advantage which either party is likely to obtain, we must ascertain the number of arbitrary and domineering natures on either side; and even this will be insufficient unless accompanied by a statement as to the greater or less pliability of the natures with which each has to deal in his separate locality. As this would appear difficult, if not impossible information to obtain, it is evident that any argument upon the point can be nothing more than the wildest speculation.

It is of far more importance to speculate—if speculate we must—upon the manner in which, irrespective of party considerations, the working of the Ballot will make itself felt among the constituencies at large. And the one great question, at present involved in some doubt and obscurity, is whether it will not practically—and perhaps to a very great extent—diminish the number of those who come to the poll. It would be curious—if it were possible—to obtain a return of the motives which induced every elector, in any given constituency, to come to the poll at the last contest in which he voted. Here again we fall back on speculation, but a general acquaintance with the practices of elections, and some little knowledge of human nature, will enable us to gauge to some extent the motive power of the electoral roll.

As a matter of politeness we will suppose that no such thing as bribery, in any form recognized and punishable as such by law, has induced any elector in our model constituency to register his vote for a particular candidate. But, excluding from consideration all such base motives, it may be reasonably doubted whether more than twenty-five per cent. of those who vote do so from

real political conviction. Probably quite as many, if not more, vote on account of colour and of association with one or other political party, with neither real nor pretended knowledge of any of the great questions which are supposed to separate politicians. But what of the other fifty per cent. ? Some, no doubt, will vote from personal regard or esteem for a candidate, entirely irrespective of politics, but it may be safely asserted that a very large proportion exercise their franchise for the sake of pleasing somebody else. It is not intended to convey the idea that there is anything in this which is not innocent and legitimate. Favours conferred without reference to an election—work given when work was wanted, land let when land was earnestly desired, valuable custom bestowed, even kind words and a friendly manner, all operate to make the shopkeeper, the mechanic, the farmer, the artisan, who may not happen to entertain strong political convictions, desire to show gratitude by voting for a “friend’s friend,”—perhaps the only opportunity the elector may have of showing appreciation, perfectly honest and virtuous, of kindness received. The introduction of enforced secret voting will take away this opportunity, and in so doing will deprive a large portion of electors of their inducement to go to the poll. Nor will this be the only class similarly affected. The doubtful, or, as we should perhaps rather call them, the “doubted” men, no longer able to prove by open vote their ultimate decision in favour of one or other of the contending influences brought to bear upon them, will avoid giving offence to either by staying at home. And it is not improbable that, especially in the rural districts, there will be a fear and suspicion (however unjustifiable) of this new-fangled plan of walking into a compartment alone, and giving a vote after a strange and mysterious fashion, with certain pains and penalties dimly shadowed forth in case of certain misdoings which have never been misdoings before—there will be, moreover, a certain dislike of the very novelty of tickets and

ballot-boxes, and a dread of some unknown consequences—which will keep many an honest elector away from the polling-booths.

If there is any truth and force in these remarks, it follows that our elections henceforth will be to a very considerable extent left in the hands of the more active politicians in each constituency: the men who know, and the still larger class of men who fancy they know, something of the political questions of the day; the hot and zealous partisans—those to whom politics are an occupation and a business, not to say a pleasure, as distinguished from the larger body of their fellow-countrymen, who are only politicians when politics are forced upon them by the arrival of a general election with its bustle and excitement, and who will hardly be roused into political activity when neither bustle nor excitement are any longer the necessary concomitants of such arrival. It may possibly be held by some admirers of the English Constitution that this result is one desirable to be achieved, and that it is well that the affairs of an election should be left to those who care for and understand, or at least try to understand, political matters. We confess, however, to entertaining a somewhat different opinion. The “inert mass of electors,” if it be permitted to describe one’s fellow-countrymen by such a disrespectful term, are really among the most valuable of their class. Not being professional politicians or “party men,” they take a more calm and sober view of the circumstances of an election and the merits of the candidates before them, and, after making every allowance for the various influences by which they are surrounded, there is an element of independent intelligence among them which constantly guides them to a just decision as to the best use of their votes. If the introduction of secret voting, the abolition of public nominations, and the practical banishment of the outward and visible signs of a contested election should, as we apprehend may be the case, lessen the interest which these men take in elections, render them more indifferen-

as to the exercise of the franchise, and, in a word, deaden the political life of England, it may be questioned whether the country will be a gainer by the change.

There is another result, too, likely to follow the adoption of the Ballot, to the possibility or probability of which little attention has been given by those who, in and out of Parliament, have debated the question. Up to the present time, the publication of the state of the poll from hour to hour has enabled electors who preferred one of two coalescing candidates to the other, and both to a third of opposite politics, to ascertain whether the position of their favourite would justify their "splitting" the vote. By this means the political feeling of a constituency has rarely been disappointed by the indulgence of individual preference. For example, in a constituency of 3,500 electors, it might happen that 2,000 infinitely preferred the Blue candidates A and B to the Yellow candidate C, whilst 500 or 600 of the 2,000 might wish to see A "safe," at all events. Under the old system, A's friends, hanging back until they had seen the relative strength of parties to be such that their favourite would not be injured by their "splitting" their votes, would have probably done so, and secured the election of both their candidates. But since under the new system there will be no publication of the poll, A's friends may be afraid to endanger their man, and, by adopting the plan of "plumping" to secure him at all events, may lead to the return with him of C, although the latter may have the support of only a minority of the constituency, and would have had little chance under the open system.

The only remedy for this will be for the electors to place themselves wholly and unreservedly in the hands of the "wire-pullers," and implicitly yield their votes up to the dictation of the election agents, whose duty it will be to "manipulate" constituencies, and to work them as if by machinery wherever there is sufficient electoral docility to enable them to do so. This probably will turn out to be one of the most certain effects of the

Ballot, viz. the merging of individual action in party organization. Even under the open system of voting, we are not without experience of the consequences of such a scheme. At the last general election, the working (for the first time) of what is known as the "Minority Clause" necessitated the employment of some such action in the City of London. The Liberal party had good reason to believe that they had a considerable majority upon the electoral roll, but, as each elector could only vote for three candidates, whilst four members were to be returned, careful manipulation was required in order to distribute the votes of that majority in the most effective manner. Accordingly, individual preference was ignored—individual action was as far as possible destroyed, and whole sections of the party voted *en masse* "by the card" for the three candidates to whom their votes had been apportioned by the wire-pullers. So admirably, indeed, was this arrangement carried out, that it would very probably have succeeded had it not been broken up by a report (true or untrue) in the middle of the day that the friends of one candidate were acting in violation of the agreement and exercising their individual preference. The possibility, however, of such a manipulation of a constituency was abundantly shown, and of course the process would be one infinitely more easy of accomplishment in the case of a comparatively small number of electors. So necessary, indeed, would it become, that we may regard its establishment as an inevitable consequence of the Ballot in constituencies where party feeling may be strong enough, and party organization sufficiently matured, to carry it out. Hence probably will follow, as another result, that local management in such constituencies will, to a greater extent than is at present the case, become subservient to central agency, and that wire-pullers at the "Carlton" or the "Reform" will have greater power than ever in the selection of candidates and the management of elections. Thus another step will have been taken in

the direction of "centralization" as opposed to local self-government.

But as these organizations become more and more recognized and better understood, it may be doubted whether they will not be employed for less legitimate purposes than the mere marshalling of the strength of a party vote in the most effective manner. What will be more easy than the combination of corrupt electors under the direction of a clever agent? Isolated cases of bribery will, it may perhaps be granted, be less frequent in future elections, and to that extent the chances of "purity of election" may have been increased. But if the disease be so extensively inoculated in our political system as disclosures before parliamentary committees and commissions lead us to suppose, here is another form in which it may reasonably be expected to break out. The nature of a man who is willing to give a bribe, and of another who is willing to receive the same, cannot be and have not been changed by any alteration in the manner in which the consideration for the bribe—*i.e.* the vote—is to be given. Proof of the fulfilment of that consideration may have been—certainly has been—rendered less easy; but to a very great extent that difficulty is to be got over, if the agent of the briber succeeds in showing fifty, one hundred, or two hundred corrupt electors, that combination under his direction will secure them their reward, payment for results being of course the understood method of procedure. Nor need the "wire-puller" be the agent of the bribing candidate. The formation of clubs for electioneering purposes may be carried out with perfect ease, and the leader or president of a club may negotiate for the sale of the marketable article with which he is entrusted by his fellow-members without the smallest practical difficulty being interposed by the Ballot. In fact, so far as bribery is concerned, the most probable effect of the Ballot upon corrupt constituencies will be to condense the isolated cases of bribery into an organized system, difficult, if not impossible, of detection.

It must be owned, however, that with

regard to intimidation the Ballot stands in a very different position, and for a very plain and sufficient reason. In the case of bribery we have to deal with two persons—the briber and the bribee—who combine to transgress the law for their mutual benefit. In the case of intimidation one person compels another to perform an act against his will. There is consequently no combination possible to defeat the law. The elector can, if he pleases, escape the intimidator, and the power of the latter is minimized if not destroyed. The opponents and false friends of the Ballot did indeed do their utmost to preserve this power by the insertion in the Bill of clauses enacting what is known as the "Optional Ballot," which was supported by plausible arguments, and actually carried in the House of Lords. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that had these clauses been suffered to remain in the Bill, the efficacy of the Ballot to check or diminish intimidation would have been utterly destroyed. Had the voter been either allowed the option whether to vote openly or in secret, or had he been permitted to show his ballot-paper to an agent in the polling-booth before depositing it in the ballot-box, nothing would have been easier for the intimidator and the briber to ascertain the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of every promise, and to act accordingly. The good sense of the House of Commons rejected those clauses, and the Lords, as might have been expected, yielded upon a point in which they were clearly wrong, and in their adherence to which they would have met with no support from public opinion.

As far, therefore, as intimidation is concerned, the Ballot may be said to strike a blow at the exercise of that unconstitutional power, and *pro tanto* to improve our electoral system. There may, however, be heretics and sceptics as to the extent and magnitude of the intimidation which has prevailed in England under our old system of elections. No doubt there has been a certain amount of it, and every now and then the public mind has been excited by the

narration of the wrongs of some tenant who has had to leave his farm, and some tradesman who has lost custom, owing to his exercise of the franchise according to his conscience. But the truth of the matter is, that these things neither are, nor in the nature of things could be, of very general occurrence, for the best of all reasons, that they defeat their own object. Let it be known that a tenant of "Blue" politics has been turned out of his farm by a "Red" landlord for voting for the "Blue" candidate, and the cause of the latter receives at once an impetus highly objectionable to the oppressor, even if the victim be not exalted into a martyr, and probably, in the long run, actually bettered in his circumstances by the transaction. Public opinion is in the present day so easily brought to bear by means of the penny press, to say nothing of the various organizations existing throughout the country, that no gross act of intimidation can easily be committed without the certainty of a recoil upon the perpetrator, and few men will voluntarily incur the risk of such a recoil.

There are, doubtless, a certain number of electors throughout the country who probably vote more or less under compulsion, and who may be glad of the opportunity of escaping therefrom. The escape, however, may not be always complete, or the result entirely satisfactory. One arrangement under the new law enlarges the number of polling-places. Suppose a polling-place with three hundred electors, mostly tenants or tradesmen, under the influence of a great proprietor who takes an active interest in the election. He canvasses closely, and obtains for his candidate two hundred and fifty promises of support. The poll is taken and the aforesaid candidate polls but one hundred and fifty votes against one hundred given for his opponent. The actual promise-breakers may be undiscoverable, but what an uncomfortable atmosphere of distrust and suspicion will prevail, disagreeable alike to the landlord, to those who have kept and to those who have broken the promises given. There may be those who believe

that in a moral and social point of view the "intimidation" (to call it by its harshest name) would have been a less evil than these consequences of its defeat. The above is doubtless an extreme case, but it illustrates one possible evil of our new electoral system.

But carp and cavil as we may, the measure has been carried, and we have only to make the best of it. Whether it be really popular or not is a question which the next general election may do something to elucidate. It is probable that no inconsiderable portion of the constituencies will greatly object to that which is undoubtedly the part of the scheme least open to objection—namely, the abolition of public nominations. To yell, shout, bawl, hoot down an obnoxious candidate, and occasionally pelt him with unpleasant and unsavoury missiles, has been from time immemorial part of the sacred and undoubted privileges of an English mob. Nomination days have been gala days, even in well-regulated constituencies in which pelting has been unknown; and especially in county elections, the yeomen riding in procession, the bands, the carriages, and, above all, the fair dames decked with the colours of their favourite candidate, have formed a spectacle of much beauty and interest, appreciated by everyone, save, perhaps, the unfortunate aspirants after senatorial honours, who have had to bear no inconsiderable share of the attendant expense. The abolition of nomination days will probably not be popular. Yet it would be difficult to justify their existence in the present day. Not only are they *not* the only—or the best—way of ascertaining the opinions of a candidate, but it is the exception rather than the rule if he is ever allowed to declare any opinions at all upon the hustings. His address, published in innumerable newspapers, and the public meetings at which he is obliged to harangue during his canvass, bring him sufficiently face to face with the constituency, and the public nomination has become little more than an expensive farce, which may well be suffered to pass away.

Whether the other provisions of the Ballot Bill will be relished by the constituencies remains to be proved. As far as we have gone, the only sign, one way or the other, has come to us in the shape of a plaintive cry from certain High Sheriffs, whose trouble and expense, as returning officers, seem likely to be increased. We confess to a general and cordial sympathy with High Sheriffs, who furnish the only instance in this country of gentlemen thrust into exalted office entirely without—and generally very much against—their consent, and made to pay for the honour which they would gladly have declined. In these days, when nobody who can help it does any work for nothing, and everybody wants more than he gets, the case of

the High Sheriffs is peculiarly hard, and probably nothing but the paucity of their numbers prevents a “strike” on the part of the injured individuals. It may, perhaps, happen that when the Ballot is in full operation other complaints will follow. We do not care to prophesy upon this point. It is sufficient for us to have pointed out some of the doubts and difficulties which seem to surround the question, and some of the unexpected results which may possibly follow; and having done this in an open and impartial spirit, and with every hope that the success of the measure may be complete, and may entirely falsify all contrary anticipations, we take our leave of the Ballot Act of 1872.

FORMER DAYS.

(From the French of Philippe Théolier.)

DIDST thou linger in the country of our dreams,
 When I was forced from thee and that dear land?
 Dost wander still by those now lonely streams,
 Where every eve our future course we planned?
 Sitting to-day in sadness near those trees
 Where happy hours we shared, dost ever sigh
 For hopes we framed, while drinking in the breeze?
 Ah! they were bright, those dreams of days gone by!

Call back those years to mind: when, children both,
 Our life ran on, all shadowed o'er with joy!
 When day by day the radiant star of troth
 Shone through our heart in gleams without alloy!
 Then, when thou sang'st in Nature's bosom shrined,
 Each feathered songster paused to drink thy lay:
 Whilst I thy waist with blooming garlands twined—
 How fresh they were, those flowers of childhood's day!

Oft through the forest's dim mysterious shade,
 Tracking each hidden path, we loved to trip;
 While in each spring, half-laughing, half-afraid,
 Thy dimpled dainty feet were wont to dip;
 Nests, too, we sought, which woodland gales caress
 As 'neath the friendly boughs they sheltering lie:
 My lips scarce dared thy snowy hand to press—
 Though it was pure, that kiss of days gone by!

MARWOOD TUCKER.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1872.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALONG THE GRETA.

"You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream!
Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore,
Been ceaseless as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamor's hour."

"Now, Bell," says Tita, "I am going to ask you a serious question."

"Yes, mamma," says the girl, dutifully.

"Where is the North Country?"

Goodness gracious! This was a pretty topic to start as we sat idly by the shores of Derwentwater, and watched the great white clouds move lazily over the mountain peaks beyond. For, did it not involve some haphazard remark of Bell's, which would instantly plunge the Lieutenant into the history of Strathclyde, so as to prove, in defiance of the first principles of logic and the Ten Commandments, that the girl was altogether right? Bell solved the difficulty in a novel fashion. She merely repeated, in a low and careless voice, some lines from the chief favourite of all her songs—

No. 156.—VOL. XXVI.

"While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making
the hay,
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly
sing,
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and
gay:
Oh! the oak and the ash, and the bonny
ivy-tree,
They grow so green in the North Countree!"

"But where is it?" says Tita. "You are always looking to the North and never getting there. Down in Oxford, you were all anxiety to get up to Wales. Once in Wales, you hurried us on to Westmoreland. Now you are in Westmoreland, you are still hankering after the North, and I want to know where you mean to stop? At Carlisle? Or Edinburgh? Or John o' Groat's?"

The little woman was becoming quite eloquent in her quiet and playful fashion, as she sat there with Bell's hand in hers. The girl looked rather embarrassed; and so, of course, the Lieutenant, always on the look-out for such a chance, must needs whip up his heavy artillery and open fire on Bell's opponent.

"No, Madame," he says, "why should you fix down that beautiful country to any place? Is it not better to have the dream always before you? You are too practical——"

Too practical!—This from an impertinent young Uhlan to a gentle lady whose eyes are full of wistful

visions and fancies from the morning to the night!

"—It is better that you have it like the El Dorado that the old travellers went to seek—always in front of them, but never just in sight. Mademoiselle is quite right not to put down her beautiful country in the map."

"Count von Rosen," says my Lady, with some show of petulance, "you are always proving Bell to be in the right. You never help me; and you know I never get any assistance from the quarter whence it ought to come. Now, if I were to say that I belonged to the North Country, you would never think of bringing all sorts of historical arguments to prove that I did."

"Madame," says the young man, with great modesty, "the reason is that you never need any such arguments, for you are always in the right at the first."

Here Bell laughs in a very malicious manner; for was not the retort provoked? My Lady asks the girl to watch the creeping of a shadow over the summit of Glaramara, as if that had anything to do with the history of Deira.

Well, the women owed us some explanation; for between them they had resolved upon our setting out for Penrith that afternoon. All the excursions we had planned in this beautiful neighbourhood had to be abandoned, and for no ostensible reason whatever. That there must be some occult reason, however, for this odd resolve was quite certain; and the Lieutenant and myself were left to fit such keys to the mystery as we might think proper.

Was it really, then, this odd longing of Bell's to go northward, or was it not rather a secret consciousness that Arthur would cease to accompany us at Carlisle? The young man had remained behind at the hotel that morning. He had important letters to write, he said. A telegram had arrived for him while we were at breakfast; and he had remarked, in a careless way, that it was from Mr. Tatham, Katty's father. Perhaps it was. There is no saying what a reckless young fellow may not goad an

elderly gentleman into doing; but if this message, as we were given to understand, had really something to do with Arthur's relations towards Katty, it was certainly an odd matter to arrange by telegraph.

As for the Lieutenant, he appeared to treat the whole affair with a cool indifference which was probably assumed. In private conversation he informed me that what Arthur might do in the way of marrying Miss Tatham or anybody else was of no consequence whatever to him.

"Mademoiselle will tell me my fate—that is enough," he said. "You think that I am careless,—yes? It is not so, except I am convinced your friend from Twickenham has nothing to do with it. No, he will not marry Mademoiselle—that is so clear that anyone can see it—but he may induce her, frighten her, complain of her, so that she will not marry me. Good. If it is so, I will know who has served me that way."

"You needn't look as if you meant to eat up the whole family," I say to him.

"And more," he continued, with even greater fierceness, "it has come to be too much, this. He shall not go beyond Carlisle with us. I will not allow Mademoiselle to be persecuted. You will say I have no right—that it is no business of mine—"

"That is precisely what I do say. Leave the girl to manage her own affairs. If she wishes Arthur to go, she can do it with a word. Do you think there is no method of giving a young man his *congé* but by breaking his neck?"

"Oh, you think, then, that Mademoiselle wishes him to remain near her?"

A sudden cold reserve had fallen over the young fellow's manner. He stood there for a moment as if he calmly expected to hear the worst, and was ready to pack up his traps and betake himself to the South.

"I tell you again," I say, "that I think nothing about it, and know nothing about it. But as for the de-

creed of Providence which ordained that young people in love should become the pest and torture of their friends, of all the inscrutable, unjust, perplexing, and monstrous facts of life, this is about the worst. I will take a cigar from you, if you please."

"That is all you care for—yes—a cigar," says the young man, peevishly. "If the phaeton were to be smashed to pieces this afternoon—a cigar. If Mademoiselle were to go and marry this wretched fellow—again, a cigar. I do not think that you care more for anything around you than the seal which comes up and shakes hands with his keeper in the Zoological Gardens."

"Got a light?"

"And yet I think it is possible you will get a surprise very soon. Yes! and will not be so indifferent. After Carlisle——"

"After Carlisle you come to Gretna Green. But if you propose to run away with Bell, don't take my horses—they are not used to hard work."

"Run away! You do talk as if Mademoiselle were willing to run away with anybody. No, it is quite another thing."

And here the Lieutenant, getting into the morose state—which always follows the fierceness of a lover—begins to pull about the shawls and pack them up.

Nevertheless, the eighteen miles between Keswick and Penrith proved one of the pleasantest drives of our journey. There was not much driving, it is true. We started at mid-day, and, having something like five or six hours in which to get over this stretch of mountain and moorland road, we spent most of the time in walking, even Tita descending from her usual post to wander along the hedgerows and look down into the valley of the Greta. As the white road rose gradually from the plains of the lakes, taking us along the slopes of the mighty Saddleback, the view of the beautiful country behind us grew more extended and lovely. The clear silver day showed us the vast array of mountains in the palest of hues;

and as white clouds floated over the hills and the gleaming surface of Derwentwater, even the shadows seemed pale and luminous. There was no mist, but a bewildering glare of light, that seemed at once to transpose and blend the clouds, the sky, the hills, and the lake. There was plenty of motion in the picture, too, for there was a south wind blowing light shadows of grey across the silver whiteness; but there was no louring mass of vapour lying up at the horizon, and all our evil anticipations of the previous day remained unfulfilled.

What a picturesque glen is that over which the great mass of Saddleback towers! We could hear the Greta rushing down the chasm through a world of light-green foliage; and sometimes we got a glimpse of the stream itself—a rich brown, with dashes of white foam. Then you cross the river where it is joined by St. John's Beck; and as you slowly climb the side of Saddleback, the Greta becomes the Glenderamackin, and by and by you lose it altogether as it strikes off to the north. But there are plenty of streams about. Each gorge and valley has its beck; and you can hear the splashing of the water where there is nothing visible but masses of young trees lying warm and green in the sunshine.

And as for the wild flowers that grow here in a wonderful luxuriance of form and colour, who can describe them? The Lieutenant was growing quite learned in English wild blossoms. He could tell the difference between Herb Robert and Ragged Robin, was not to be deceived into believing the rock-rose a buttercup, and had become profound in the study of the various speedwells. But he was a late scholar. Arthur had been under Bell's tuition years before. He knew all the flowers she liked best; he could pick them out at a distance without going through the trouble of laboriously comparing them, as our poor Lieutenant had to do. You should have seen these two young men—with black rage in their hearts—engaged in the idyllic pastime of culling

pretty blossoms for a fair maiden. Bell treated them both with a simple indifference that was begotten chiefly by the very definite interest she had in their pursuit. She was really thinking a good deal more of her tangled and picturesque bouquet than of the intentions of the young men in bringing the flowers to her. She was speedily to be recalled from her dream.

At a certain portion of the way we came upon a lot of forget-me-nots, that were growing amid the roadside grass, meaning no harm. The pale turquoise blue of the flowers was looking up to the silver-white fleece of the sky, just as if there was some communion between the two that rude human hands had no right to break. Arthur made a plunge at them. He pulled up at once some half-dozen stalks and came back with them to Bell.

"Here," he said, with a strange sort of smile, "are some forget-me-nots for you. They are supposed to be typical of woman's constancy, are they not?—for they keep fresh about half-a-dozen hours."

Bell received the flowers without a trace of surprise or vexation in her manner; and then, with the most admirable self-possession, she turned to the Lieutenant, separated one of the flowers from the lot, and said, with a great gentleness and calmness,—

"Count von Rosen, do you care to have one of these? You have very pretty songs about the forget-me-not, in Germany."

I believe that young fellow did not know whether he was dead or alive at the moment when the girl addressed him thus. For a single second a flash of surprise and bewilderment appeared in his face, and then he took the flower from her and said, looking down as if he did not wish any of us to see his face,—

"Mademoiselle, thank you."

But almost directly afterwards he had recovered himself. With an air as if nothing had happened, he pulled out his pocket-book, most carefully and tenderly put the flower in it, and closed it

again. Arthur, with his face as hot as fire, had begun to talk to Tita about Threlkeld Hall.

It was a pretty little scene to be enacted on this bright morning, on a grassy wayside in Cumberland, with all the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland for a blue and silvery background. But, after all, of what importance was it? A girl may hand her companion of the moment a flower without any deadly intent? How was anyone to tell, indeed, that she had so turned to the Lieutenant as a retort to Arthur's not very courteous remark? There was no appearance of vexation in her manner. On the contrary, she turned and gave Von Rosen this paltry little forget-me-not and made a remark about German songs, just as she might have done at home in Surrey to any of the young fellows who come dawdling about the house, wondering why such a pretty girl should not betray a preference for somebody. Even as a punishment for Arthur's piece of impudence, it might not have any but the most transitory significance. Bell is quick to feel any remark of the kind; and it is just possible that at the moment she may have been stung into executing this pretty and pastoral deed of vengeance.

But the Lieutenant, at all events, was persuaded that something of mighty import had just occurred on the picturesque banks of this Cumberland stream. He hung about Bell for some time, but seemed afraid to address her, and had ceased to offer her flowers. He was permitted to bring her a sunshade, however, and that pleased him greatly. And thereafter he went up to the horses, and walked by their heads, and addressed them in very kindly and soothing language, just as if they had done him some great service.

Arthur came back to us.

"It looks rather ridiculous," he said, abruptly, "to see the procession of this horse and dog-cart following your phaeton. Hadn't I better drive on to Penrith?"

"The look of it does not matter here,

surely," says Bell. "We have only met two persons since we started, and we shan't find many people up in this moorland we are coming to."

"Oh, as you please," says the young man, a trifle mollified. "If you don't mind, of course I don't."

Presently he said, with something of an effort,—

"How long is your journey to last altogether?"

"I don't know," I say to him. "We shall be in Edinburgh in two or three days, and our project of driving thither accomplished. But we may spend a week or two in Scotland after that."

"Count von Rosen is very anxious to see something of Scotland," says Bell, with the air of a person conveying information.

I knew why Count von Rosen was so anxious to see something of Scotland—he would have welcomed a journey to the North Pole if only he was sure that Bell was going there too. But Arthur said, somewhat sharply,—

"I am glad I shall escape the duty of dancing attendance on a stranger. I suppose you mean to take him to the Tower and to Madame Tussaud's when you return to London?"

"But won't you come on with us to Edinburgh, Arthur?" says Bell, quite amiably.

"No, thank you," he says; and then, turning to me, "How much does it cost to send a horse and trap from Carlisle to London?"

"From Edinburgh it costs 10*l.* 5*s.*, so you may calculate."

"I suppose I can get a late train to-morrow night for myself?"

"There is one after midnight."

He spoke in a gloomy way, that had nevertheless some affectation of carelessness in it. Bell again expressed her regret that he could not accompany us to Edinburgh; but he did not answer.

We were now about to get into our respective vehicles, for before us lay a long stretch of high moorland road, and we had been merely idling the time away during the last mile or two.

"Won't you get into the dog-cart for a bit, Bell?" says Arthur.

"Oh yes, if you like," says Bell, good-naturedly.

The Lieutenant, knowing nothing of this proposal, was rather astonished when, after having called to him to stop the horses, we came up and Bell was assisted into the dog-cart, Arthur following and taking the reins. The rest of us got into the phaeton; but, of course, Arthur had got the start of us, and went on in front.

"How far on is Gretna Green?" asks my Lady in a low voice.

The Lieutenant scowled, and regarded the two figures in front of us in anything but an amiable mood.

"You do not care much for her safety to entrust her to that stupid boy," he remarks.

"Do you think he will really run away with her?" says Tita.

"Run away!" repeats the Lieutenant, with some scorn; "if he were to try that, or any other foolish thing, do you know what you would see? You would see Mademoiselle take the reins from him, and go where she pleased in spite of him. Do you think that she is controlled by that pitiful fellow?"

Whatever control Bell possessed, there was no doubt at all that Arthur was taking her away from us at a considerable pace. After that stretch of moorland the road got very hilly; and no man who is driving his own horses likes to run them up steep ascents for the mere pleasure of catching a runaway boy and his sweetheart. In the ups and downs of this route we sometimes lost sight of Bell and Arthur altogether. The Lieutenant was so wroth that he dared not speak. Tita grew a trifle anxious, and at last she said,—

"Won't you drive on and overtake these young people? I am sure Arthur is forgetting how hilly the road is."

"I don't. Arthur is driving somebody else's horse, but I can't afford to ill-treat my own in order to stop him."

"I am sure your horses have not been overworked," says the Lieutenant;

and at this moment, as we get to the crest of a hill, we find that the two fugitives are on the top of the next incline.

"Hillo! Hei! Heh!"

Two faces turn round. A series of pantomimic gestures now conveys my Lady's wishes, and we see Arthur jump down to the ground, assist Bell to alight, and then she begins to pull some grass for the horse.

When we, also, get to the top of this hill, lo! the wonderful sight that spreads out before us! Along the northern horizon stands a pale line of mountains, and as we look down into the great plain that lies between, the yellow light of the sunset touches a strange sort of mist, so that you would think there lay a broad estuary or a great arm of the sea. We ourselves are in shadow, but all the wide landscape before us is bathed in golden fire and smoke; and up there, ranged along the sky, are the pale hills that stand like phantoms rising out of another world.

Bell comes into the phaeton. We set out again along the hilly road, getting comforted by and by by the landlord of a wayside inn, who says, "Ay, the road goes pretty mooch doon bank a' t' waay to Penrith, after ye get a mile forrit." Bell cannot tell us whether this is pure Cumbrian, or Cumbrian mixed with Scotch, but the Lieutenant insists that it does not much matter, for "forrit" is very good Frisian. The chances are that we should have suffered another sermon on the German origin of our language, but that signs of a town became visible. We drove in from the country highways in the gathering twilight. There were lights in the streets of Penrith, but the place itself seemed to have shut up and gone to bed. It was but half-past eight; yet nearly every shop was shut, and the inn into which we drove had clearly got over its day's labour. If we had asked for dinner at this hour, the simple folks would probably have laughed at us; so we called it supper, and a very excellent supper it was.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"ADE!"

*"Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along,
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night."*

"I AM SO sorry you can't come further with us than Carlisle," says Queen Titania to Arthur, with a great kindness for the lad shining in her brown eyes.

"Duty calls me back—and pleasure, too," he says, with rather a melancholy smile. "You will receive a message from me, I expect, shortly after I return. Where will letters find you in Scotland?"

This was rather a difficult question to answer; but it took us away from the dangerous subject of Arthur's intentions, about which the less said at that moment the better. The Lieutenant professed a great desire to spend two or three weeks in Scotland; and Bell began to sketch out phantom tours, whisking about from Loch Lubraig to Loch Long, cutting round the Mull of Cantire, and coming back from Oban to the Crinan in a surprising manner.

"And, Mademoiselle," says he, "perhaps to-morrow, when you get into Scotland, you will begin to tell me something of the Scotch songs, if it does not trouble you. I have read some—yes—of Burns's songs, mostly through Freiligrath's translations, but I have not heard any sung, and I know that you know them all. Oh yes, I liked them very much—they are good, hearty songs, not at all melancholy; and an excellent fellow of that country I met in the war—he was a correspondent for some newspaper and he was at Metz, but he was as much of a soldier as any man of us—he told me there is not any such music as the music of the Scotch songs. That is a very bold thing to say, you know, Mademoiselle; but if you will sing some of them, I will give you my frank opinion."

"Very well," says Mademoiselle, with a gracious smile, "but I think I ought to begin to-day, for there is a great deal of ground to get over."

"So much the better," says he.

"But if you young people," says Queen Tita, "who are all bent on your own pleasure, would let me make a suggestion, I think I can put your musical abilities to a better use. I am going to give a concert as soon as I get home, for the benefit of our Clothing Club; and I want you to undertake, Count von Rosen, to sing for us two or three German songs—Körner's war songs, for example."

"Oh, with great pleasure, Madame, if you will not all laugh at my singing."

Unhappy wretch—another victim! But it was a mercy she asked him only for a few songs, instead of hinting something about a contribution. That was probably to come.

"Bell," says my Lady, "do you think we ought to charge twopence this time?"

On this tremendous financial question Bell declined to express an opinion, beyond suggesting that the people, if they could only be induced to come, would value the concert all the more. A much more practical proposal, however, is placed before this committee, now assembled in Penrith. At each of these charity-concerts in our schoolroom, a chamber is set apart for the display of various viands and an uncommon quantity of champagne, devoted to the use of the performers, their friends, and a few special guests. It is suggested that the expense of this entertainment should not always fall upon one person; there being several householders in the neighbourhood who were much more able to afford such promiscuous banquets.

"I am sure," says my Lady, with some emphasis, "that I know several gentlemen who would only be too eager to come forward and send these refreshments, if they only knew you were making such a fuss about it."

"My dear," I say, humbly, "I wish you would speak to them on this subject."

"I wouldn't demean myself so far," says Tita, "as to ask for wine and biscuits from my neighbours."

"I wish these neighbours wouldn't drink so much of my champagne."

"But it is a charity; why should you grumble?" says the Lieutenant.

"Why? These abandoned ruffians and their wives give five shillings to the charity, and come and eat and drink ten shillings worth of my food and wine. That is why."

"Never mind," says Bell, with her gentle voice; "when Count von Rosen comes to sing we shall have a great audience, and there will be a lot of money taken at the door, and we shall be able to clear all expenses and pay you, too, for the champagne."

"At sevenpence-halfpenny a bottle, I suppose?"

"I did not think you got it so cheap," says Tita, with a pleasing look of innocence; and therewith the young folks began to laugh, as they generally do when she says anything specially impertinent.

Just before starting for Carlisle, we happened to be in the old churchyard of Penrith, looking at the pillars which are supposed to mark the grave of a giant of old, and trying to persuade ourselves that we saw something like Runic carvings on the stones. There came forward to us a strange-looking person, who said suddenly—

"God bless you!"

There was no harm in that, at all events, but presently he began to attach himself to Arthur, and insisted on talking to him; while, whenever the young man seemed inclined to resent this intrusion, the mysterious stranger put in another "God bless you!" so as to disarm criticism. We speedily discovered that this person was a sort of whiskified Old Mortality, who claimed to have cut all manner of tombstones standing around; and to Arthur, whom he specially affected, he continually appealed with "Will that do, eh? I did that—will that do, eh?" The young man was not in a communicative mood, to begin with; but the persecution he

now suffered was like to have driven him wild. In vain he moved away; the other followed him. In vain he pretended not to listen: the other did not care. He would probably have expressed his feelings warmly, but for the pious ejaculation which continually came in; and when a man says "God bless you," you can't with decency wish him the reverse. At length, out of pure compassion, the Lieutenant went over to the man, and said—

"Well, you are a very wicked old gentleman, to have been drinking at this time in the morning."

"God bless you!"

"Thank you. You have given to us your blessing all round: now will you kindly go away?"

"Wouldn't you like to see a bit of my cutting, now, eh?"

"No, I wouldn't; I would like to see you go home and get a sleep, and get up sober."

"God bless you!"

"The same to you. Good-bye"—and behold! Arthur was delivered, and returned, blushing like a girl, to the women, who had been rather afraid of this half-tipsy or half-silly person, and remained at a distance.

You may be sure that when we were about to start from Penrith, the Lieutenant did not forget to leave out Bell's guitar-case. And so soon as we were well away from the town, and bowling along the level road that leads up to Carlisle, the girl put the blue ribbon round her shoulder and began to cast about for a song. Arthur was driving close behind us—occasionally sending on the cob so as to exchange a remark or two with my Lady. The wheels made no great noise, however; and in the silence lying over the shining landscape around us, we heard the clear, full, sweet tones of Bell's voice as well as if she had been singing in a room,

"Behind yon hills where Lugar flows—"

That was the first song that she sung; and it was well the Lieutenant was not a Scotchman, and had never heard the

air as it is daily played on the Clyde steamers by wandering fiddlers.

"I don't mean to sing all the songs," says Bell, presently; "I shall only give you a verse or so of each of those I know, so that you may judge of them. Now this is a fighting song;" and with that she sung with fine courage—

"Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!

Here's Kenmure's health in wine!

There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blood,

Nor yet o' Gordon's line!

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men!

Their hearts and swords are metal true,

And that their foes shall ken!"

How was it that she always sang these wild, rebellious, Jacobite songs with so great an accession of spirit? Never in our southern home had she seemed to care anything about them. There, the only Scotch songs she used to sing for us were the plaintive laments of unhappy lovers, and such-like things; whereas now she was all for blood and slaughter, for the gathering of the clans, and the general destruction of law and order. I don't believe she knew who Kenmure was. As for the Braes o' Mar, and Callander and Airlie, she had never seen one of these places. And what was this "kane" of which she sang so proudly?—

"Hark the horn!

Up i' the morn;

Bonnie lad, come to the march to-morrow!

Down the glen,

Grant and his men,

They shall pay kane to the King the morn!

Down by Knockhaspie,

Down by Gillespie,

Many a red runt nods the horn;

Waken not Callum,

Rouky, nor Allan—

They shall pay kane to the King the morn!"

"Why, what a warlike creature you have become, Bell!" says Queen Titania. "Ever since you sang those songs of Maria, with Count Von Rosen as the old sergeant, you seem to have forgotten all the pleasant old ballads of melancholy and regret, and taken to nothing but fire and sword. Now, if you were to sing about Logan braes, or Lucy's Flitting, or Annie's Tryst——"

"I am coming to them," says Bell, meekly.

"No, Mademoiselle," interposes the Lieutenant, "please do not sing any more just now. You will sing again, in the afternoon, yes? But at present you will harm your voice to sing too much."

Now she had only sung snatches of three songs. What business had he to interfere, and become her guardian? Yet you should have seen how quietly and naturally she laid aside the guitar as soon as he had spoken, and how she handed it to him to put in the case: my Lady looked hard at her gloves, which she always does when she is inwardly laughing and determined that no smile shall appear on her face.

It was rather hard upon Arthur that he should be banished into that solitary trap; but he rejoined us when we stopped at High Hesket to bait the horses, and have a snack of something for lunch. What a picture of desolation is the White Ox of this village! Once upon a time this broad road formed part of the great highway leading towards the north; and here the coaches stopped for the last time before driving into Carlisle. It is a large hostelry; but it had such an appearance of loneliness and desertion about it, that we stopped at the front door (which was shut) to ask whether they could put the horses up. An old lady, dressed in black, and with a worn and sad face, appeared. We could put the horses up, yes. As for luncheon, we could have ham and eggs. The butcher only came to the place twice a week; and as no traveller stopped here now, no butcher's meat was kept on the premises. We went into the great stables; and found an ostler who looked at us with a wonderful astonishment shining in his light blue eyes. Looking at the empty stalls, he said he could remember when forty horses were put up there every day. It was the railways that had done it.

We had our ham and eggs in a large and melancholy parlour, filled with old-fashioned pictures and ornaments. The elderly servant-woman who waited on us

told us that a gentleman had stopped at the inn on the Monday night before; but it turned out that he was walking to Carlisle, that he had got afraid of two navvies on the road, and that he therefore had taken a bed here. Before him, no one had stopped at the inn since Whitsuntide. It was all because of them railways.

We hastened away from this doleful and deserted inn, so soon as the horses were rested. They had easy work of it for the remainder of the day's journey. The old coach-road is here remarkably broad, level, and well-made, and we bowled along the solitary highway as many a vehicle had done in bygone years. As we drove into "merry Carlisle," the lamps were lit in the twilight, and numbers of people in the streets. For the convenience of Arthur, we put up at an hotel abutting on the railway station, and then went off to stable the horses elsewhere.

It was rather a melancholy dinner we had in a corner of the great room. The gloom that overspread Arthur's face was too obvious. In vain the Lieutenant talked profoundly to us of the apple-legend of Tell in its various appearances (he had just been cribbing his knowledge from Professor Buchheim's excellent essay), and said he would go with my Lady next morning to see the famous market-place where William of Cloudeslee, who afterwards shot the apple from off his son's head, was rescued from justice by two of his fellow outlaws. Tita was far more concerned to see Arthur of somewhat better spirits on this the last night of his being with us. On our sitting down to dinner, she had said to him, with a pretty smile—

*"King Arthur lives in merry Carlisle,
And seemly is to see;
And there with him Queen Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee."*

But was it not an unfortunate quotation, however kindly meant? Queen Guenever sat there—as frank, and gracious, and beautiful as a queen or a bride might be—but not with him. That affair of the little blue flower on

the banks of the Greta was still ranking in his mind.

He bore himself bravely, however. He would not have the women remain up to see him away by the 12.45 train. He bade good-bye to both of them without wincing, and looked after Bell for a moment as she left; and then he went away into a large and gloomy smoking-room, and sat down there in silence. The Lieutenant and I went with him. He was not inclined to speak; and at length Von Rosen, apparently to break the horrible spell of the place, said—

“Will they give the horse any corn or water on the journey?”

“I don’t think so,” said the lad, absently, “but I have telegraphed for a man to be at the station and take the cob into the nearest stables.”

And with that he forced himself to talk of some of his adventures by the way, while as yet he was driving by himself; though we could see he was thinking of something very different. At last the train from the north came in. He shook hands with us with a fine indifference; and we saw him bundle himself up in a corner of the carriage, with a cigar in his mouth. There was nothing tragic in his going away; and yet there was not in all England a more wretched creature than the young man who thus started on his lonely night-journey: and I afterwards heard that, up in the railway-hotel at this moment, one tender heart was still beating a little more quickly at the thought of his going, and two wakeful eyes were full of unconscious tears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OVER THE BORDER.

“And here awhile the Muse,
High hovering o’er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen, diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature’s hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between
Poured out expensive, and of watery wealth

*Full; winding, deep, and green, her fertile
vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Washed lovely from the Tweed (pure parent
stream
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric
reed,
With sylvan Gled, thy tributary brook.)*

THAT next morning in Carlisle—as we walked about the red old city that is set amid beautiful green meadows interlaced with streams—there was something about Queen Titania’s manner that I could not understand. She arrogated to herself a certain importance. She treated ordinary topics of talk with disdain. She had evidently become possessed of a great secret. Now everyone knows that the best way to discover a secret is to let the owner of it alone; if it is of great importance, she is sure to tell it you, and if it is of no importance, your ignorance of it won’t hurt you.

We were up in that fine old castle, leaning on the parapets of red sandstone and gazing away up to the north, where a line of Scotch hills lay on the horizon. That is a pretty landscape that lies around Carlisle Castle—the bright and grassy meadows through which the Eden winds, the woods and heights of the country beyond, the far stretches of sand at the mouth of the Solway, and the blue line of hills telling of the wilder regions of Scotland.

In the courtyard below us we can see the Lieutenant instructing Bell in the art of fortification. My Lady looks at them for a moment, and says—

“Bell is near her North country at last.”

There is at all events nothing very startling in that disclosure. She pauses for a moment or two, and is apparently regarding with wistful eyes the brilliant landscape around, across which dashes of shadow are slowly moving from the west. Then she adds—

“I suppose you are rather puzzled to account for Arthur’s coming up to see us this last time.”

“I never try to account for the insane actions of young people in love.”

“That is your own experience, I suppose?” she says, daintily.

"Precisely so—of you. But what is this about Arthur?"

"Don't you really think it looks absurd—his having come to join us a second time for no apparent purpose whatever?"

"Proceed."

"Oh," she says, with some little *hauteur*, "I am not anxious to tell you anything."

"But I am dying to hear. Have you not marked my impatience ever since we set out this morning?"

"No, I haven't. But I will tell you all the same, if you promise to say not a word of it to Count von Rosen."

"I? Say anything to the Lieutenant? The man who would betray the confidences of his wife—except when it suited his own purpose— But what have you got to say about Arthur?"

"Only this—that his coming to see us was not so aimless as it might appear. Yesterday he asked Bell definitely if she would marry him."

She smiles—with an air of pride. She knows she has produced a sensation.

"Would you like to know where? In that old inn at High Hesket—where they seem to have been left alone for a minute or two. And Bell told him frankly that she could not marry him."

Think of it! In that deserted old inn, with its forsaken chambers and empty stalls, and occasional visits from a wandering butcher, a tragedy had been enacted so quietly that none of us had known. If folks were always to transact the most important business of their lives in this quiet, undramatic, unobserved way, whence would come all the material for our pictures, and plays, and books? These young people, so far as we knew, had never struck an attitude, nor uttered an exclamation; for, now that one had time to remember, on our entering into the parlour where Bell and Arthur had been left, she was quietly looking out of the window, and he came forward to ask how many miles it was to Carlisle. They got into the vehicles outside as if nothing had happened. They chatted as usual on the road into Carlisle. Nay, at dinner,

how did those young hypocrites manage to make believe that they were on their old footing, so as to deceive us all?

"My dear," I say to her, "we have been robbed of a scene."

"I am glad there was no scene. There is more likely to be a scene when Arthur goes back and tells Dr. Ashburton that he means to marry Katty Tatham. He is sure to do that; and you know the Doctor was very much in favour of Arthur's marrying Bell."

"Well, now, I suppose, all that is wanted for the completion of your diabolical project is that Bell should marry that young Prussian down there—who will be arrested in a minute or two if he does not drop his inquiries."

Tita looks up with a stare of well-affected surprise.

"That is quite another matter, I assure you. You may be quite certain that Bell did not refuse Count von Rosen before without some very good reason; and the mere fact of Arthur's going away does not pledge her a bit. No—quite the contrary. He would be very foolish if he asked her at this moment to become his wife. She is very sorry about Arthur, and so am I; but I confess that when I learned his case was hopeless, and that I could do nothing to help him, I was greatly relieved. But don't breathe a word of what I have told you to Count von Rosen—Bell would never forgive me if it were to reach his ears. But oh!" says Queen Tita, almost clasping her hands, while a bright light beams over her face, "I *should* like to see those two married. I am sure they are so fond of each other. Can you doubt it, if you look at them for a moment or two——"

But they had disappeared from the courtyard below. Almost at the same moment that she uttered these words, she instinctively turned, and lo! there were Bell and her companion advancing to join us. The poor little woman blushed dreadfully in spite of all her assumption of gracious self-possession; but it was apparent that the young folks had not overheard, and no harm was done.

At length we started for Gretna. There might have been some obvious jokes going upon this subject, had not some recollection of Arthur interfered. Was it because of his departure, also, that the Lieutenant forbore to press Bell for the Scotch songs that she had promised him? Or was it not rather that the brightness and freshness of this rare forenoon were in themselves sufficient exhilaration? We drove down by the green meadows, and over the Eden bridge. We clambered up the hill opposite, and drove past the suburban villas there. We had got so much accustomed to sweet perfumes floating to us from the hedgerows and the fields, that we at first did not perceive that certain specially pleasant odours were the product of some large nurseries close by. Then we got out to that "shedding" of the roads, which marks the junction of the highways coming down from Glasgow and Edinburgh; and here we chose the former, which would take us through Gretna and Moffat, leaving us to strike eastward towards Edinburgh afterwards.

The old mail-coach road to the north is quite deserted now, but it is a pleasant road for all that, well-made and smooth, with tracts of grass along each side, and tall and profuse hedges that only partially hide from view the dusky northern landscape with its blue line of hills beyond. Mile after mile, however, we did not meet a single creature on this deserted highway; and when at length we reached a solitary turnpike, the woman in charge thereof regarded us with a look of surprise, as if we were a party of runaways who had blundered into the notion that Gretna-green marriages were still possible.

The Lieutenant, who was driving, got talking with the woman about these marriages, and the incidents that must have occurred at this very turnpike, and of the stories in the neighbourhood about that picturesque and gay old time. She—with her eyes still looking towards our Bell, as if she suspected that the young man had quite an exceptional interest in talking of marriages—told us some of her own reminiscences with

a great deal of good humour; but it is sad to think that these anecdotes were chiefly of quarrels and separations—some of them occurring before the happy pair had crossed the first bridge on their homeward route. Whether these stories were not edifying, or whether a great bank of clouds, coming up from the north against the wind, looked very ominous, Bell besought her companion to drive on; and so on we went.

It was a lonely place in which to be caught by a thunderstorm. We came to the river Esk, and found its shallow waters flowing down a broad and shingly channel, leaving long islands of sand between. There was not a house in sight—only the marshy meadows, the river-beds, and the low flats of sand stretching out to the Solway Frith. Scotland was evidently bent on giving us a wet welcome. From the hills in the north those black masses of vapour came crowding up, and a strange silence fell over the land. Then a faint glimmer of red appeared somewhere; and a low noise was heard. Presently, a long, narrow streak of forked lightning went darting across the black background, there was a smart roll of thunder, and then all around us the first clustering of heavy rain was heard among the leaves. We had the hood put up hastily. Bell and Tita were speedily swathed in shawls and waterproofs; and the Lieutenant sent the horses on at a good pace, hoping to reach Gretna Green before we should be washed into the Solway. Then began the wild play of the elements. On all sides of us the bewildering glare of steel-blue seemed to flash about, and the horses, terrified by the terrific peals of thunder, went plunging on through the torrents of rain.

"Mademoiselle," cried the Lieutenant, with the water streaming over his face, and down his great beard, "your Westmoreland rain,—it was nothing to this."

Bell sat mute and patient, with her face down to escape the blinding torrents. Perhaps, had we crossed the Border in beautiful weather, she would

have got down from the phaeton, and pulled some pretty flower to take away with her as a memento; but now we could see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing, but the crashes of the thunder, the persistent waterfall, and those sudden glares that from time to time robbed us of our eyesight for several seconds. Some little time before reaching the river Sark, which is here the boundary-line between the two countries, we passed a small wayside inn; but we did not think of stopping there, when Gretna promised to afford us more certain shelter. We drove on and over the Sark. We pulled up for a moment at the famous toll-house.

"We are over the Border!" cried Bell, as we drove on again; but what of Scotland could she see in this wild storm of rain?

Surely no runaway lover was ever more glad to see that small church perched up on a hillock among trees than we were when we came in sight of Gretna. But where was the inn? There were a few cottages by the wayside, and there was one woman who kindly came out to look at us. No sooner had the Lieutenant heard that there was no inn in the place, than, without a word—but with an awful look of determination on his face—he turned the horses clean round and set them off at a gallop down the road to the Sark.

"Perhaps they can't take us in at that small place," said my Lady.

"They must take us in," said he, with his teeth; and with that we found ourselves in England again.

He drove us up to the front of the square building. With his whip-hand he dashed away the rain from his eyes and moustache, and called aloud. Lo! what strange vision was that which appeared to us, in this lonely place, in the middle of a storm? Through the mist of the rain we beheld the doorway of the inn suddenly becoming the frame of a beautiful picture; and the picture was that of a fair-haired and graceful young creature of eighteen, in a costume of pearly grey touched here and there with lines of blue, who

regarded us with a winning expression of wonder and pity in her large and innocent eyes. Her appearance there seemed like a glimmer of sunlight shining through the rain; and a second or two elapsed before the Lieutenant could collect himself so far as to ask whether this angel of deliverance could not shelter us from the rude violence of the storm.

"We have no ostler," says the young lady, in a timid way.

"Have you any stables?" says the young man.

"Yes, we have stables—shall I show them to you?"

"No—no!" he cries, quite vehemently. "Don't you come out into the rain—not at all! I will find them out very well myself; but you must take in the ladies here, and get them dry."

And when we had consigned Bell and Tita to the care of the young lady, who received them with a look of much friendliness and concern in her pretty face, we went off and sought out the stables.

"Now, look here, my good friend," says Von Rosen, "we are both wet. The horses have to be groomed—that is very good work to dry one person; and so you go into the house, and change your clothes, and I will see after the horses, yes?"

"My young friend, it is no use your being very complaisant to me," I observe to him. "I don't mean to intercede with Bell for you."

"Would you intercede with that beautiful young lady of the inn for me? Well, now, that is a devil of a language, yours. How am I to address a girl who is a stranger to me, and to whom I wish to be respectful? I cannot call her Mademoiselle, which is only an old nickname that Mademoiselle used to have in Bonn, as you know. You tell me I cannot address a young lady as 'Miss,' without mentioning her other name, and I do not know it. Yet I cannot address her with nothing, as if she were a servant. Tell me now—what does an English gentleman say to a young lady whom he may assist at a

railway station abroad, and does not know her name? And what, if he does not catch her name, when he is introduced in a house? He cannot say Made-moiselle. He cannot say Fräulein. He cannot say Miss."

"He says nothing at all."

"But that is rudeness—it is awkward to you not to be able to address her."

"Why are you so anxious to know how to talk to this young lady?"

"Because I mean to ask her if it is impossible that she can get a little corn for the horses."

It was tiresome work—that getting the horses out of the wet harness, and grooming them without the implements of grooming. Moreover, we could find nothing but a handful of hay; and it was fortunate that the nose-bags we had with us still contained a small allowance of oats and beans.

What a comfortable little family-party, however, we made up in the large, warm kitchen! Tita had struck up a great friendship with the gentle and pretty daughter of the house; the old lady, her mother, was busy in having our wraps and rugs hung up to dry before the capacious fire-place; and the servant-maid had begun to cook some chops for us. Bell, too—who might have figured as the elder sister of this flaxen-haired and frank-eyed creature, who had appeared to us in the storm—was greatly interested in her; and was much pleased to hear her distinctly and proudly claim to be Scotch, although it was her misfortune to live a short distance on the wrong side of the Border. And with that the two girls fell to talking about Scotch and Cumbrian words; but here Bell had a tremendous advantage, and pushed it to such an extreme, that her opponent, with a pretty blush and a laugh, said that she did not know the English young ladies knew so much of Scotch. And when Bell protested that she would not be called English, the girl only stared. You see, she had never had the benefit of hearing the Lieutenant discourse on the history of Strathelyde.

Well, we had our chops and what not in the parlour of the inn; but it was

remarkable how soon the Lieutenant proposed that we should return to the kitchen. He pretended that he was anxious to learn Scotch; and affected a profound surprise that the young lady of the inn should not know the meaning of the word "spurtle." When we went into the kitchen, however, it was to the mamma that he addressed himself chiefly; and behold! she speedily revealed to the young soldier that she was the widow of one of the Gretna priests. More than that I don't mean to say. Some of you young fellows who may read this might perhaps like to know the name and the precise whereabouts of the fair wild-flower that we found blooming up in these remote solitudes; but neither shall be revealed. If there was any one of us who fell in love with the sweet and gentle face, it was Queen Tita; and I know not what compacts about photographs may not have been made between the two women.

Meanwhile the Lieutenant had established himself as a great favourite with the elderly lady, and by and by she left the kitchen, and came back with a sheet of paper in her hand, which she presented to him. It turned out to be one of the forms of the marriage-certificates used by her husband in former days; and for curiosity's sake, I append it below, suppressing the name of the priest, for obvious reasons.

KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND,

COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,

Parish of Gretna.

*These are to Certify to all whom these presents shall come, that * * * from the parish of * * * in the County of * * * and * * * from the parish of * * * in the County of * * * being now here present, and having declared themselves single persons, were this day Married after the manner of the Laws of the Church of England, and agreeable to the Laws of Scotland; as Witness our hands, Allison's Bank Toll-house, this * * * day of * * * 18 .*

Before * * * { _____

Witnesses, { _____

"That is a dangerous paper to carry about wi' ye," said the old woman, with a smile.

"Why so?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Because ye might be tempted to ask a young leddy to sign her name there;" and what should prevent that innocent-eyed girl turning just at this moment to look with a pleased smile at our Bell? The Lieutenant laughed, in an embarrassed way, and said the rugs might as well be taken from before the fire, as they were quite dry now.

I think none of us would have been sorry to have stayed the night in this homely and comfortable little inn, but we wished to get on to Lockerbie, so as to reach Edinburgh in other two days. Moreover, the clouds had broken, and there was a pale glimmer of sunshine appearing over the dark green woods and meadows. We had the horses put into the phaeton again, and with many a friendly word of thanks to the good people who had been so kind to us, we started once more to cross the Border.

"And what do you think of the first Scotch family you have seen?" says Queen Tita to the Lieutenant, as we cross the bridge again.

"Madame," he says, quite earnestly, "I did dream for a moment I was in Germany again—everything so friendly and homely, and the young lady not too proud to wait on you, and help the servant in the cooking; and then, when that is over, to talk to you with good education, and intelligence, and great simpleness and frankness. Oh, that is very good—whether it is Scotch, or German, or any other country—the simple ways, and the friendliness, and the absence of all the fashions and the hypocrisy."

"That young lady was very fashionably dressed, Count von Rosen," says Tita with a smile.

"That is nothing, Madame. Did she not bring in to us our dinner, just as the daughter of the house in a German country inn would do, as a compliment to you, and not to let the servant come

in? Is it debasement, do you think? No. You do respect her for it; and you yourself, Madame, you did speak to her as if she were an old friend of yours—and why not, when you find people like that, honest and good-willing towards you?"

What demon of mischief was it that prompted Bell to sing that song as we drove through the darkening woods in this damp twilight? The Lieutenant had just got out her guitar for her when he was led into these fierce statements quoted above. And Bell, with a great gravity, sang—

"Farewell to Glenshalloch, a farewell for ever,
Farewell to my wee cot that stands by the river;
The fall is loud-sounding in voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding lament with my Mary."

This much may be said, that the name of the young lady of whom they had been speaking was also Mary; and the Lieutenant, divining some profound sarcasm in the song, began to laugh and protest that it was not because the girl was pretty and gentle that he had discovered so much excellence in the customs of Scotch households. Then Bell sang once more—as the sun went down behind the woods, and we heard the streams murmuring in deep valleys by the side of the road—

"Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I
be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree;
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair
face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan water, wi' my
bonny bands again!"

We drive into the long village of Ecclefechan, and pause for a moment or two in front of the Bush Inn to let the horses have a draught of water and oatmeal. The Lieutenant, who has descended to look after this prescription, now comes out from the inn bearing a small tray with some tumblers on it.

"Madame," said he, "here is Scotch whisky—you must all drink it, for the good of the country."

"And of ourselves," says one of us,

calling attention to the chill dampness of the night-air.

My Lady pleaded for a bit of sugar, but that was not allowed; and when she had been induced to take about a third of the Lieutenant's preparation, she put down the glass with an air of having done her duty. As for Bell, she drank pretty nearly half the quantity; and the chances are that if the Lieutenant had handed her prussic acid, she would have felt herself bound, as a compliment, to have accepted it.

Darker and darker grew the landscape as we drove through the thick woods. And when, at last, we got into Lockerbie there was scarcely enough light of any sort to show us that the town, like most Scotch country towns and villages, was whitewashed. In the inn at which we stopped, appropriately named the Blue Bell, the Lieutenant once more remarked on the exceeding homeliness and friendliness of the Scotch. The landlord

simply adopted us, and gave us advice in a grave, paternal fashion, about what we should have for supper. The waiter who attended us took quite a friendly interest in our trip; and said he would himself go and see that the horses which had accomplished such a feat were being properly looked after. Bell was immensely proud that she could understand one or two phrases that were rather obscure to the rest of the party; and the Lieutenant still further delighted her by declaring that he wished we could travel for months through this friendly land, which reminded him of his own country. Perhaps the inquisitive reader having learned that we drank Scotch whisky at the Bush Inn of Ecclefechan, would like to know what we drank at the Blue Bell of Lockerbie. He may address a letter to Queen Titania on that subject, and he will doubtless receive a perfectly frank answer.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—"I do not see why our pretty Bell should be made the chief subject of all the foregoing revelations. I will say this, that she and myself were convinced that we never saw two men *more jealous of each other* than those two were in that inn near the Border. The old lady was *quite amused by it*; but I do not think the girl herself noticed it, for she is a very innocent and gentle young thing, and has probably had no experience of such *absurdities*. But I would like to ask who first mentioned that subject of photographs; and who proposed to send her a whole series of engravings; and who offered to send her a volume of German songs. If Arthur had been there, we should have had the laugh all on our side; but now I suppose they will deny that anything of the kind took place—with the ordinary candour of gentlemen who are *found out*.]

To be continued.

THE WORK OF VOLUNTEERS IN THE ORGANIZATION OF CHARITY.

It is clear to those who are watching the work closely, and must even be apparent to those less conversant with the subject, that a great and growing conviction is abroad that our charitable efforts need concentrating, systematizing, and uniting. There are many signs that this conviction is bearing practical fruit. All the thirty Poor-law districts into which London is divided are now provided with Committees for organizing charitable relief. The formation of these Committees has led gentlemen specially interested in the subject to come forward in various parts of London as candidates for the office of guardians; several such candidates have been elected in St. George's, Kensington, Marylebone, and other parishes. Nor is the movement confined to London. Charity Organization Societies, or others of a kindred nature, have been established in most of the large towns of England and Scotland. Conversation, newspapers, conferences, all bear witness how very generally it is now recognized that something ought to be done to improve our system of charitable relief, some co-operation secured between Poor Law and charity, and some efficient means adopted to render alms less pauperizing than they have hitherto been. It is becoming clear to the public that there is a right and a wrong, a wise and an unwise charity. Those who have the interests of the poor at heart are learning, more and more, to consult experienced people before taking any direct steps towards trying to help those who apply to them for aid; those who wish to give money beginning to entrust it to enlightened committees, instead of endeavouring to distribute it themselves.

It becomes almost needless now to enlarge on the evils of "overlapping,"—

that is, of various charitable agencies covering the same ground whilst ignorant of each other's proceedings; or to dwell on the cruelty of the utter want of system which has hitherto prevailed,—to point to poor families assisted by three or four agencies at times when they needed help least, and others neglected by all at times when they needed it most. It would not be difficult to give examples of these evils, and to show that they are inseparable from the condition of large towns wherever nothing is done to secure unity of action amongst those who are trying to assist the poor.

Much has been done. The evils of overlapping, on the one hand, and of neglect on the other, are being swept away wherever organization committees with their machinery for thorough investigation, and relief societies with their power to assist, are in existence. By means of this system of inquiry into the merits of cases a great degree of uniformity in dealing with them is secured; no relief is given without due consideration, no poor person who chooses to apply can fail to have a hearing for his case, and similar needs will meet with a similar response. All this is no small gain. But now a new danger seems to me to be arising; a danger lest, rushing from one extreme to another, we should leave to committees with their systems of rules, the whole work of charity, and deprive this great organizing movement of all aid from what I may call the personal element. The value of this element seems to me to be inestimable. Charity owes all its graciousness to the sense of its coming from a real friend. We want to bring the rich and poor, the educated and uneducated, more and more into direct communication. We want to enlist the thought, knowledge,

sympathy, foresight, and gentleness of the educated in the service of the poor, and must beware of raising up barriers of committees between those who should meet face to face. There is beyond all doubt in almost every town a great amount of volunteer work to be had, which, were it organized and concentrated, would achieve infinitely more than its best efforts can now accomplish. There is always, however, a difficulty in calculating to any great extent on volunteer work, inasmuch as it is apt to be disconnected, desultory, and untrained.

It is true that where an energetic body of visitors is gathered together under able and vigilant guidance—where their districts are small, their visits frequent, their written records simple and complete, and gaps in their ranks quickly filled up, so that their work is not intermittent—they form a powerful agency for good. Such societies are usually the first to see the importance of putting themselves into communication with other charitable bodies; and when they do this, little improvement in the machinery is requisite. But it is also sadly true that the work of a number of earnest and devoted volunteers is thrown away because their districts are too large, their duties indefinite, and their work unconnected with that of others labouring according to any definite plan.

Several things, then, appear to me to be evident—(1), that if the poor are to be raised to a permanently better condition, they must be dealt with as individuals and by individuals; (2), that for this hundreds of workers are necessary; and (3), that this multitude of helpers is to be found amongst volunteers—whose aid, as we arrange things at present, is to a great extent lost. The problem to be solved, therefore, is how to collect our volunteers into a harmonious whole—the action of each being free, yet systematized; and how thus to administer relief through the united agency of corporate bodies and private individuals; how, in fact, to secure all the personal intercourse and friendliness, all the real sympathy, all

the graciousness of individual effort, without losing the advantage of having relief voted by a central committee, and according to definite principles. The way in which this problem has been dealt with in one small district of London will be seen in the following pages. Every district will, no doubt, have to deal with the question in a somewhat different way, which must be determined by its special circumstances; but the subjoined sketch of a plan now in operation is given because it is always easier to see how a scheme will work when it comes before us as an actual fact, with a definite place and history, than when its bare principles only are laid down.

The working of the plan is not yet by any means perfect. There are many flaws still to be remedied, many breaks still to be filled up. It might, perhaps, have been better to delay writing about it till the working was made more complete, had it not been that the plan has been successful so far, and that it promises to be increasingly so. Besides, this seems the time when an account of a practical scheme for using individual work in conjunction with that of committees may be of real value. The need of some such scheme is felt with regard to the Poor Law. The Poor Law authorities have lately called the attention of Boards of Guardians to the success of the Elberfeld system, which depends on the careful and systematic inquiries of a large number of volunteer visitors. The Macclesfield Board of Guardians has already invited volunteers to aid it under the name of Assistant Guardians. The same want is felt with regard to charity. On all sides we hear of people willing to give their time if only they could be sure of doing good. They are dissatisfied, they say, with district visiting which creates so much discontent and poverty, and does so little lasting good; they want to know of some way in which their efforts may fit in with more organized work.

In the district in which the following plan has been tried the poorer

inhabitants have for years been accustomed to make their applications for relief daily, between nine and ten o'clock, at a house situated in the centre of the parish. The mode of administering relief has been changed, but the house is still used for the reception of applications. The names are taken down, and one of the blank forms used by the Charity Organization Society¹ is filled up with the account given by the applicant of himself and his circumstances. The form will then contain a statement of the names and ages, occupation, and earnings of every member of the applicant's family, his present and his previous address, the parish relief he receives (if any), the name of the club or benefit society to which he belongs (if there be such), the particular help he asks for, and the ground of the application. The form is immediately forwarded to the Charity Organization Society, who thoroughly investigate the information it contains by means of a paid officer. It is returned with its statements either verified or contradicted, and now shows, in addition to what it contained before, the report of the relieving officer, that of the minister of any denomination with which the applicant is connected, and his character as given by his previous landlord and other references. On the day when the application is first made, and the Charity Organization Society apprised of it, a post-card or other message is sent to the visitor of the street or court where the applicant resides. This informs her of the application, and also that she is expected to send in on the ensuing Friday any information regarding the case which she may already have, or may learn from a visit paid during the week. She at the same time gives her advice as to the best way of dealing with the application. The Relief Committee (of the constitution of which

we will speak presently) meets every Friday evening. They have before them not only the valuable information of the Charity Organization Society, gathered, sifted, and examined by their paid officer and representative Committee, but also the detailed account of a volunteer who brings to bear on the case a fresher and more personal sympathy than a paid agent ordinarily possesses, who has much more time to listen to, and probably more patience to elicit, the little facts on which so much may depend. Anyone will appreciate the value of this who has had experience of the difficulty of obtaining the evidence of uneducated people, women more especially; they are nervously confused, they cannot understand what are the real points of the case, nor state them clearly; often the most important fact of all comes out apparently quite by accident in the middle of a long sentence after the terror of being questioned has worn off. Thus the reports sent in, even by young or inexperienced visitors, bring forward facts which might never have come to the knowledge of the Committee, while the reports of more practised visitors are of still greater value, and not unfrequently suggest far more efficient ways of helping poor families than could have been otherwise devised.

The applicant himself comes before the Committee. He can thus explain his prospects, clear up any apparent discrepancy of statement, talk over any new plan proposed by visitor or Committee, and receive, without delay, the answer to his application.

Whatever grant is sanctioned, however, or whatever plan of action is suggested, the visitor is entrusted with the management of it, so that where money is given it reaches those helped through a kind friend; and where some plan is recommended, it is tried under the friendly and watchful eyes of one who, owing to the advantages of education, should be wiser in many ways than the applicant. Her power, at any rate, is of a different kind, and may fill in his deficiencies.

¹ N.B.—To save confusion, the District Committee of the Charity Organization Society is throughout this paper spoken of as the Charity Organization Society. This seemed the simplest way to distinguish it from the Relief Committee.

The province of the Charity Organization Society is that of investigation only ; while the province of the Relief Committee, before whom all the collected information is placed, and before whom the applicant appears, is that of final decision or relief. It dispenses the funds of the district, receiving money from people of all denominations, and administering help to all denominations without distinction. It is composed of two clergymen, one doctor, one schoolmaster, three tradesmen. In order to secure the attendance of men occupied during the day, this Committee meets in the evening. One lady, the Referee of the Charity Organization, always attends as a medium of communication between the visitors, Committee, and Charity Organization Society. Any visitors can attend who wish, but in general they find it more convenient to report by letter. Unless the Referee has much time, one paid worker is needed to carry out the work well. In the district just described, the former almoner is employed, who has great knowledge of the people. She attends the Committee, and her information is found to be most valuable. It is a great advantage to have some one always on the spot. She receives applications, and at once sends notice of them to the visitors and Charity Organization Society. She communicates to the visitors the decision of the Committee, pays them money which is voted for applicants living in their districts, and keeps the accounts. In cases of emergency she visits, but her main object ought always to be to bring the visitors in well to their work.

Such is an outline of the plan adopted as regards its main features. Dry and formal as it may appear in print, I think that anyone who reflects will see how the most intimate, loving, friendly way of reaching the poor through the efforts of kind visitors (each of whom visits chiefly amongst those she knows best) has been secured, whilst any danger of confusion has been avoided, and the chance of overlapping has been reduced to a minimum.

A few specimens of the kind of cases

which may come before the Parish Committee, and of the mode in which they would be dealt with, are here subjoined.

An old woman enters the room. She gives an anxious, nervous glance at the members of the Committee who are sitting round the table. She is asked to take a seat and to answer the questions, which are as kindly put to her as possible. Soon, however, she becomes hopelessly confused, and in her long rambling tale contradicts herself over and over again. It seems to be impossible to discover any reason for her actions—why she lives in so dear a room, why she persistently hides some facts. But reference is made to a note sent by the lady-visitor to the Committee. She, in a quiet, friendly talk, has found out all the old woman's tale. The Committee are thus able to understand why she clings to the room she has lived in for so long, though the rent is high ; why she works to keep a lodger, when she might live as cheaply alone ; why she refuses to tell the names of those who help her. All is cleared up ; and since her relations seem to be doing their duty, and the parish making the largest allowance which the guardians think it right to give outside the workhouse, a pension of two shillings a week is granted her for three months. The visitor will pay this pension, and in her weekly visit the friendship will grow ; she, unconsciously perhaps, will supervise the home, and at the end of three months, when the old woman will appear again to have her pension renewed, she will be able to tell of a life which has become quieter and happier.

Or perhaps a younger woman applies. She will tell how illness and misfortune have reduced herself and her husband to poverty. He has at length gone into the workhouse infirmary, where possibly he may linger on for months or years, and she has come to ask for help for herself. The Committee see that the only result of a gift would be to destroy her power of self-help and tempt her to lean on the uncertain aid of others, while if they helped her adequately the tax on their own funds

would be large, and she would be kept in idleness and prevented from fitting herself for future work. She pleads for a little temporary employment, but they tell her that as she has no children to need her care, she had better at once take a place as domestic servant. She says she is not strong enough for hard work. They elicit, however, that she is a good needlewoman, and therefore advise her to seek a place as young lady's maid, or wardrobe keeper in a school. Her reply is, "Thank you, but I'd rather muddle on." The Committee is no doubt right: its decision will help her to face her future, and to see that it is best now, while she is not old, to find an occupation by which she can permanently support herself. Yet she cannot see it at present in this light, it comes to her too suddenly. In spite of the gentle considerateness of the members of the Committee, it must be hard for her to face her fate, receive as it were the verdict, "No more home," from a company of people she never saw before. The decision must seem stern. But that night a letter will be despatched to the lady who has charge of the district where she lives, telling her the Committee's decision; the visitor will gently talk to her, advise her, perhaps find a situation for her; when she has resolved to take one, the visitor will herself write to the Committee asking for a grant for an advertisement, or for clothes.

Others apply to whom the Committee recommend a course which seems hard. A little sick child must be sent away into the country. The father of a family must go to a Convalescent Hospital. The large and expensive room must be given up by the old couple whose wages are falling lower and lower. The kitchen the dampness of which is sapping the children's strength must be left; the idle son must be made to work. The advice of the Committee is generally refused, but they need not despair. They know that in a day or two the visitor will call—she will tell the mother how kind are those who care for sick children, and will gradually persuade her to send her little one out

of the hot, close air which is killing it. She will tell the man how much better it would be to get thoroughly strong than to work on in his weak state; she will stir him up by thoughts of the bright grounds which surround the Convalescent Hospital; and soon she will come to the Committee for the offered letter. Going day by day she will break down the apathy and carelessness which has allowed a high rent or an unhealthy situation so long to cripple the strength of the family. She will tell of better and cheaper rooms, she will appeal to both love and prudence, and by kind words to-day and by stern refusals to-morrow give help till they so far help themselves as to move. She will go to visit those who are bitterly resenting the decision of the Committee not to help so long as the strong son remains idle or children are kept away from school. She will speak gently and simply of the blessedness of duties; she will tell of the kindness which has seen so far that it would make the idle industrious, the careless careful, the ignorant wise. Perhaps she will find and talk to the idler or the truants, and them she will induce to go with some of their playmates to school, him she will stir up to apply for the work of which the Committee told him. Thus the visitor in her visits will persuade and rouse the people to the action that the Committee saw to be good, but were powerless to enforce.

Then there are those who suffer poverty quietly and shrink from making any appeal. These the visitor finds out and sends to the Committee for their advice and help. Spirited and hard-working women, high-class working men whose illness has been so long that the club money has ceased, will thus be brought to the notice of the Committee, who will go patiently into each case. The woman will probably be offered some work; and though she has a hard life at home, children to care for, and occasional mangling to do, she will make an effort to accept the offer; some means of cure or some quiet work will

be proposed to the sick man, or it may be thought well to grant him a regular sum weekly for a time. In all the cases the knowledge of the Committee will be brought to bear on the poverty of the striving family that the visitor has discovered.

The visitor, however, may not always appear to advocate assistance; sometimes she comes to discourage it. People will apply whose tale seems good. A man wants work; a girl wants clothes to go to a place. At first it appears as if they would make good use of help. The visitor's report soon gives another aspect to the case. She will tell how on such a date the man had lost his work through drink, or how the help so often received had been misused; it is clear to the Committee now that such a man can only learn by being left to himself, and though he cringingly begs for work, it is refused. The visitor will also tell how the girl has been frequently helped to clothes of which she had made no good use, how situation after situation had been carelessly lost, how weak parents and idle companions had always been ready to back her up in bad ways. The Committee are thus able to see that now she must be taught to earn her clothes gradually. So only will she learn her responsibilities and reap the natural reward of labour.

It will be seen from the foregoing illustrations that the endeavour of the Committee and of those at work under them is to give help that shall be adequate, and, as far as possible, permanently beneficial. They feel themselves bound, even though the applicant be deserving, to refuse aid which could be a mere temporary stop-gap and confer no lasting benefit, and their aim is in every case to rouse the spirit of independence and self-help.

It will also have been observed how very valuable an element in the working of the scheme the visitor forms; that she is not only a channel through which useful information reaches the Committee, but is, in almost every instance, their actual agent in carrying

out the plans of help adopted. I must, however, say something further as to the importance of the appointment of some lady or gentleman acting as *Referee*; that, is as a centre for all the volunteers working as visitors. For if volunteer work is to form a useful part of our scheme of dealing with the people, we must accept those as workers whose work is necessarily intermittent. This must be done in order that we may secure a sufficient number of workers, and not waste, but gather in and use all the overflowing sympathy which is such a blessing to giver and receiver. With our volunteers, home claims must and should come first; and it is precisely those whose claims are deepest, and whose family life is the noblest, who have the most precious influence in the homes of the poor. But if the work is to be valuable, we must find some way to bind together broken scraps of time, and thus give it continuity in spite of changes and breaks. One great means of doing this is to have a living centre. This should be secured in the referee.

The referee in the district here described was appointed in the first instance by the District Committee of the Charity Organization Society; she was subsequently asked to attend the Relief Committee, and has since been recognized by the guardians and the sub-committee of the School Board as the representative of all the visitors throughout the district: the guardians kindly send to her, after their weekly meetings, notes of every decision arrived at as to applications for relief; these are immediately passed on by her to the visitor of the particular court where the applicant resides. The School Board has withdrawn its paid agent and entrusted to her and the staff of visitors working in concert with her the working of the compulsory clauses of the Education Act. She thus acts as a connecting link between all the various agencies at work in the parish.

It is evident that catastrophe would ensue if public bodies such as the guardians or School Board attempted

to deal directly with such a crude, changeful, and untrained body as our volunteers necessarily form; but, communicating with them through the referee, they can use their aid and find it valuable.

The existence of a referee is a help to the visitors in various ways. She receives applications from all volunteers, introduces them to the clergy and others who need workers, or enrolls them as visitors under the Charity Organization Society in unvisited courts, if such there be. She has nothing to do with their work, so far as it is denominational, but takes note of it so far as it deals with visible help. She introduces temporary or permanent substitutes when visitors are absent from town, or ill, or unable from any other cause to continue their work; so that the threads of it are never broken. She is able to give, in a much more detailed and personal way than any corporate body could do, information as to sources of relief, societies available for special cases, as to what visitors of other denominations are doing, and what help the Poor Law will give. For example: "Can anything be done about Mrs. H——?" a new visitor will ask; "her room is fearfully dirty, and she is so infirm now that she cannot keep it clean. She would be better off in the workhouse." "I will communicate with the guardians, and no doubt the relieving officer will visit and report," the referee will answer. Or another volunteer will ask, "Can you tell me exactly what the law is now as to compulsory attendance at school? There are several bad cases of neglect in my court—what should I do about them?" Or another: "No. 7 in — Street is in a most unhealthy state; can nothing be done?" "Yes, certainly," the referee will say; "if the drains are really, as you think, not trapped, the landlord can be compelled to do it. Write to the Inspector of Nuisances, and ask him to look into it. He is always most attentive to a request of this kind." Sometimes the suggestion will come from the referee. "Would you," she will say to some of

the ladies, "make a list of the unvaccinated children in your streets, and tell the mothers how and when most easily to get the neglect remedied? They only want a little spurring up." Such is the work the ladies find, and the kind of help the referee can give.

Another most important means of securing unity of action is afforded by the written records which the Committee make it a point that the visitors should keep—and should keep according to one fixed and definite plan. Each court has its own separate district book; each applicant has his separate page, where the detail regarding him and his family can be found at once. The reports of the relieving officer, of the clergyman, and of any references the applicant may have given, are all found in a condensed form on this same page. An entry is made of every kind of material help given, summed up in a money column each month; and the visitor is also expected to record every month the principal events which have happened in the family. One line only is allowed for this. This rule is made because MS. records become useless if they are voluminous; the chief events only are required and must be carefully selected. The book is sent in once a month to the referee.

The privacy of the poor is not infringed by the use of these records, since the books remain exclusively in the hands of the visitor and referee, and it rests with the visitor to report to the Committee only that which she deems essential to the right decision of a case. And, moreover, nothing of a private nature—nothing which could imply a breach of confidence—ought ever to be entered in the books at all.

The advantages of thus keeping district books are very great. It is of course not unusual for those who visit amongst the poor to keep written records of one kind or another. But if they are kept in various forms and the information is not tabulated so as to be readily comprehended by fellow-workers, half their value is lost. To be available for general use, it is all-important that the books

throughout a parish should be *uniform*, and the information contained in them *complete* and *condensed*. They should be arranged so as to bring to a focus all the information obtained through the Charity Organization Society. Now it too often happens that they contain only notes of such facts as have come under the visitor's personal observation, and are kept by each visitor according to a different plan.

The work itself is an always growing one, as the system does not stop at mere relief, but uses its machinery to carry out every plan of helpfulness that can be devised. The visitors find that the work opens out as they themselves increase in power. Then the question arises how the pressing, useful things, which so urgently need doing, can possibly be got through. "I see more to do in my district the longer I work there," one lady said to the referee, not long ago; "the more I learn the more the work increases. I see numberless helpful things I could do if only I had time. May I divide my district? I don't know which part of it I can make up my mind to give up; there are people I should grieve to lose sight of in every part of it, yet I cannot manage all that I now see ought to be done." "Do not divide your district," the referee replied; "the Committees, Guardians, School Board, and I myself cannot easily treat with still smaller divisions than that into separate courts or streets. Let me introduce you to one of the younger volunteers whom you may associate with you in the work. She is too young to visit alone, or to judge what is wise in difficult cases, but she will write your monthly reports, will be a friendly messenger to pay pensions, will call to ask if children are at school and report to the School Board, will collect savings and keep accounts of them, will write about admissions to Convalescent Homes or Industrial Schools, will give notice of classes and entertainments, and register the window plants before our flower shows. In short, she will form a friendly link between you and the people, will save

your time, and be herself trained to take the lead hereafter. Mr. R., too, offered help in the evening, if you want him to establish that Co-operative Store, to keep some life in the Working Men's Club, or to collect savings in the court on a Saturday night; and Mrs. S. offers help in money for special cases of want which the Committee can hardly take up, or for some of our excursions to the country this summer. In fact, if you will associate other workers with you instead of still further subdividing the district, it will be much the best."

And so the work grows, and the various help gets more and more woven into one whole.

Much has been written of late on the subject of Sisterhoods and of "Homes" where those who wish to devote themselves to the service of the poor can live together, consecrating their whole life to the work. I must here express my conviction that we want very much more the influence that emanates not from "a Home," but from "homes." One looks with reverence on the devotion of those who, leaving domestic life, are ready to sacrifice all in the cause of the poor, and give up time, health, and strength in the effort to diminish the great mass of sin and sorrow that is in the world. I have seen faces shining like St. Stephen's with sight of heaven beyond the pain and sin. I have seen shoulders bent as St. Christopher's might have been—better in angels' sight than upright ones. I have seen hair turned grey by sorrow shared with others. And before such, one bends with reverence. But I am sure we ought to desire to have as workers, joyful, strong, many-sided natures, and that the poor, tenderly as they may cling to those who as it were cast in their lots amongst them, are better for the bright visits of those who are strong, happy, and sympathetic.

"Send me," said one day a poor woman who did not even know the visitor's name, "the lady with the sweet smile and the bright golden hair."

The work amongst the poor is, in short, better done by those who do less

of it, or rather who gain strength and brightness in other ways. I hope for a return to the old fellowship between rich and poor; to a solemn sense of relationship; to quiet life side by side; to men and women coming out from bright, good, simple homes, to see, teach, and learn from the poor; returning to gather fresh strength from home warmth and love, and seeing in their own homes something of the spirit which should pervade all.

I believe that educated people would come forward if once they saw how they could be really useful and without neglecting nearer claims. Let us reflect that hundreds of workers are wanted; that if they are to preserve their vigour they must not be overworked; and that each of us who might help and holds back not only leaves work undone, but injures, to a certain extent, the work of others. Let each of us not attempt too much, but take some one little bit of work, and, doing it simply, thoroughly, and lovingly, wait patiently for the gradual spread of good,

and leave to professional workers to deal for the present with the great mass of evil around.

To recapitulate, then, let me say that I think the operations of the Charity Organization Society have been wholly beneficial so far, but that it will have to secure more extended personal influence between rich and poor if it is to be permanently successful. As a Society it is doing its work; it is contending for justice and order; it has urged us not to corrupt our fellow-citizens; it has instituted inquiries in support of truth; it has responsible officers; it is an upholder of method, and it will help us to be swift, just, and sure in our gifts. But it can never be a more living educational body than the law is. The Society can never be a vital, loving, living force; it can never wake up enthusiasm, nor gently lead wanderers, nor stir by unexpected mercy, nor strengthen by repeated words of guidance. The ground once cleared by it, the work remains for individuals to carry on.

OCTAVIA HILL.

A SWISS SANCTUARY.

THERE are four great shrines in Europe to which pilgrims still resort, much as their forefathers were wont to do in the Middle Ages: not churches in great cities, whither the worshippers may come with other business on hand and other ends in view besides their designs of piety, but genuine places of pilgrimage, where the town has grown up round the cloister, and whither men and women journey by thousands only for the health of their souls or the miraculous cure of their bodies. Such ancient fashions of religion have long died from among us in England, but we may see them (and they are worth seeing) where they are still preserved in the unchanging faith and practice of other lands. Three great shrines—Loreto, Maria Zell, and Sant Iago—are out of the track of most travellers; but the fourth, the great convent of Einsiedeln, which boasts its 150,000 or 200,000 visitors every year, is in the most frequented part of Switzerland, midway between the Lakes of Lucerne and Zürich; and I cannot but think that if the sights there to be seen were more generally known, we should not have been, of all the crowds of English at Lucerne last year, the only visitors to Einsiedeln on the great annual festival of September 14.

The story of Einsiedeln began more than a thousand years ago. Its founder, St. Meinrad, Count of Sulgen, a Hohenzollern and an ancestor of the present Emperor of Germany and of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, was born in 797, at his mother's castle of Süllich, and educated at the convent school of Reichenau, on a little island in Lake Constance. Unlike the other great hermit of the Alps, St. Nicholas, a warrior and statesman in his early days, Meinrad seems not to have entered at all into active life: he passed from one cloister

to another, studious, pious, and gentle, until (according to a little book which tells the history of Einsiedeln) "the sight of the lonely peaks of the Etzelberg, daily before his eyes, awoke in the earnest man longings for a solitary life." And so, as an "Einsiedler," or hermit, he retired to a little hut, built for him by a pious lady, on the Etzelberg. Driven thence by the increasing number of those who sought his advice and help, he retreated to the then wild forests of the Finsterwald, and made his cell where now the great church and convent stand, risen in abundant harvest from the little seed of good. Here he received in solemn gift from Hildegard, foundress and Abbess of the great Zürich convent, and daughter of King Louis, the grandson of Charlemagne, a sacred image of the Virgin and Child, which from the ninth to the nineteenth century has reigned, and reigns still, at Einsiedeln. "Four-and-twenty years had Meinrad lived here with the blessing of God and the love of his fellow-men, when two robbers, seeking treasure, came to his cell. Though he instantly discerned their purpose, he received them lovingly; he entertained them like friends. Whilst he was refreshing them with food, and giving them counsels useful for their own safety, they fell on him and slew him. Tracked in every place by two ravens which the saint had kept, the murderers were detected, and they were tried and executed in Zürich;" where, in memory of this miracle, long stood the "Raven's Hotel," now the Hôtel Bilharz.

Meinrad's death (the thousandth anniversary of which was celebrated with great pomp ten years ago at Einsiedeln) took place in 861. Forty-five years later, his cell was occupied by Benno of Strasburg, a brother of Rudolph of Bur-

gundy. With the help of some who joined him here, he cleared out the fertile meadow still called "Bennau," or Benno's Field. After twenty-one years Benno was induced, sorely against his will, to accept the bishopric of Metz. There his bold rebukes and reforms earned him the hatred of the nobles, who at last seized him and put his eyes out. The crime was duly punished, and every effort made to keep the good bishop in Metz; but he yearned for the peace of Einsiedeln and the little company of brothers there, and returned, blind and weary, to live some years still, and die among them.

By his successor, Eberhard of Strasbourg, the first stone of the convent was laid, and regular monastic life, after the Benedictine rule, was commenced. Gradually, too, a great church rose above and enclosed the little chapel with the sacred image. In 948 Conrad, Bishop of Constance, came, with a great train of priests and nobles, to consecrate the finished building. At midnight before September 14, the day fixed for the ceremony, he went to the church to spend the early hours in prayer; but at the door he was stayed by the sound of heavenly music, and, looking in, beheld a multitude of angels going through all the forms of consecration. In the Virgin's chapel he saw our Lord officiating in priestly dress, surrounded and assisted by saints; before the altar stood the Blessed Virgin, robed in light. The vision faded with the dawn; but Conrad, spell-bound, knelt in the same spot till mid-day, in spite of entreaties to begin the service. Then he told what he had seen; but they held it for a dream, and urged him to proceed to the consecration. As he at last did so, a voice spoke from above, thrice repeating, "Brother, stay; the chapel is consecrated by God." Then, with reverence, they forbore their persuasions, and Conrad only consecrated the great church which stood over the chapel.

Such is the legend of the "Engelweihe." Sixteen years later Conrad went, with the Emperor Otho I., to Rome, and laid before Leo VIII. the

question whether the chapel should receive regular consecration. This, after consultation with many bishops, the Pope decided against, acknowledging as valid the miraculous work of the angels.

Great, after this, were the glories of Einsiedeln. Emperors and kings sent rich gifts and made over land. Abbot Gregory, nephew of our English King Alfred, and brother-in-law of Otho the Great, was created a Prince of the Empire, which dignity, by a further decree of Rudolph of Hapsburg, descended to his successors: they are Prince-Abbots to the present day. Distinguished pilgrims flocked to Einsiedeln. Otho the Great was there in 965, the Emperor Sigismund in 1417, Ferdinand III. in 1442; St. Nicholas came in 1480, St. Charles Borromeo in 1576. The visitors' list is nine centuries long, and rich in the names of princes. Marie Louise came in 1814; Queen Hortense came year by year, and hither brought her son Louis to receive his first communion. The Bourbon Princes came in 1859, the Orleans in 1863. The family of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern visit frequently the foundation of their holy ancestor St. Meinrad.

Yet, for all these royal favours, Einsiedeln has had times of trouble. Many times has it been robbed or burnt in the conflicts of the adjacent cantons. Worst of all, the French army came there in 1798, and, after their unfailing habit in those days, carried off all they could, and burnt the rest. Even the sacred image they packed up and sent home; but the monks, forewarned of the coming danger, had hidden away the true Virgin, and it was a counterfeit which travelled to Paris. The real image wandered long into various graves, buried first at Alpthal, then at Haggenegg; next it travelled across the Rhine to Bludenz; then by sea to Trieste; later to Bludenz again. In some places where it had been concealed, the peasants built chapels, as our King Edward raised crosses where the body of his queen had rested. At length, in 1802, it was brought back in triumph to its ancient home.

There we saw it on the 14th of Sep-

tember last. The previous evening we came from Lucerne to Brunnen, a little town lying in the angle formed by the great turn of the lake southwards. From Zug, or Zürich, Einsiedeln may be even more easily reached than from Lucerne.

We started early next morning, but earlier still came heavy boat-loads of pilgrims across the lake from Seelisberg. Later, we drove past them on their weary walk to Einsiedeln: a band of village-folk led by their priest, and by two boys carrying processional crosses, upside down at this stage of the journey. The road lay straight inland, gradually rising. To our right, the beautiful mitre-shaped Mythen peaks were now veiled in cloud; but to the left we had fine views of the Lower Lake and the broad sides of the Rigi beyond; and looking back, as we rose higher the snowy ranges of the Uri-Rothstock rose higher also, only more beautiful for the dim soft clouds which clung round their sharp cliffs.

We halted half-an-hour at Sattel, and went to look at the battle-field of Morgarten, near there. About twelve o'clock, in a fertile undulating plain, set round with hills, we espied the towers of Einsiedeln, high above the level of all surrounding buildings. The little town has but two obvious industries, the sale of "objects of piety" and the entertainment of visitors. One house in every three is an inn, and dedicated to St. Meinrad, St. Nicholas, or any saint in the calendar—a pleasant variation from the foolish monotony of Luzerner Hofs, Englischer Hofs, and the like. And of the shops, at least an equal proportion are given up to pilgrims' wares, rosaries, crucifixes, and images, so that each street reproduces the quaint old Rue St. Sulpice in Paris, where all the outward piety of trade in the city seems collected. A third industry, less outwardly visible, is that of printing; for books of devotion from Einsiedeln travel all over the world. One firm alone employs sixteen printing-presses, all for religious works.

The Platz, where the ceremonies of the day were to take place, was a space like in shape and size to Trafalgar Square,

though rather larger; and, like Trafalgar Square, slanting downhill. At the upper side stand the long lines of the convent, straight and monotonous, and in their centre the church, double-towered, of immense size, but no very beautiful design. In front of these the ground is raised to form a level terrace, which is approached in the centre by a broad flight of steps, and under the brow of which arcades are built stretching down to right and left in a broad semicircle. At the lower side the Platz is bounded by a line of hotels. As we saw the scene, on a bright cloudless day, it was very attractive. The pilgrims were everywhere: clustered round the arcades, swarming up and down the steps, leaning over the balustrade at the terrace edge. And, lest the word "pilgrim" should suggest "travel-stained garments"—and "sorrowful countenances," it must be added that they looked a well-contented set of holiday-makers; though, as they were Swiss, without much vivacity or personal beauty. There were traces of picturesque costume among the women; some had plaited their hair with intermixed white tape, and then stuck in two broad silver spoons, after the fashion of one canton; natives of Basle came with foolish big black bows, flapping raven-like over their heads; Lucernese displayed the length of their hair in two tightly plaited tails hanging down behind. More valuable, from an artistic point of view, were the rich, brilliant tints of dress; no whites, no pale blues or pinks, but deep browns and purples, flashing scarlets, and dull greens. In some dresses scarlet and green were put together with a stiff fashion of outline which struck one as the actual copy of some old Holbein picture of the Madonna. The men were, as usual, soberly dressed.

A large fountain stood in the centre of the Platz, whence, by fourteen separate spouts, water flowed out and splashed on the pavement round. The legend is that from one of these our Lord once drank, but which one is not known: so we saw the more devout among the pil-

grims gravely going all round, and drinking from every spout in succession. One old man had a ginger-beer bottle, which he was gradually filling up with a few drops from each of the fourteen spouts ! A lively trade was going on in the arcades. Our English church-shops, with a few recent exceptions, sell little else than books or tame pictures, suggestive of thought, it may be, but making no appeal of outward brightness or beauty. Very different were the pious fairings sold in the arcades at Einsiedeln. How pretty the things were ! One shop would be hung all over with glittering cascades of pendant rosaries, brown and silver, black and gold, coral and silver, ivory, crystal : the next would be filled with little altars lavishly overlaid with flowers and gilding, and little dolls in jewelled and tinselled robes. Then a division of the arcade might be devoted to wax wares ; straight tapers, and tapers coiled up like balls of string, and models in miniature of legs, arms, or eyes, destined for "votive offerings" at the shrine of the Virgin. Next one fell across clay models of "Maria-Einsiedeln," varying in size from tiny little idols at ten a penny, to very big ones at twopence or threepence. The cheapest were pretty little terracotta images an inch long, modelled gracefully enough : the Virgin crowned, with a sceptre in her hand and the crowned Infant in her arms ; her robe covered loosely in front with gold-leaf and bright touches of scarlet and green paint. But as they made simultaneous advances in price and in size, the images grew to a great ugliness. At fourpence they were eight inches high ; the robe, shaped like an isosceles triangle, descended in straight widening lines from the neck to the feet, plastered with gilding, and spotted with paint, while a ludicrous effect was super-added by blackening and polishing the faces of both the Virgin and the Child. The triangle was reversed in some images representing, I suppose, the Infant Saviour : there the "swaddling clothes" of orange and gold are shaped like a sheath for scissors, and the trans-

parent waxen head, with black dots for eyes, is laid on an aureole of bright gold ; the whole enclosed in a pasteboard box with glass lid, and costing a halfpenny. Minute tin boxes were on sale, pocket oratories, which when opened disclosed more minute leaden Madonnas ; these ranged in price from a halfpenny to sixpence. A few sober shops sold books, tracts, and pious handbills. Many of these were so earnest and good that one or two superstitious exceptions ought hardly in fairness to be quoted. But there was a curious preface to one prayer, "found in 1505 on the tomb of our Lord":—"He who daily says or hears said this prayer, or who carries it about with him, . . . shall not die of sudden death, shall drown in no water, burn in no fire, perish in no battle, be hurt by no poison. . . . If you see a man fall in a fit in the streets, and lay this prayer on his right side, he will stand up at once and rejoice in his recovery. . . . The house where this prayer is found shall not be injured by lightning. He who daily says or hears said this prayer shall three days before his death receive a sign from God." This wondrous prayer is a sort of litany to the Holy Cross and to our Lord, ending with a threefold invocation familiar to us in the Devotions of Bishop Andrews.—The fair had of course overflowed the arcades : there were long lines of wooden booths in all directions, where similar goods were displayed and similar crowds of purchasers attracted.

We went on to the church, and found it very big and gaudily bright. The roof was vaulted, and covered with coarsely-painted frescoes. The side aisles were, as usual, occupied with numerous chapels ; and for this high festival the relics were exposed on every altar. There, as through a glass side in each coffin, we saw the withered bodies of saints and martyrs, wreathed about with strings of beads, flowers, and gilt ornaments ; the outline of the features traced in pearls, rings put on the fingers, a crown on the head, and the instrument of martyrdom laid in the

clenched hand. It looked as if reverently and lovingly done, and was in no degree ridiculous, though strange and grotesque. There was nothing of value sufficient to rival the glories of St. Nicholas at Sarnen, with his real blue sapphire eyes and topaz nostrils; but very likely the French Republicans of 1798 are answerable for this.

Standing in the centre of the nave, facing the west door, was the famous angel-consecrated chapel, crowded about with pilgrims. It was made of black marble, and, like a great bird-cage, shut in behind and partly at the sides, and wired round the front with iron rails; through which, as through prison-bars, we saw the lighted altar, and above, "Maria-Einsiedeln" herself, so swathed and sunk in cloth of gold, lace and satin, that only the faces of the Virgin and Child were visible; all jet-black, as it apparently behoves ancient and sacred images to be. The rest of the tiny edifice was wreathed with paper flowers, and covered with scarlet and white inscriptions in German,—pious rhymes, mostly, about the angel-consecration.

Wandering down the side aisle, we lighted on a placard, concerning benediction of the pious wares from the arcades. At one hour, all rosaries were to be blessed; at another, images and crucifixes, if made of certain specified materials; but it was expressly added that articles in plaster and tin would *not* be blessed. Certain medals would take longer to bless, and must be sent in beforehand.

The choir of the church, a marvel of colour, was shut off by a light screen, in front of which were a multitude of chairs, filling half the nave; men sat to the right, women to the left. Overhead hung a handsome chandelier, the gift of none less than Napoleon III., with an extract from the will of Queen Hortense traced round its inner circle: "Je désire mettre moi et mes enfants sous la protection de la Sainte Vierge." Nor was this the Emperor's only gift to Einsiedeln. When, thanks to a letter of introduction to the Prince-Abbot, we were admitted into the convent itself,

we began to think of Einsiedeln almost as of the ideal church, where kings and princes should give presents and bring gifts; where Imperial enemies should fall down together and do service. There, hung together in the refectory, we found them all: Napoleon III. and Eugénie; the Emperor of Germany and his brother the late King of Prussia; the Emperor and Empress of Austria and their young son; the King of Bavaria. All were life-size portraits; all gifts from the monarchs themselves. And as if to complete a fated circle, there was the portrait of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, introduced in one of two charming pictures by Mücke, of Dusseldorf—his father's gift to the convent in 1861. The picture represents Hildegarde in solemn procession, bringing the sacred image to Meinrad. Prince Leopold is drawn as a youth by the side of the Abbess, carrying a banner; and few ideal faces could be purer or more faultless in beauty. A courteous priest led us through the convent, adding interest to all he showed and told us by the gentle grace of his manner. He spoke perfect English, and indeed we were struck by the evident good education and gentlemanly bearing of all these monks—born gentlemen, if we judged rightly. Their occupations and interests were many: collections of birds, minerals, books; photographs, wood-carving, a collection of gigantic nine-foot square engravings. Our guide asked us about the recent Scott Centenary Festival; perhaps with a special interest in Sir Walter, because the scene of "Anne of Geierstein" is laid in Switzerland, and several characters in the book swear frequently by "Our Lady of Einsiedeln."

Leaving the convent, we went to seek for food and refreshment somewhere. The effect on the hotels of a sudden rise from the daily average of 200 visitors or so, to an incursion of 10,000, can be easily conceived. The "Peacock" could not offer us even an attic; but they brushed us down in the passage, and carried us basins of water into the kitchen. As to food, there were three

or four *tables d'hôte* in the course of the day, but every place was pre-engaged, apparently by pilgrims of higher position or greater possessions than the general crowd: French ladies, English Roman Catholic sisters, priests of a superior class. However, they did what they could for us, and at least let us forage for ourselves.

As the day passed on, the religious feeling among the pilgrims clearly grew stronger. A long sermon was preached in German to a very large, silent audience; another in French to French-speaking pilgrims. At four o'clock, a long procession started from the great school connected with the convent, and moved slowly into the church; a number of women first, headed by a hard-featured damsel, who led in a familiar Gregorian the chanted response, "Ora pro nobis," to the successive names of saints given as versicles by the monks who followed. A door in the church near the choir led into the hall of confessionals, a dim long room, encircled with little wooden constructions, where priests sat, hearing confessions in German, French, Italian, English, and Romansch; sometimes the priest would have a kneeling figure on each side of him, apparently receiving a confession in each ear. Men and women were standing about waiting their turn.

As it grew dusk, the aspect of the church was very strange. Each chapel was besieged by a little crowd: women swaying to and fro, as they passed the rosary beads through their slow fingers; some few ecstatic, kneeling with outstretched arms; some in groups, a large family or party of friends, were making the round of the chapels, pausing to repeat at each their monotonous roll of prayers. The sacred chapel was pressed on from all sides; hundreds of votive offerings were strung on the iron bars, long rows of lighted tapers were stuck on the ledge below, and pilgrims knelt all round, while old women, asleep from sheer fatigue, rested their heads against its walls. Nor was there the usual silence of Roman Catholic churches, for the low hum of praying voices was

rising like a storm; in a strange monotonous, wordless way, coming one hardly knew whence or how, and beating all on one wailing note.

We saw them begin to illuminate the church. It was a curious effect when, at the end of the long dark vista, a brilliant fiery cross glided slowly up from the ground and hung suspended over the high altar. Outside, when all was complete, the scene was one hard to describe, harder still to forget. Every available place was illuminated uniformly with small, clear oil-lamps. With their soft golden lustre, the lower line of every window in the long convent façade was traced out, displaying the rare beauty of a great concerted illumination, falling in regular ordered lines. The church porch was very brilliant, massed round with lamps, and surmounted by the sacred monogram and a large cross. Moreover, the arcades, the hotels below, and all the houses within sight were traced with the same lustrous golden lines; and high on the hills a large brilliant cross seemed in the darkness to float in the air. In the lower right-hand part of the Platz, a great altar. Behind stood an illuminated transparent picture of the Madonna, and above this a smaller sketch of angels' heads; the golden-tinted lamps surrounded both with a deep border, tracing out arches and pillars of light. The altar was raised on steps covered with scarlet cloth; it faced the cathedral with all the wide stretch of the Platz between, and seemed to wait, as the multitude of people were waiting, for what was to come.

Inside the church there was now scarcely standing-room. The gallery was traced round with lamps. Behind the choir screen all was brilliant light, figures moving to and fro, clouds of incense floating up, dimming the gorgeous vestments of the officiating priests, broken pieces of chant caught up and answered by an organ at the further end of the church. Last came the solemn elevation of the Host; and then the gates were opened, and slowly down the centre of the church moved the long-

expected procession. First the chanting choristers with lighted tapers ; next the bishops, priests, visitors, a hundred or more ; and then, under a splendid canopy, in trailing robes stiff with gold, came the Prince-Abbot, bearing in a high jewelled chalice the consecrated Host ; and, as he passed, all fell on their knees or bowed to the very ground.

I wish, and hopelessly wish, I could describe the scene on the Platz. It was a perfect summer night, with neither moon nor cloud, and the dark dome of the sky seemed to quiver with the multitude of the stars. The convent and the church, the arcades and the hotels, all were sketched out with long brilliant lines of light ; the great cross on the distant hill, with no visible standing-point, looked like a new wonder of the heavens. On every side, silent and bareheaded, some 10,000 people were waiting ; and what they waited for was coming : a long procession with glimmering lines of tapers slowly moving out from the church doors, across the terrace, down the steps, then curving round towards the illuminated altar. As the Abbot came out of the church, the low chant of the choristers was caught up by a sudden burst of military music : as he passed down, the close-pressing lines of people knelt on both sides. He came to the altar and there prayed, under the starlit sky, with bishops, in vestments only less gorgeous than his own, grouped round him. In the balcony of a house near was a picturesque band of priests, with various instruments, and of choristers, who accompanied the service with some beautiful mass-music ; the effect was heightened by the soft, distant tones of a hidden organ, which filled every interval. As if to leave no emotion untouched, one was startled now and then by the sudden thunder of cannon from the hills behind. The climax came when the music was hushed, and, amid such silence that his every tone was

heard, the Prince-Abbot turned round to the people, and three times raising the Host on high, three times blessed them in the Holy Name ; while three times, as he paused between, the tolling sound of the cannon shook the air, and the whole multitude knelt on the ground, as if a sudden gentle wind were passing over a field and bending every blade of grass.

Then the procession was formed again, and made its way back to the church.

There is no more to tell. The service was continued, but the crowd in the church had become a real risk to encounter. And so we took our carriages again and drove back to Brunnen, getting there after midnight. But those who were true pilgrims and took no carriage-help fared differently. Crowds of them, we were told, would stay till morning in devotion before the shrine ; thousands would sleep in the town, getting what accommodation they could ; and very many would pass the night walking home.

I think that at Einsiedeln we were at first inclined—looking only at the gaudy display of pious wares, and at the intermingling of a petty trade in sweets, umbrellas, and handkerchiefs—to scoff : but we remained to pray. As the day drew on, the earnestness of the pilgrims became very evident. One forgot the vacant gazings, the curious eyes of kneeling and praying pilgrims which followed us through the church : for we began to see that these were exceptional, and that the rule was one of steady, hearty prayer, of simple faith and real devotion : tempers of mind which neither Protestantism nor philosophy could have improved. And who that saw the vast kneeling multitudes, and heard the chant of importunate voices of men and women dutifully rendering the best worship, perhaps, they were capable of, could wish to make these Swiss pilgrims either philosophers or Protestants ?

THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT.

CHAPTER IV.

SANITARY AFFAIRS.

HERE is a most legitimate field for Government action. On the principle before laid down, that when there is a matter which greatly concerns the individuals of a State, in which matter those individuals, however well-instructed, energetic, and potent they may be as individuals, cannot possibly arrange the matter well for themselves, the duty lies upon the State to do it for them. Now, this is expressly the case with almost all sanitary improvement. What single individual, or what number of collected individuals, can provide for himself or themselves the requisites for sanitary well-being? Not as regards earth, air, water, or food, can this be done by any individual, unless, indeed, he lives in the country and has no near neighbours; for even in village communities there is almost the same dearth of sanitary arrangements as in great towns. The moment that even a few people are collected together in any spot, there comes the need of a controlling power to keep in due subordination to the sanitary welfare of the little community, the non-sanitary action of each householder entering into the community.

I have always endeavoured to illustrate my views on Government by individual instances. I have known a block of buildings, built by a builder upon a height. The drainage and sewerage have been led down the hill, there they have met with the drainage and sewerage from another block of buildings, built by another builder, upon another height. Neither of the builders had any concern with the general outfall for sewerage and drainage; and a more admirable plan for introducing fever into both these blocks of buildings could not well

be devised. Is not this a case in which Government interference is needed?

The want of foresight which there has been in all matters connected with sanitary well-being—especially in regard to the growth of great towns—is excessive and amazing. It appears as if there had been more foresight in earlier days than during the last fifty or hundred years. There is an old Act often quoted by me, of which the words of the preamble alone suffice to show the antiquity of the Act. It begins thus: “*Si homme fait candells dens ung vill;*” and then proceeds to make the necessary regulations for preventing any injury to the health of the neighbourhood from candle-making. Queen Elizabeth had some idea of the value of space when she insisted upon cottages not being built without having some land attached to them, and designated those which had not been so built as “silly cottages.” Moreover, this Queen and her successor, James the First, were much troubled in their minds by the increase of London in their time.

What a blessing it would have been if some potent persons in earlier days had gained for the Crown, or for the public, the low lands at Lambeth which are now so densely populated, and where there are now factories which are so injurious to the sightliness and to the durability of the great buildings near them. To lessen or remove this great evil would now be a work of exceeding magnitude. For it is to be recollected that not only have the factories to be removed elsewhere, but that homes have to be found for the artisans and labourers who gain their living in connection with these factories.

It is very well to say, in a cynical fashion, “Posterity can do nothing for us: why should we do anything for posterity?” But several of us are

parents, and perhaps there are few things which should give us more cause for anxiety than the reflection of how our children and grandchildren will be crowded up in great towns if we neglect the opportunities which are still open to us for providing some breathing room for them. Among the good works which have been done for this metropolis, there are none, perhaps, for which our posterity ought to be more grateful to us than the formation of the Victoria and Battersea Parks, and the Embankment of the Thames, looked at solely as a means of giving more air and space. Our buildings and statues may appear to a future generation very ugly and ungainly, and they may somewhat ungratefully ridicule their ancestors for the want of sense and taste which they may discover in those buildings. But they cannot be otherwise than grateful, if they reflect at all upon the subject, for any spaces which we have left open for them at places which will then perhaps be situated centrally in the midst of still-increasing population.

This subject of sanitary legislation and administration branches out into many directions, which can only be indicated in this work. For example, it is a great disgrace to a community that it should not have provided places in almost every great town, and especially in sea-board towns, for the reception of persons of the poorer classes entering those towns in a state of infectious disease. The mischief which proceeds from the absence of such receiving places is almost incalculable. The commerce of the world has become so extensive, the number of persons who depend upon that commerce is so large, that it would be in the highest degree hazardous to make more diseases subject to the restraint of quarantine than those which are made so at present. Yet it is an awful thing that a vessel containing persons labouring under the diseases of small-pox, or of typhus, or of scarlet fever should be allowed to land their human foci of disease, and to let them go, without any restraint or supervision, into the most densely populated districts

of great towns. No well-governed community would permit such a thing to be done, but would insist upon Lazarettos being provided for the reception of persons labouring under infectious or contagious disease.

Again, while according to the principle of the Roman Law we may admit a certain right in the individual to possess all that is under his land, and all that is above it, we must still desire to restrain, by Government interference, any noxious use that may be made of this extreme right of property. We have therefore, as a nation, undertaken the control of noxious works; but this control has been very imperfectly exercised. Legislation, in this respect, has been of the most piecemeal character. Take, for example, the legislation directed against the Smoke nuisance. It is very limited in its extent; and its operation is not effectual even in the districts to which it is limited. There are suburbs of our great metropolis, thickly populated, and subject to the smoke nuisance arising from great works or large factories in the neighbourhood, to which suburbs the Act does not extend. Again, even in those places to which the Act does extend, it is most carelessly administered, as anyone may perceive who looks from Vauxhall Bridge or Westminster Bridge, and sees the dense masses of smoke arising from the Surrey side of the river, driven, if the wind is favourable, against the delicately sculptured masonry of the Houses of Lords and Commons. If our legislators will not take care of their own building, and of themselves in this matter, does it not show how much need there is of pressure being put upon them for the welfare of the community, as regards protection from this enormous nuisance? It is a nuisance of the largest extent and influence. It deforms and defaces the finest buildings; it corrodes the greatest works of art; it inflicts the annoyance of frequent painting and renewing of decoration; it checks the growth of vegetation; it injures furniture; and it causes an expense which has been estimated to amount to millions of pounds

in the course only of a single year. It is a shameful waste of the precious material to which it owes its existence ; it is injurious to health ; it depresses the spirits ; and, what is worse than all, it gradually makes people contented with, and even unobservant of, a state of dirt and dinginess which is most hurtful to health. Very profound and subtle experiments have of late years been made in this and other countries, which tend to show that disease in its subtlest forms is connected with, or at least finds a *nidus* in, those minute portions of dust and dirt which the good housewife is so perseveringly anxious to remove for the sake of her furniture if not of her children. But the good housewife is gradually checked and disheartened in her endeavours after cleanliness, when her abode is in an atmosphere which increases all her labours tenfold. I always remember the story which came out in evidence before some commission of inquiry, of the poor woman who, coming from the country into some dismal part of London, was observed for some time to make great efforts in cleaning the yard in which she lived ; but the hopelessness of the work gradually caused her to relax her endeavours, and she became as indifferent to dirt as her neighbours. Something of this kind occurs to every housewife who lives in an atmosphere which is so perverse and enduring a counter-agent to all her best endeavours.

I would entreat any of my readers who may take an especial interest in this branch of sanitary science, to study the works of Count Rumford, who has nowhere shown more remarkably his great powers of thought and calculation than in dealing with this subject.

I come now to the adulteration of food. This is one of the most important of sanitary subjects, and one which most loudly calls for the interference of Government. It is also one in which the individual is very little able to protect himself. It is a monstrous evil that a man is not able to buy the exact commodity which he is willing to pay for. It is no answer to him that the

adulteration is harmless. But in how few cases is it harmless ? And, for the most part, how utterly unable the customer is to detect the adulteration in any substance used for food or drink which is of a composite character. How few of us are chemists ! I do not know of a more cruel wrong, or one which the State is more bound to provide against, than when a poor man comes for some liquid which is to assuage his thirst, and drinks, instead of that, a horrible compound, which has the property of increasing instead of assuaging thirst. Similar remarks, though not quite of so dire a nature, may be made as regards the two principal requisites for human food—bread and meat. But I have said enough to show, I think, how desirable it is to have Government inspection and supervision for the principal necessities of human life.

But now to come to the root of the matter. Everybody can see that there is much that requires to be done in sanitary affairs. The question is, how to do it. There are doubtless many innocent persons who believe that when once the attention of the Legislature is seriously devoted to a particular grievance, and legislation takes place in consequence, the grievance is sure to be removed. In short, they have a belief in the virtue of an Act of Parliament, which belief is not by any means partaken by those who have experience in the operation of Acts of Parliament.

One notable deficiency which occurs in many Acts that have already been passed in reference to this subject, is, that no adequate provision is made for the necessary funds, and sometimes even no distinct provision as regards the persons who are to administer the Act.

I here repeat what I have said several times before, that in the word “government” I mean to include those who are, from their position or their station, naturally the governing people in any neighbourhood. Without their aid and co-operation little can be done to remedy the sanitary evils which are so patent to all men’s observation. The object, as it seems to me, of any great sanitary

measure is, that it should be an enabling Act, and especially that it should be an Act which provides for the constitution of districts in which sanitary action may take place. At present there are hundreds of localities which can hardly be said to be under any local government at all. The outlying suburbs of large towns are places singularly devoid of local government. In a town there is generally some kind of an established local government. In strictly rural neighbourhoods there are the local magnates, who, from the possession of land and other causes, have really considerable powers of sanitary action, even without any additional legislation on the subject. But take the suburbs of any great town, of London, for instance, and see how entirely they are bereft of anything like local government.

The inhabitants are in general a very intelligent set of people, but are very frequently upon a level as regards local influence. There is no commanding person amongst them corresponding to the mayor of a town or to the great landholder of a country district. Moreover, these inhabitants of suburbs are, for the most part, either professional or mercantile men, thoroughly absorbed, for the greater part of the day, in their own business or profession. But amongst them there must be many men of governing minds, fully aware, too, of the unsanitary evils to which their district is subjected. I have often heard persons so situated complain of their want of power to remedy any crying nuisance in their neighbourhood. Busy men though they are, they would not grudge to give up occasionally some of the time which is left to them after business hours, to attend to local grievances and local improvements. But there is no constitution under which they can act. A general sanitary measure which could be considered to be perfect must not leave any single locality unprovided with some local authority which could take the supervision of sanitary affairs. Here I must say that I think that in any measure claiming to be perfect this

local authority should not be mixed up with any other local authority. I think, for instance, that a vestry or a board of guardians cannot, from its nature, be in all respects a first-rate sanitary board. And not only in this country, but throughout the world, I believe that sanitary matters will never be managed in the best possible way until every district throughout the world has its especial sanitary government. This, of course, is an ideal state of things; but it is often very desirable to see what is the best possible arrangement for providing against any difficulty, and then to come as near it, practically, as the circumstances will admit.

It is to be remembered that in this particular case, that is, in dealing with sanitary difficulties, you have to encounter an almost sleepless enemy, perpetually taking new forms, and varying very much in different localities. Hence it is almost impossible to provide specifically in any general Act of Parliament against all the variety of unsanitary evils which may affect a neighbourhood. You must give large general powers to the local authorities; and what the central government should aim at is mainly to give enlightenment and to exercise supervision. But hardly in any case should the central authority degenerate into a body which usurps local authority, or endeavours to do more than to furnish aid and guidance, and occasionally to undertake legislation for particular objects which are brought to its notice by the local authority, and which have hitherto not been provided for.¹

¹ The foregoing chapter was written before the author was made aware of the sanitary measures introduced and proposed to be introduced by our own Government. The considerations, however, which he has put forward are mostly of a general nature, applying to all governmental action, whether of States or of powerful individuals; and the principles which he advocates are such, he thinks, as must continue to be well borne in mind, to ensure the successful administering of any sanitary legislation that may take place in any country.

AN HOUR WITH SOME OLD PEOPLE.

PART I.

SPRING IN A WORKHOUSE.

It was a soft delicious day in spring. The trees were budding into leaf, and some of the flowering shrubs in the gardens had already burst into blossom; and yet it was still so early that the recent inclemency of winter was fresh in the mind, and the brightness and loveliness of spring seemed the brighter and the lovelier by force of contrast. Purple tints rested on the hills, distant about ten miles from our dusty town; and who could help longing, on such a day, to "forsake the busy haunts of men," and exchange the hot pavement for their cool, elastic turf, and the varied hum of street-life for the soft, hushed murmurings of brook, and bird, and rustling leaf, the only sounds that break the silence of their beautiful solitudes!

There was a "languid sweetness" in the air, to which the bustle of market-day in a country-town seemed incongruous; and yet it was pleasant, too, to hear the busy market-folk, as they met in the streets, exchanging hearty sentences of congratulation on the beauty of the weather, as though they were, every one of them, the happier for it.

Our errand conducted us away from the chief thoroughfares, gay with shops and thronged with prosperous well-to-do people, through back streets and byelanes, into a quarter inhabited by some of the poorest classes of the inhabitants. We found ourselves walking along a straggling, irregular street, in which almost every house was of a different size and pattern, and only like its neighbours in never getting above a certain limit of ugliness and dinginess, within which this class of habitation seems to be doomed to be built. How dirty were the tribes of

children that we saw as we passed by, playing in the gutter; how untidy the rough-haired women who now and then stepped out of the cottage-doors; how ragged and uneven the pavement, where the entrance of some court, or alley, abutted on the main street; how little, in short, there was, of anything that was pleasing to the eye, and how much that stood out in strong and disagreeable relief against the bright background of sunshine and blue sky, making one's heart ache to think how little chance thousands of people have, of finding out how beautiful the world is.

What can the inhabitants of such a place as this know of spring? we felt inclined to ask. Can the freshness of the opening year touch such as these with any other feeling than one of mere physical satisfaction that it is warm, that the cruel cold of winter is gone by?

Almost every cottage window rebuked the question, for even the most neglected-looking, where the muslin blind, that no decent cottager would be without, was dirtiest and most ragged, where broken panes of glass were mended with newspapers, or stopped with rag, was not without a silent acknowledgment of the coming of spring, in the shape of some mug, or broken pitcher, filled with primroses, or daffodils, sometimes with a straggling bit of blackthorn stuck unsymmetrically in the midst.

Of how much happiness were these posies the token! In childhood the coming into blossom of certain flowers form epochs in the year, joyfully anticipated, and affectionately remembered. It is a white day when the earliest violet is discovered, and the first blossom on the hawthorn is worth any pains that must be taken to gather it, and is brought home with triumph! What plans are

laid in school as soon as it is known that primroses are out, for flower gathering expeditions on weekly half-holidays! What delightful rambles when the day comes at last, through such lanes and fields as are attainable! What plunging of little hands into mossy banks, amongst the folded spires of the cuckoo pint, and the tiny fronds of baby ferns, each rolled up in its stiff green spiral!

Happy the children who have such innocent pleasures within reach! We were glad to know that less than a mile from the very dingiest and most brick-enclosed court or alley in that country-town were banks and hedgerows starred with thousands of primroses, as free to the raggedest street-child as to the best-dressed little boy or girl in the place. [Alas, we speak of several years ago, and since then brick has been laid to brick, and roof has succeeded to roof, so that we cannot help pausing with a sigh, to wonder how many of those primrose-banks are yet left!]

The above reflections brought us to a large, wooden gate, crowned with spikes, and set in a stone wall of unusual height, defended at the top with bits of broken glass. Not without some little difficulty we pushed the heavy gate open, and found ourselves on a neatly gravelled road, enclosing a semicircular piece of turf, and leading to a large red brick building, a "many-windowed fabric huge," whose entire exterior, down to the very bricks, seemed to our fancy to wear a stern air of official responsibility and formality.

Perhaps the framed placard which was almost the first thing that met our eyes, on crossing the threshold of this formidable-looking pile, and which contained a copy of some Act of Parliament relating to the treatment of REFRACTORY PAUPERS was hardly needed to make us aware that we were in the Union Workhouse. The placard was all in unreadably small print except these two words, whose large capitals seemed to glare at every one who entered in a severely admonitory manner.

The porter was out, and there was a little brown boy with a pale face and wistful eyes, that gave one the fancy that

he must have been missing his mother without knowing it, all his poor little sickly life long, keeping the door in his stead. He knew us, and only smiled and pulled his forelock, as we crossed the entrance-hall and entered a brick passage, between whose high brick walls, pierced with numerous doors, and open to the sky, we must cross the interior of the Workhouse quadrangle.

The first wall to our left was the wall of the dining-hall, and presently we passed the open door of the kitchen, and had a glimpse of a stout woman busied over the fire, assisted by another woman in workhouse attire, and by a couple of girls from the school. The elder girls, we are told, are sent by turns into the kitchen, to learn what they can of cooking.

After this, more brick passage and more doors, over one of which the inscription "Casual Ward" is to be noticed. Since the Amateur Casual wrote his celebrated paper we have often glanced with interest through the open doorway of this ward; but the arrangements are quite unlike those described in the London Workhouse, except in the one particular that the floor is of brick. The entire ward is occupied by a single cumbrous piece of furniture, which might perhaps be called a compound bedstead. It is a huge wooden structure, with a high division in the centre, from which it is partitioned off into a series of cribs, each of which is covered with a dark-coloured counterpane.

In a little while we found ourselves leaving the open brick passage for a covered way, which ended in a closed door, where we rang a bell, and were admitted into the Workhouse Hospital.

We seemed to have travelled a long way from the smiling weather outside, and to have reached an abode where day always wore a selfsame neutral tint. Save that we could see the distant blue of the sky far overhead, as we trod those brick-paved, brick-enclosed passages, what sign of the presence of spring had met us, since we entered the Workhouse door? Here, at last, we

said to ourselves, going back to our former train of thought, we have come indeed to a region into which only some of the warmth, but little, or none, of the joy and beauty of spring can penetrate. And what if it were otherwise? What if this great building were some ancient palace of charity, of quaint and picturesque architecture, and standing in lovely garden-grounds, would any one of the inmates care for its beauty, or be one bit the happier for it, unless it contributed, in some measure, to personal comfort?

For who are the inmates of this building?

The sinful, the sorrowful, the suffering, the dregs and outcasts of society, who would die in the streets of vice and wretchedness, but for this refuge—beings, helpless and miserable, but not the less lawless and hard to rule; some few of the respectable poor, driven hither by temporary misfortune, and impatient to the last degree of the base contact into which it has brought them; children, some orphans, some deserted by their parents, many of them the offspring of the vagrant and criminal classes; sick people, too poor, too low down in the social scale, to hope for admission to any other hospital; old people, whose improvident lives find here their natural conclusion, and other old people, who, in being brought here, are overtaken by a fate which they have dreaded more than they dreaded death, and against which they struggled blindly for years, until the helplessness of age conquered them.

The workhouse is like a desolate island in the midst of a threatening sea. It is the sole resource of countless human waifs and strays, struggling in an ocean of difficulties; and, like a desolate island to shipwrecked mariners, it is at once a refuge and a prison. They are always looking out for some vessel to come and fetch them off, or they "tempt the waves once more," in some frail boat or raft, of their own construction; or if, after all, they resign themselves to die where they are, they

do it sadly and unwillingly. Food, warmth, and shelter; that they get in their desolate island, and for that, beaten and tossed by the waves of circumstance as they have been, they are often more thankful than those to whom the bare necessities of life are matters of course, can well understand; but their lot has been shaped for them, not by choice, but by hard necessity, and there is little that is attractive in its aspect.

What difference can the beauty of spring make in such imprisoned lives? What is nature's smile in the world outside to the inmates of a workhouse?

To some, it is true, spring is the season of escape. It is warm, winter is over, the time is come for them to venture to leave their refuge, and try to pick up a living for themselves elsewhere. But there are, in every workhouse, a certain number of helpless beings who have never known, and never can know, any other home; and there are the aged, and the incurably sick, who once knew liberty, but have been forced to exchange freedom for food and shelter—what is the use of spring to them, except to excite longings for what they cannot have?

Wait! Let us see. For we have nearly reached our destination. The hospital door has been opened, and our question, "May we go into the Infirmary Ward?" has received an affirmative answer. Here is the door, with the name painted up outside. Were you ever in such a place? No? Come in with us then, and see what it is like.

A large, oblong, four-windowed room, with whitewashed walls. Down each side of the room a row of beds, of which two or three have bedridden occupants; at the far end a fireplace, with a table near it, and some half-dozen old women dressed in blue gowns, and white aprons, and thick white cotton caps, sitting round in an irregular half circle, some on chairs, some on the ends of the nearest beds.

As we enter one of the old women

round the fireplace rises, and comes forward with an exclamation of pleasure. She is a young person of about sixty-five, who has been selected for her youth and activity to have the care of the ward; that is, to use her own phraseology, it is her business to "do" for those old women who, through age and helplessness, can no longer "do" for themselves. And, on the whole, she is not inefficient. She is, perhaps in rather a rough way, but as well as she knows how, kind to her helpless charges, and she is certainly popular with them. For she is bright and lively, with a ready laugh, and a droll tongue, and "the old ladies do like to be put in Hannah's ward," we were once told.

Hannah advanced to meet us that day with a broad smile of welcome, and greeted us with the exclamation—

"There! to be sure! Ain't I glad you be come to-day!"

And as we advanced to the fireplace the others endorsed the sentiment with various more or less energetic expressions of satisfaction.

"Yes, Hannah was just a saying," observed one, "that she did wish you might happen to chance to come to-day."

"So I was," put in Hannah, rather quickly (she is a favourite of ours, but we must confess she *did* rather like to keep the lead in the conversation), "but I wasn't expectin' of 'ee much, 'cause don't 'ee see, 'tis such heavenly weather! I thought you'd be goin' out into the country somewhere. I would, I know, if I was a lady! Now I'll tell 'ee, ma'am, why I did want for 'ee to come. 'Tis 'cause o' the pear-tree in the master's garden. He's out in blossom, ma'am, and he do look *that* beautiful, I thought if you could but see it!"

What an answer to our thoughts! Did spring make no difference in a work-house ward? Arrogant fancy! Why, every wrinkled countenance before us was looking brighter than usual merely because of the blossom on one pear-tree.

Of course we said we should like of all things to see it.

"So you shall, ma'am, if you don't mind standing up upon a chair. You can see un from these very windows if you do squeeze yourself against the wall a little, an' look sideways."

Who would not mount a chair and look sideways at such an invitation? We did so at once, and we saw the pear-tree—or rather part of *him*, for his full glory was not visible from that point of view. And when we descended from that exalted position, all the old faces were looking quite pleased and eager, and the most phlegmatic old woman in the room, who rarely opened her lips, or showed any interest in anything, astonished us by being the first to say, "Ain't he beautiful?" "Ah, but you can't see un so well as he did ought to be seen, not *therefrom* you can't," said Hannah regretfully; "you can't see but a part of un therefrom. But he do look lovely from the men's yard. Do 'ee know what I did do this mornin', ma'am? The door were open, so I just slipped in an' had a good look at un. I hadn' no business there, you know, but nobody didn' see me."

Hannah had a real love for flowers. Those three geraniums standing on one of the window ledges are hers, and she shows them to us every time we come, and points out every fresh leaf or bud with pride and satisfaction. She has her pet name for each of them. There is her beauty, her great beauty, and her little beauty, the last being a little slip of a plant growing in an old tin mug.

Once she was threatened with the loss of her plants. Somebody, at this moment I forget who, made an official progress through the wards, and the unlucky plants caught his eye, standing, as they did, on an unauthorized bit of board which Hannah had somehow contrived to add to the narrow window-sill to make it wide enough to support her pots, and he pronounced them to be untidy, and desired that they should be removed.

Hannah was furious! The plants untidy! The chief ornament of the room untidy! The chief ornament of the room to be removed! But as to

that, they should never be removed; she should stand in front of her beauties and not let anyone touch them. Poor Hannah! She well knew her own impotence, even whilst talking defiant nonsense, and every now and then wiped away a tear at the thought that if her flowers must go, they must. But somehow or other that order for their removal was never executed. Perhaps the official personage who gave it relented when he saw how much pain it would cause. At any rate, Hannah's plants were never touched, and continued to beautify the window-sill for many a long day after.

PART II.

WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT.

SOME years ago when we used to be in the habit of visiting the old women in H—— Workhouse rather frequently, we used to notice, with some amusement, how curiously apt our conversation was to repeat itself; how, time after time, we found ourselves saying almost exactly the same things, and that, not from wearisome lack of matter, but because the old familiar topics recurred more naturally and pleasantly than any others.

Thus, after the chapter in the Bible, that used to be asked for as soon as the first greetings were over, had been read, first one and then another would almost always begin to inquire whether we had lately chanced to visit any of those neighbouring villages in which their homes used to be, and, if we had, they would proceed to name any families with whom they knew we were, or thought it within the limits of possibility that we might be, acquainted, and ask, did we know them, and when had we seen them last, and so on.

There was one frail old woman—she is gone to the Home beyond the grave now—who used to look so wistfully at us, if we answered her question whether we had been to E—— lately, in the affirmative! We do not think that anyone dear and dear to her was still

living in her old birthplace, but she had acquaintance there, and now and then she used to ask leave to go out, and would make a pilgrimage there, perhaps to look at the graves of her dead in the village churchyard—who knows?

The last time she went was in early spring. All the winter she had talked of going to E—— when the fine weather came, but when it arrived it found her so weak and failing, that Hannah and the others tried to persuade her that she was not fit for the exertion. But go she would.

"I shan't get no *stronger* if I do wait," she said, "an' I *do* want to go there once again."

So she went; but the eight-mile walk, four miles out and four back, was too much for her little strength. It was all she could do to creep back to the workhouse, and, once there, she took to her bed, and, we believe, never left it till her death, which occurred some months later.

Poor Rachel! If we had but heard of her intentions beforehand, we might have helped her; but we knew nothing of it till we chanced to visit the workhouse a few days after her return, and found her in bed, not greatly concerned at her exhausted condition, but full of triumph at having accomplished her wish of seeing E—— again. She had not meant to walk the whole way back, but, by some mistake, the friendly cart in which she had reckoned on obtaining a place, started without her, and she set out on foot, thinking, however, that she would most likely be overtaken by some conveyance or other before she had gone far, and get the offer of a lift.

"But I'd bad luck," she said; "every conveyance as went past me were full." 'Twas *such* a disappointment to me every time I heard wheels, and thought I'd get took up. I could ha' cried last time I did hear summat comin', an' 'twas Squire M——'s carriage. I know if they'd known how tired I were they'd ha' took I up, for they be kind folk—an' there *was* room on the box, but they went by at a gallop."

Perhaps it will raise a smile when we go on to say that another favourite subject of conversation amongst these old women, was the Queen and the Royal Family! We do not know what private sources of information we were supposed to have respecting the doings of these august personages; but we were generally asked whether the Queen was quite well, and how all the Royal Family were going on, as though, as a matter of course, we must know all about them. Somebody or other had once given them a portrait of Her Majesty, taken out of some cheap illustrated paper, and this Hannah had fastened up over the fireplace, and regarded with great pride. Afterwards, when in the course of time the royal picture became defaced with smoke and dust, it was replaced by two smaller portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and, the last time we saw the room, its bare white walls were further adorned with the likenesses of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, if we recollect right, of Princess Alice.

How well we remember going to see them once, about a week before the Prince of Wales's wedding, and telling them of the various festivities with which it was proposed to celebrate that event.

"Well, I declare," said Hannah, "I wish I was twenty years younger, to enjoy it all! But I'll tell 'ee a secret, ma'am. We bain't goin' to be left out. Us old women is going to have our 'lumination so well as the rest! We be savin' up all our candle-ends out of our 'lowance o' candles, an' the messenger (you do know th' old man what do go out wi' messages—gets us our snuff an' such when we've a few pence to lay out), he's a-goin' to bring us in some large pertaters; an' what do 'ee think we be goin' to do? I be goin' to scoop out them pertaters, an' stick the candle-ends in 'em, an' range 'em on the ledges o' the window. Ha! ha! ha! ha! I wonder what the Queen 'ould think if she knowed us old women was goin' to have our 'lumination too."

And she burst into a hearty fit of

laughter at the idea, in which almost everybody joined. "Nor we ain't goin' to want (i.e. lack) our feast neither," Hannah continued. "I don't mean the doin's they be goin' to have for *all* the workhouse folk, that ain't much good to *me*. My dear soul! when you be goin' on for threescore an' ten, an' not a sound tooth in your head, roast beef isn't much enjoyment to you. You do know what we do like, don't you? 'Tis our cup o' tay. We've got some of Mrs. —'s tay, which we do consider the best tay we do ever get—I be very choice over it, I do assure 'ee. An' we be goin' to drink the health of the Prince an' Princess in a cup of tay, an' long life to 'em both, *I say*."

The ordinary workhouse beverage is coffee, which is, we believe, more economical than tea. We never heard the old women make any complaint about it, but we do not think they can have liked it much, because of the jubilation with which a present of tea was always received. But don't you think that half the satisfaction of the cup that "cheers but not inebriates" must have been neutralised to them by *having to drink it out of a tin mug*? We appeal to any lady who reads this paper. Would you not, madam, reject with scorn that five-o'clock cup of tea which is your pet luxury, if it were offered to you in any such vessel? And supposing refractory paupers have a tendency to break everything that is provided for them which necessitates tin in their case, is that a valid reason why quiet old people should go without cups and saucers?

These old women, too, have a rooted detestation of communism, and establish their little rights of property, unacknowledged by authority, but not the less strictly respected amongst themselves, to every individual thing they use. Exactly alike as those tin mugs appear to your inexperienced eyes, we believe that each old woman could, and would, swear to the personal appearance of her own particular mug in any court of justice. They like to play at having something of their own; and why not? What instinct more natural to old age! And

would any deeply essential rule of poverty be outraged if they did actually possess a few trifles of their very own?—if, for instance, each old woman had her especial cup and saucer, saved, it may be, out of the wreck of her household goods, or the gift of some friend or visitor.

Nor do we suppose that it would be against any imaginable principle of justice or prudence, if a few arm-chairs and footstools, perhaps even a bright-coloured rug to lie in front of the fireplace, were to find their way into the infirm wards of our workhouses. We do not mean that the Board of Guardians should provide these articles; but we see no reason why the gifts of kindly-disposed persons to the poor should not sometimes take this shape.

There is a fashion, however, even in doing good, and somehow or other the aged poor are not favourite objects of popular benevolence. It is rather a curious circumstance that in the conspectus of London charities published some time ago in the *Times*, the sum annually expended on the relief of the aged fell short of that spent on any other kind of charity; and, only the other day, we heard of a suggestion on the part of a most estimable kind-hearted gentleman, who, we feel confident, never in his life intentionally dealt hardly by anybody, that it would be a *very desirable reform* to divert to the pet object of the day, “educational purposes,” a certain bequest which was being wasted (according to the intentions of the testator, of course; but who at this enlightened period cares about the intentions of the testator?) in pensions to the aged poor.

Well! we must not quarrel with nature. We cannot help feeling more interest in the little child just starting on life's journey, for whom we think we can do so much, than it is possible for us to do in the travel-stained old pilgrim, on the very brink of another world, for whom we know we can do so little. Nevertheless, the little we can do should at least be done; and does it not strike one that if to the sturdy tramp, who wilfully encumbers the rates, the work-

house should be made more of a prison than a refuge, to the aged poor, who have come there to die, it should no less certainly be made more of a refuge than a prison?

There are the windows, for example; perhaps some one, reading the first part of this paper, may have exclaimed at the idea of having to mount a chair to see out of window, “Windows are not usually placed at such an inconvenient elevation.”

Yes; in workhouses they are. Probably the very first thing that would strike a stranger on entering such a ward as I have been describing, would be the curious anomaly that all its four windows are situated so much nearer to the ceiling than to the floor, that they look like windows down to the ground reversed, and turned into windows *up* to the ceiling. They are, of course, as useful, as mechanical contrivances for admitting light, as any other windows; but beyond that, people who by the laws of gravitation are compelled to reside, not upon the ceiling but upon the floor, cannot possible derive *much* pleasure or advantage from looking out of them.

Of course, there are reasons, and, we doubt not, sufficient reasons, for this peculiar style of architecture. A great many very unruly and troublesome inmates are apt to find their way into workhouses, and inaccessible windows may, very likely, be a wise arrangement as far as they are concerned. Another reason, perhaps, may be that when the windows are thus packed up aloft, more space to arrange the rows of beds is acquired, and more certain freedom from draughts obtained; but it is a plan that makes a room look uncommonly dull, and often have we wished that we could drag down even a single one from its lofty situation to a height at which it would be possible for the old people to look out, as well as for the light of day to come in. Might not such a sin against outward uniformity be forgiven in consideration of the letting in of a little more brightness upon some very monotonous lives?

Women of sixty-five and upwards are

not the material out of which refractory paupers are made. They have been driven to the workhouses by the pressure of extreme poverty and the infirmities of age: should we not try to make the refuge in which their short remaining span of life is to be spent as pleasant to them as we can? The "smile of home," indeed, we cannot give them; but such minor adjuncts to happiness as a bright room, with cheerful windows, and exemption, as far as is consistent with good order, from such workhouse regulations as have somewhat of a penal aspect, do lie in human power to withhold or to bestow.

Hannah's invincible liveliness always seemed to us to have a sensible effect on the spirits of those around her. There was quite a marked contrast between the tone of her ward and the next, where the woman who held a corresponding post to hers was depressed and querulous, and generally talked about her rheumatism. Yet even in Hannah's ward, the element of melancholy was not absent. Far from it. It was but thrown a little into the background. For example: to take ten or a dozen old people and shut them up together in a large room may be the only way of sheltering them when utterly destitute, and does not work badly on the whole; for, in spite of the universal dislike to coming in, they do not appear unhappy, and are often wonderfully cheerful and contented; but it does not strike one as the *natural* mode of providing for the comfort of the aged, whose infirmities have a tendency to unfit them for social life, and to render them irritable, querulous, and exacting; so there is nothing very astonishing in the fact that many mope and fret for weeks after their first entrance, and some *never* get over their misery at being parted from their relations, and their intense dislike to being herded with others.

I remember one old woman of this description, who used to sit in the corner on one side of the fireplace in Hannah's ward. Her right arm was paralysed, but that was not the grief

that caused the ready tears that used to spring forth at the mere question, "How are you to-day, Jemima?"

"I don't know how I be, an' I don't seem I cares! *They* haven't been to see me this week. They puts me in here, an' forgets me. Oh, ma'am, I be so unhappy here!"

"There, that's how you do always go on," interposes Hannah. The words sound harsh, but they are not spoken unkindly, and, oddly enough, do not seem to offend. "Your daughter-law can't be for ever runnin' over to see an old woman like you. Don't be so unreasonable; I dare say she'll come to-morrow. I declare you ain't a bit reconciled, though you've been here two years."

"No, I ain't a bit reconciled, an' I never shan't be," weeps poor Jemima, lifting her apron, with her unmaimed left hand, to wipe away her tears.

Here is another instance of the same feeling, pitiable enough, though it does not excite the same compassion. Look at that stately old woman, propped up in bed with pillows, who makes an imperative sign that the lady is to come and speak to her. What an expression of settled discontent there is in her face!

"I'm very glad to see you come in, ma'am," she says in a complaining tone, "I'm sure 'tis a pleasure to see *anybody* come in. I'm not treated as I ought to be, ma'am,"—lowering her voice to a whisper—"I oughtn't to be here at all. I've paid rates myself, *I* have, an' had things so different. 'Tis harder on me than 'tis on any of them! I'm sure I feel quite ashamed that a lady should see *me* in such a place."

It is curious to see how often people get what they claim. We used to fancy we could perceive that this self-asserting personage received quite the lion's share of attention and respect from the others. They addressed her as Mrs. H—, instead of calling her by her Christian name, and even Hannah seemed to defer to her.

Do you hear a faint, catching sigh from the other side of the room—a sigh

that would have been a groan if the expression of suffering had not been checked by the consciousness of the presence of others? Let us go to the bed from whence it comes. There lies a woman, younger, perhaps, than some of the rest, but chained to her couch by some acutely painful, lingering disease. What a patient, pain-drawn countenance! The pale lips absolutely smile an answer to your greeting, though the voice is so faint you must bend down to catch the words.

"It is rather a bad day with me to-day, ma'am; but I suffer always. I seem sometimes I can't hardly bear myself. I hope the Lord 'll send for me soon but I seem 'tis so long to wait."

Ah, yes! two or three years of utter helplessness, of almost constant pain, in a workhouse ward amongst strangers, with everybody she cares for either far away or gone to a better land, must seem long indeed. "God grant her speedy release," you say in your heart as you turn away, pained at the sight of pain that you can neither relieve nor alleviate.

But it is time to say good-bye and leave the workhouse; perhaps, indeed, you may even now be murmuring against the tediousness of having been kept there so long a time. But do not grudge it! In the caged monotony of these old women's lives, the coming in of a visitor now and then makes a welcome break, and gives so much pleasure. And, after all, the predominant impression that we carry away with us from the door of the hospital will not be a gloomy one. For those old women seemed wonderfully happy and contented on the whole; and if we have hinted, in passing, at one or two little matters in which they might be made more comfortable, we must not forget that in a far more important matter, and one with which not merely their comfort, but their happiness, was most closely bound up, their lot was fortunate indeed. We refer to the large and overflowing measure of kindness with

which they appeared to be treated by the hospital authorities.

They used to talk to me of the doctor as if he were a personal friend of their own, and the kindly interest which he took in all their little concerns was evident, by the way in which his opinion used to be quoted, *à-propos* to almost everything. As to Hannah's plants, we think he must have come to regard them as supplementary patients, so continually did he appear to be asked to prescribe for their health.

And then there was "nurse!" If you were to ask the old women if "nurse" were kind to them, they would be almost indignant at so cold a question. "Kind!" we think we hear out-spoken Hannah ejaculate. "Kind! why, she's just a mother to us!"

As we write, there rises before our mind the recollection of one of the very kindest faces that it has ever been our happiness to behold; the face of a woman who has grown old amidst the toilsome duties of her post, but who, in all the years she has spent in the workhouse, has never ceased to put such a warm, loving heart into the performance of those duties, that for her they have never stiffened and hardened into an official routine. Hers was that service of the heart which money cannot buy, but which springs unbidden wherever there is an unfailing fount of that divine pity for the sorrowing and the suffering which is, indeed, "akin to love."

The touch of her kind hand, the sound of her kind voice—these are the last impressions that we carry away with us, as we retrace our steps through the long brick passages; and glad indeed we are to think, as we come out into the open air, perhaps with a new, keen sense stirring at our hearts, of the beauty of the outer world, and the preciousness of personal liberty, that, after all, the sunshine is not exclusively to be found outside: there is sunshine, and that too of the best sort, within those walls we have just left behind us.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD GIRDLESTONE, CANON OF BRISTOL.

SHORTLY before the close of the last session of Parliament, Mr. Miall gave notice that, on as early a day next session as he could fix, he would move the following resolution:—"That the establishment by law of the Churches of England and Scotland involves a violation of religious equality, deprives those Churches of the right of self-government, imposes upon Parliament duties which it is incompetent to discharge, and is hurtful to the religious and political interests of the community, and therefore ought no longer to be maintained."

The amount of support which, as far as the Church of England is concerned, the above resolution will command, is a subject capable of giving rise to much speculation. It may be predicted with tolerable certainty, that the motion will not be carried even in the House of Commons next session. The question is far from being ripe for decision. It may be doubted whether it is even ripe for deliberation. It is a question on which Dissenters themselves are far from unanimous. The extreme High party in the Church itself is no doubt in favour of disestablishment. And though, now that that redoubtable champion, Archdeacon Denison, who is always foremost in fight, has declared that if Convocation presumes to meddle with the Athanasian Creed he will throw his sword into the scale of the anti-establishment party and ask to be admitted a member of the Liberation Society, there is no possibility of calculating on the rapidity with which the defenders of Establishment may be weighed down; still a good deal of time is sure to intervene between the moving of Mr. Miall's resolution and any kind of legislation on the

subject. One thing, however, is certain. It is this. If ever disestablishment takes place, it will be accompanied by disendowment. The moment the Church of England is disestablished the endowments will be confiscated. It will become a voluntary Church. This must be borne carefully in mind.

Now, it is not in the metropolis, or in the cities, large towns, or manufacturing or mining districts, that opposition to the above-described change in the position of the Church of England must be looked for. The Church of England is endowed with many broad acres of glebe, and with tithes which represent many more broad acres, and is thus indissolubly connected with the land. The stronghold of the Church of England is not in the towns. In such places, owing in great measure to the neglect of past years, the population has far outstripped the capacity of Churches and the number of the clergy. The parochial system is comparatively inoperative. The existing relationship is not so much between the parishioners and the clergy of the parish, as between the members of each separate congregation and those who minister to them. In the towns Mr. Miall's resolution would possibly meet with support. Neither, if that resolution were carried, would the position of the Church of England in the towns be as much damaged as in the rural districts. Adequate funds might possibly be raised by voluntary subscription among the many independent members of the Church of England resident in such places, at least to maintain that Church in its present position. At the same time the many social advantages which a large town offers might attract to the ministry in

such places men of mark and position. Thus, in all probability, as far as the towns are concerned, disestablishment and disendowment would not irretrievably damage the Church of England, either as regards the character and position of its ministers or their maintenance, nor would the population of such places be likely to be very much less cared for by the Church of England than now. The Church in such places would suffer comparatively little, by deprivation of endowment, and in cases where funds are abundant might in some respects even be benefited by the powerful stimulus of voluntary action.

The great peculiarity, however, of the Church of England, consists in this—that, instead of taking under its wing only cities and towns and other such large and wealthy populations, it bestows equal care upon even the poorest, most secluded, and smallest and most distant village through the length and breadth of the land. However far you wander from the great public thoroughfares of roads and railways, the first object almost which attracts your notice every two or three miles you walk or drive is the parish church. With its embattled tower wreathed with luxuriant ivy, or its tapering spire rising far above the loftiest oaks or elms; with the churchyard shaded by yew-trees of many centuries' growth, and its quaint monuments and head-stones commemorating in strange terms, long since disused, the giants of this peaceful home many years ago gathered to their fathers, the parish church is almost always the prettiest and most striking feature in the scene, and proclaims in a way which cannot be misunderstood, that even in places almost unknown to the world, the Church of England has for centuries past never ceased to remember and care for its people. Close by the church is a house which, by its style and character, no less unequivocally proclaims that in every, the most remote, village in the land—even if those who own the land, the noble lord or the wealthy commoner, are absent, pursuing their business or plea-

sure in the gay metropolis, or enriching the inhabitants of foreign lands with money laboriously produced by British peasants,—there is always resident at least one family, the head of which is a gentleman by birth and education, of quiet habits, refined taste, and gentle manners; whose calling is not merely to *serve* publicly in the congregation, take the lead in prayer, preach the Word, and minister the Sacraments, but to visit from house to house, make the parish his family, be a friend to all, comfort and succour the distressed, sick, and dying, and be always accessible for advice and assistance at all times and under all circumstances. It is in these rural districts that the parish church, which has stood on the same ground for centuries, and which still holds in its consecrated ground the dust of the ancestors of the whole labouring population, as well as that of others more lately passed away and still more near and dear to them, and which has not, as in towns, any competitor, save, perhaps, here and there a very small and modest chapel, exercises an influence over the people which must be seen and felt in order to be duly estimated. It is here that the permanent residence of at least one Christian gentleman, often spending upon his parishioners, out of his own private resources, much more than he receives from his benefice, would, if discontinued, be most sadly missed. It is here that the ministers of the Church of England, if they live and act up to their high calling, are possessed of a power for doing good which it is not easy to describe. Dissenters are here comparatively speaking few in number, seldom exclusive in either spirit or conduct; generally, while living, attend more or less the services of the Church, are on friendly terms with the parson, and when dead are buried in the parish churchyard. The stronghold, therefore, of the Church of England is in the rural districts. Here are to be found the men, including large numbers of Dissenters among them, who would with one accord oppose Mr. Miall's resolution. They are well

aware that under the change to which the passing of such a resolution would lead, the rural districts would fare very differently from the towns. Were the Church of England disestablished and disendowed, it would be no easy matter in the rural districts to do that which in towns might not be so difficult, namely, raise sufficient funds to provide an adequate maintenance for a gentleman. With the loss of maintenance and at the same time of that prestige which accrues from connection with the State, it would be difficult to find men of mark and position to fill remote rural incumbencies, where the social attractions supplied by a town are also absent, and the congregation is poor and illiterate. In course of time the end would probably be, that many incumbencies in country districts would remain unfilled, or filled with men of a very inferior mark and position from that of those by whom they are at present occupied. Those who live in the rural districts are well aware of this, and are unable to see that the possible compensation which Mr. Miall offers them will in any way balance the substantial loss which will be really inflicted upon them. Religious equality they look upon, and perhaps rightly, as a merely speculative question. They doubt, and perhaps not without reason, whether the Church would be ever as well governed by itself as by those to whose control it is now subjected. They do not see how even theoretically there is anything inconsistent in a Christian Church being to a certain extent at the mercy of a Parliament into which are admitted Jews, Turks, and Infidels, while in practice they see with their own eyes that it works sufficiently well. They cannot understand how a system, which for centuries past has secured to even the most remote corner of the land the inestimable blessing of an independent resident minister, whose calling it is at all times and under all circumstances to teach, advise, befriend, and assist all his neighbours—can be hurtful to the religious and political interests of the community. Under these circumstances

they deprecate change, and are not to be tempted to risk the loss of a substantial good by vague promises of a rather shadowy improvement. Poll the towns, and you might possibly have a majority for Mr. Miall. Poll the country at large, and, notwithstanding the loud boasts made by the friends of disestablishment and chiefly founded upon experience in towns, you would have at least a hundred to one for the Church of England remaining as it is.

There can be no doubt that the stronghold of the Church of England is in the rural districts, and that in those districts the Church is at this present time very popular. The question however is, how long will this continue? This depends entirely upon the use which the Church makes of its opportunities, and how far it lays itself out to retain the hold which it at present has upon the rural population. There are certain improvements which are needed on the one hand, and on the other certain grounds of offence which must be avoided.

For instance, a great alteration and improvement is required in the manner and matter of preaching. A very large majority of the sermons delivered from the pulpits of the Church of England in the rural districts, as well as in the towns, are either mere moral essays, or learned disquisitions on abstruse points of doctrine, or discussions of matters in dispute between the High and Low and Broad Church parties. These are composed and committed to paper in the solitude of the study, by men who have had a liberal education and who have all their lives long been accustomed to write with great precision of sentences and great choice of words, in a style which, if they were intended to be read in the study by men of the same class in life as those by whom they are composed, would be unexceptionable, or even charming. These, when taken up into the pulpit, are not preached, but only read, not even read with animation, but in a monotonous, drowsy, perfunctory, uninteresting way. The rural

population cannot understand this sort of sermons. They are unable to enter into nice and learned distinctions on points of doctrine. Still less have they any taste for the matters which are in dispute amongst the different schools of thought into which the Church is divided. They have at home little time for reading. Their stock of books is small. As a labourer, ninety years old and upwards, in the village of Aust, where Wickliffe composed a large part of his translation of the Bible, once said to me, when I happened to look in and found him with spectacles on nose intently busy in spelling out a chapter in St. John's Gospel, "This, sir, is my only newspaper, and always brings me good news;" so in labourers' cottages generally the Bible is almost the only book. These men want to have the Bible explained to them. They want to be taught out of it their duty to God and man. They want to be sure of what is promised and what is threatened; what has been done for them and what they are expected to do for themselves; what is in store for them when their life of toil and privation is over, and by what means they may make sure of it. This is pretty much what a rural population wishes to learn from the clergyman. But even if these matters of thrilling interest were chosen, the lesson, good in itself, would be of no practical use if it were wrapped up in sentences too long and polished, or in words too hard for rustics to understand, or doled out in a monotone, such as that described by Tennyson in the "Northern Farmer," "bummin awaay like a buzzard-clock over their heads." The man who has been toiling all the week under a hot sun or a pouring rain, must on a Sunday have a lively lesson if he is to learn anything from it. He requires to be spoken to rather than read to—to be spoken to, not in the language of the student, but in commonplace intelligible words, such as men use every day when they talk with one another. Such sort of style may, if good judgment be used, be adopted without betraying the speaker, as some people fear may

happen, into irreverence or even vulgarity. The secret of success in this matter consists in spending much time during the week in visiting from house to house, in choosing for the Sunday's sermon some subject suggested in the cottages visited, in thinking and praying much over this, consulting the Scriptures about it, turning for information to any likely volumes on the bookshelves; then, neither writing it down nor committing it to memory, but having got the subject well in head, with a few notes perhaps and references to texts, speaking it to the congregation as though one were on the week-day speaking to them in the field or on the road on any ordinary subject. Written sermons are statuary; unwritten sermons are life. The one are like the moon, beautiful but cold; the other are like the sun, imparting light and heat, and consequently life, to all on whom it shines. Men excuse themselves by saying that they cannot preach without book. Let them try. As there are not many poets, so there are not many eloquent men. But there are few of the clergy who could not, if they would, deliver without book a plain, simple, unaffected exposition of God's Word with a pointed application. It is because they are under the delusion that they must needs be eloquent, that they are afraid to make even the attempt to preach without book. Yet it is this sort of sermon which alone really touches and improves at least a rural congregation. The eye of the preacher, instead of being fixed on his book, catches the eye of the hearer, and an electric spark is kindled in the heart of the one and conveyed direct into the heart of the other. The Church of England has lost as much by written as Dissent has gained by unwritten sermons. To my certain knowledge hundreds and thousands of rustics go to chapel because they cannot understand the parson in church. The sermon in the chapel perhaps has little in it, but that little is intelligible, and a little understood is far more valuable than twenty times as much which is like so much Hebrew to the hearers.

Depend upon it, as a rule, preaching is a weak point in the Church of England, and, especially in the rural districts, must be greatly improved and adapted to the character of the hearers, if the Church of England is to maintain its own in its special stronghold.

Another thing which threatens materially to lessen the hold which the Church of England has upon the rural population, is the introduction of High Church ritualistic practices, or even the attempt to assimilate the services of the village church to those of a cathedral. In the metropolis, cities, large towns, watering-places, and centres of fashionable resort, there is always a certain number, chiefly however of the upper and upper-middle class, who are captivated with these novelties. The churches in which such innovations prevail are chiefly filled with a congregation not at all of a parochial character, but gathered here and there from the most distant parts of a large circle, and to a considerable extent composed of young ladies of lively imagination and æsthetical tastes. And inasmuch as in towns, churches being many in number, no one—as in the country—is obliged by the necessity of the case to attend any one particular church, there is not the same reason, unless such practices are carried beyond a legitimate length, for anyone to feel very much aggrieved. In the rural districts the case is wholly different. As a rule, a taste for æsthetics is not found among farmers, village shopkeepers, or agricultural labourers. If found at all in a country parish, it will be in the house of the squire, or the rector, or the young curate. Anything which savours of Popery is an abomination to rustics. They are at length reconciled to the organ or harmonium. It is very seldom, however, that they like even a surpliced choir, or the intoning of the prayers, or even too much chanting. It is true they love an anthem dearly on state occasions; but then, though of course the time for such performances is past, it must be sung—not by a surpliced choir of ploughboys in the chancel—but by themselves in the singing gallery, with

the old-fashioned pitchpipe to give the key-note, and to the dearly cherished sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music. As for all the genuflexions and prostrations of the modern Anglican priest, they are simply an enigma to the rustic mind. I daresay that which happened not long ago in a church not a hundred miles from the place in which I am writing, may be taken as a sample of the perplexity and confusion which such things occasion in the rustic mind. The young curate lately arrived, in a very long cassock and a very short surplice, as he went up the steps to that which he would have called the altar, prostrated himself flat upon the encaustic tiles in the chancel. An old goody—a labourer's wife—taking it for granted that he had been suddenly seized with faintness, rushed up to the rescue, and in the kindness of her heart lifted him up, much to her own satisfaction, though equally, perhaps, to his discomfiture. The plain, simple service of the Prayer-book, to which the rustic mind has been accustomed from its cradle, rendered in the natural voice—not too low, for country people are all more or less deaf—and not too fast, for they cannot pray beyond a certain pace; the lessons read well and impressively; the chanting of the “Te Deum” and the other services after the lessons to familiar and easy tunes; and a fair amount of congregational singing;—this is what country congregations love, and if this be denied to them, since it is hardly possible for them to migrate as in towns they might do to another church, they will stray, as hundreds and thousands have been driven to stray, much against their will, to chapel. Nothing has more tended or will more tend to estrange the masses of the rural population from the Church of England, than the introduction of ritualistic novelties, or of a too musical and uncongregational service.

The country clergyman likewise ought to bear in mind that, as regards Dissenters, he is placed in a very different position from his brethren in towns. In towns, as has been before observed,

owing to the overgrowth of the population, the parochial system can at best be only partially carried out. The time of the clergyman is almost wholly occupied by the members of his own congregation, or at any rate by those in his own communion. The parochial tie is so lax that Dissenters hardly expect to be much cared for by him, or at least are not aggrieved if they are passed by. But in a country parish the parochial system is in full force, and the clergyman ought to consider Dissenters as much members of his flock as Churchmen; and unless they express, which they never do, disinclination for his visits, they ought to have an equal share of his care. In a country parish Dissenters are almost always grateful for the attention of the clergyman, and feel deeply any neglect on his part. It is astonishing how much ground the Church of England has lost in the rural districts, how chapels have been multiplied and the number of Dissenters increased, because the rector or vicar or curate has inaugurated his residence in the village by looking upon all Dissenters as his natural foes, keeping them at arm's length, never visiting them, never sympathising in their joys or sorrows, never even trading with them, and in school feasts or other parochial festivities treating them and their children as aliens. On the other hand, in country parishes where a more kindly, liberal, and Christian rule is adopted, it is wonderful how Dissent makes almost no progress, how those who have been previously driven to chapel still cling, with a love which is never wholly quenched, to the venerable parish church, with all its recollections and associations as old as the ivy with which its walls are covered, or the yew-tree which overhangs its porch. Surely, if the Church of England is wise in its generation—not of course by any concession of principle, but after the example of Him who makes His sun to shine and His rain to fall upon all alike, and who when on earth rebuked the more exclusive views of His followers in the memorable words, "He

that is not against us is on our part,"—it will, by the adoption of a loving brotherly spirit, endeavour, if not to win back stray sheep, at least to keep the rent in the fold from becoming wider, and not to difference in opinion to add bitterness of heart.

The Church of England is losing a great deal of influence in the rural districts also by neglecting the social questions which mainly affect those districts, or even in some instances assuming a hostile attitude. The clergy are too much accustomed to think that spiritual are altogether separate from temporal matters, and that it is to the first that their attention must be exclusively directed. There can hardly be a greater mistake. Religious and secular matters are indissolubly blended together—it is impossible to separate them. And the clergyman who takes the deepest interest in the secular affairs of his people is sure to exercise the widest influence in spiritual things. The population of a country parish consists principally of three classes—the landowners, the farmers, and the labourers. There is of course a sprinkling of professional men and small tradesmen; but the number of these is comparatively so inconsiderable, and they are so much more akin to a town than to a rural population, that they hardly need to be considered. Now, as regards the landowners of a country parish—sometimes a peer, sometimes a member of the House of Commons, often a magistrate, almost always a man moving in the upper crust of society—the ministers of the Church of England, such is the prestige of their office, have a more ready access to these than almost anyone else. What an opportunity in the course of social intercourse to impress upon them that landed property has its duties and responsibilities as well as its emoluments and honours; to talk to them about more liberal treatment of their tenants, about giving them better security for the value of money laid out for the improvement of farms, spending their time less in London and on the Continent, and more in the improve-

ment of their land, on their magisterial duties, on the administration of justice and of the Poor Law. What an opportunity to impress upon the ladies of the family, always accessible to such influence pleasantly exerted, the duty and pleasure of friendly intercourse with the farmers' wives and daughters, and of care for the labourers and their families. As regards the farmers, I was at a great divisional county agricultural show and dinner a few days ago, embracing no less than twenty-nine agricultural parishes. There were only six clergymen present. Had it been a Church Congress, a Synod, a Ruridecanal, or Church Missionary, Propagation of the Gospel, Church Pastoral Aid, or Additional Curates' Aid Society meeting, the clergy from the country would have flocked in in troops. Time was, and that not so long ago, when the parson would have been all the better thought of, and would have exercised a wider spiritual influence, if he could have laid claim to be the best shot in the parish, or to have been the boldest rider across country. This is a proof of the interest which farmers take in those who take an interest in their secular pursuits. Happily the time has gone by when the bringing down a pheasant, or the leaping of a fence, can place a feather in a parson's cap. But the skilful and profitable culture of a farm, the breeding of superior stock, a rivalry in the use of those manifold improvements which mechanism and science have introduced into agriculture and which have made agriculture itself a science, and the interchange of courtesies with farmers at the public dinner table, are matters not to be slighted by those who minister to farmers, and present opportunities out of a skilful handling of which may be generated much spiritual influence. The country clergyman who wins the heart of the farmers in his parish by taking a practical interest in those pursuits which are most interesting to them, and in which he can himself take interest without at all losing caste, will be in possession of an amazingly increased amount of influence

and authority when he speaks of the duties of farmers to their landlords or their labourers, or of those still more important matters which pertain more exclusively to their duty to God. The same may be said with respect to the third class of the parishioners of a country clergyman,—I mean the labourers. It is wonderful how little interest the country clergy have taken in the temporal welfare and social position of the labourers. They have warned them against forsaking church. They have reproved them for being Dissenters or drunkards, sometimes as much for the one as the other. They have preached the Gospel to them. But to any practical attempt to improve their social position, to obtain for them a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, to give them an opportunity of saving against illness and old age, to enable them to throw off the incubus of pauperism, to make independent men of them, paid in neither meat nor drink, nor perquisites, good or bad, at the will of the master, but in the coin of the realm, and to substitute the independence of freeborn Englishmen for that so-called good feeling between master and servants which is often nothing better than patronage on the one hand and servility on the other, with few exceptions the country clergy have given little if any countenance. By this neglect they have lost a great opportunity, and have already, to a very considerable extent, weakened the stronghold of the Church of England in the rural districts. If the Bishops in the House of Lords persist in never originating, and almost always opposing when originated by others, public measures for the benefit of the agricultural community; if, out of devotion to noble lay peers and wealthy squires and well-to-do farmers, they forget that, in the rural dioceses at least, far the largest number of those over whom they are set as Bishops are agricultural labourers, and in post-prandial speeches take the side of the landowner and farmer alone, and in unmeasured terms denounce all those who hold out a friendly hand to the

labourer; and if the parochial clergy, instead of as wise men deciding to endeavour to the utmost of their power to guide and control, either ignore or oppose the movement by which happily, at the present time, the mass of the agricultural population is, though in a most quiet and orderly manner, shaken to its centre, that population will soon cease to be the stronghold of the Church of England. Of the three twines of which the agricultural community is composed, let the clergy, instead of singling out any one for their special care, endeavour, by caring for all alike, to blend them altogether, and so produce a cable which will be strong enough to bear any strain which may be put upon it. Surely such an employment of time is far more to the purpose than attendance at balls, archery meetings, and croquet parties, or quarrels about candles and copes—a sort of worldliness and trifling which the rustic is quick enough to contrast very unfavourably with the more staid habits of the chapel minister.

Up to the present time the Church of England has struck its roots deep into the soil, and amongst those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil Mr. Miall's resolution would find comparatively few supporters. But it is quite possible that this vantage-ground may be lost; and it is but too true, as shown above, that at this present moment there are at work more instrumentalities than one which may result in taking it away. No one can wish that the Church of England should continue to be established a single day after it has ceased to give light and *can give no more*. In such case it would be better to abolish it altogether. But, as has been shown above, the power which the Church of England possesses of giving light, and the amount of light which it is really at this time giving to even the most remote village in the empire, are very great. Most thinking men would regret that this power should run the risk of being in

any way curtailed, or, still worse, taken away altogether. They may even, with some reason, fear that this might be the result of an organic change in the constitution of the Church, and therefore be indisposed to such change. But if, through neglect by the clergy of that which is specially needed for the rural districts, the Church of England should cease to impart to those districts the same amount of light as now, they would cease to be, as now, the stronghold of the Establishment; and the rural population, like that of the towns, would, though very slowly and reluctantly, become first indifferent to and soon advocates of organic change. The Church of England would of itself, in consequence of a misuse of its power, collapse as an establishment. The power of the Church to do good, and, in consequence, its vitality, depend at this present time, more than upon anything else, upon the conduct of the Bishops and clergy in the rural districts. Upon them, more than upon anyone else, depends whether this good old light-ship shall be cast loose from its moorings. It has so far been the means of guiding safely into port many a distant village ship which would otherwise have been wrecked. Even Dissenters in no inconsiderable numbers acknowledge their obligation to it. And though it does not follow that because this good old light-ship is set adrift the empire will become stranded, any more than that because the lighthouses on our coast are extinguished every vessel on its outward or homeward course will go down; yet, no doubt, equally with those who have to pilot our mercantile marine, those whose office it is to steer the vessel of the State would, under circumstances so changed, find the difficulty of their task not a little enhanced. For the good of the Church, therefore, and through the Church for the good of the empire, it behoves the country clergy without delay to take heed to their ways.

THE PUBLIC STORES : THEIR PURCHASE AND ADMINISTRATION.

BY FRANCIS W. ROWSELL, SUPERINTENDENT OF ADMIRALTY CONTRACTS.

THE question which it is proposed to consider in this article cannot fail to excite a certain amount of interest. The answer to it involves a decision upon the principles which should govern the yearly expenditure of eleven millions of the public money.

As a matter of fact, the public are continually considering the question, either through the medium of the press, or through their own representatives in the House of Commons. Every debate in Committee of Supply testifies to the eagerness with which the public expenditure is watched, and the yearly appointment of the Committee on Public Accounts testifies to the closeness of the scrutiny which it is wished to see applied.

Up to the present time, however, nothing has been done towards laying down any comprehensive scheme, or even any general principles upon which the vast requirements of the public service in respect of stores shall be satisfied. The Treasury, which to all other departments of State represents supreme financial law, has issued no instructions for their guidance. Parliament, which loves to criticise details of administration, and which votes the enormous sums annually required to purchase the State stores, has never insisted upon dictating the way in which those sums shall be spent. It has satisfied itself with seeing that money voted for specific objects has been duly spent, or made an asset of the Exchequer. It has foreborne to take from individual ministers the power to spend their store-money by what means they please, contenting itself with seeing that the accounts are right. It has not done, as supreme over all departments, what one of those departments may do as supreme over its own sub-sections, viz. compel them all

to adopt one method of supply. Yet it would seem that the question—whether it would not be wise to establish, either by Treasury minute or Parliamentary law, some general rule for the departments—must sooner or later arise and be settled. As it is, there is no uniformity of procedure. Whatever approach to uniformity there may be in the practice of the spending departments is accidental, or the result of individual action proceeding upon voluntary inquiry and comparison. The spending departments of State are, as regards their store expenditure, in the same relative position at this moment as the sub-departments of the War Office were to each other before the reforms made in 1855, and as the sub-departments of the Admiralty were until the reforms made in 1869. What those relative positions were was strongly brought out after the Crimean War by the Committee of the House of Commons upon the state of the army before Sebastopol. It was upon the report of that Committee that departmental action was taken as regards the War Office, and that uniformity of procedure and concentration of supplying force were adopted by the then War Minister, Lord Panmure. Kindred action as regards the Admiralty sub-departments was deferred till 1869. The working of those departments, so far as executive results were concerned, contrasted very favourably in the report of the Committee with the working of like departments of the War Office; so that the reorganization which on executive account became imperative at the War Office in 1855, was not on the same account found necessary at the Admiralty. But a time came, in 1869, when the cost of the Admiralty administration, and even its efficiency in some respects, was ques-

tioned. Departmental inquiries were made, and far-reaching departmental action was taken; and the duty of naval store supply was concentrated under one head.

But though this one thing—concentration—has happened to Admiralty and War Office, there is no necessary uniformity of procedure. Whatever uniformity there may be is accidental; whilst there are some wide differences in the principle and practice of the business of the two offices. Differences in the kind and even in the quality of stores required may necessitate different methods of supply; but where the same article is to be procured for either service, it would seem to be natural that the better of two possible methods should be employed in both. Yet there is nothing to compel recourse to this better method, whichever department may be using it; neither, as has been stated, is there any necessary identity of principle in conducting the general business of the two supply offices.

What is true of these two great typical departments is true also of the many other channels through which so many millions of the public money become converted into stores. Below will be found an approximate estimate of the money so converted or controlled by the State every year.¹ The absence of

some general method of supply, elastic enough to meet the case of the numerous kinds of public stores, yet specific enough to serve as guide to the departmental head and to his critics, is a cause of confusion between the departments and the public which wishes to supply them. It is also the cause of loss of much valuable time in Parliament, and contributes to prevent a general understanding upon public store matters. It cannot fail also to be the cause of unnecessary expenditure.

But for the fact that until a very short while ago it was not deemed an essential qualification in an administrator that he should administer economically, that is, that he should deal with the public money committed to him as if he were a trustee of it, bound to apply it so as to make it go as far or farther than if it were his own, it would be matter for surprise that the question now mooted had not received solution at the hands of the responsible Parliamentary controllers of public expenditure. With our system of Parliamentary Government, involving changes more or less frequent in the political element of control, it would seem to be very desirable to have some rules of general application, whereby a gentleman coming, with or without knowledge of business from the ranks of a political army to take the oversight of a large and diversified business at one department or another—it would not then matter which—would be able to guide himself in his criticism of the work of that permanent office which it is his function to control. Some key, however elementary, would be an inestimable boon to men of whom Sir Arthur Helps tells us that they are so much immersed in the difficulties of the present hour—their work from day to day so fully occupies them—that they have neither the leisure, nor the heart, nor the spare intellectual energy to devote to a large consideration for the future—much more to the control and management of an enormous business. “It is the misfortune, the inevitable misfortune, of our system of government, that the responsible chief of each de-

1. Army	£3,601,000
2. India	1,400,000
3. Inland Revenue	77,000
4. Navy	2,008,000
5. Police: Metropolitan	101,000
6. „ County and Borough	250,000
7. „ Ireland and Constabulary (Ireland)	84,000
8. Post Office	50,000
„ Telegraphs	67,000
9. Prisons in United Kingdom	625,000
10. Stationery, Printing, and Binding	376,000
11. Trinity House—say	150,000
12. Workhouses: Food, Fuel, Clothing, and Bedding in England	1,524,700
Ditto in Ireland and Scotland, say	475,300
	<u>£10,789,000</u>

These figures are based upon the Estimates for 1872-73, and are irrespective of cost of Buildings and Works.

partment must have a seat in Parliament, and that consequently the expert who is permanently in charge, whose experience keeps the machine in order, and who does four-fifths of the actual work, can never be independent, never quite sure of carrying out his own ideas."¹ For the double reason, therefore, of making changeeful control more of a reality, and of not ignorantly endorsing or wantonly countermanding the policy and action of the permanent officials, it would seem that the authoritative exposition of a public supply system would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The utmost a Parliamentary controller can do—and it is hardly desired or desirable that he should do more—is to satisfy himself generally that the principles upon which the business of his department are conducted are intelligible, and, judged by common sense, sound; and from time to time to test the administration by requiring minute explanation of transactions which he may deem crucial or typical. If he be a man who is not afraid to be accounted "stupid;" to show his ignorance of details which the junior clerk in the office might be supposed to know; if he be a good questioner, inquisitive, and always "wanting to know," so much the more valuable will he be as critic of a business for which by the Constitution he is responsible, but of the theory and practice of which the chances are he originally knows nothing. Better for him, better for the department, better for the country, that such a man should come to his work armed with some highly sanctioned *modus*—without which he is, for some time at least, merely the instrument and responsibility-bearer of the permanent officials.

But apart from these considerations, there is and always has been in the public mind a highly national interest in the question of supply of stores. This interest was materially heightened by the Franco-German war. The apparently perfect manner in which the German supplies were made, the complete reliance which Generals were able to

place upon the ubiquity of the indispensable material for man and beast and cannon, begat a natural desire on the part of the British public to know whether their own national arrangements were based upon a like plan. People who had read of boot pegs sold for oats in the American War, of Austrian triple payments for the same cattle thrice driven into Mantua, and whose minds were full of the revelations made the other day at Lille as to the French war contracts—not unreasonably sought to know whether the English system approximated to these or to the way of the German army. Inquiries were made as to the extent to which the German system could be incorporated with our own. Reports were written with elaborate care, and in some cases with the authority derived from experience in the actual service of the campaigns. It does not appear, however, that any change has been made in consequence of them. Things continue as before. Let us hope all is well, notwithstanding the idea which largely prevails that our military supply system resembles more the French system which failed than the German system which succeeded.

There are two things which a nation with ample means has a right to insist upon; two things which, if need be, it should compel its representative government to do. The first is to see that [the national storehouses are amply and not wastefully furnished; the second that the stores are provided in a strictly economical manner. Upon the faithful observance of both these points, the one equally with the other, depends the character of an executive administration; and also—beside which the characters of all the administrations that ever were, are as nothing—the well-being and efficiency of the public service.

For the first it may be pretty safe to leave it to the permanent officials, who are not prone to starve storehouses; to the Opposition in Parliament, always wonderfully well informed; and to that public voice which speaks, not always with exact information, through

¹ *Spectator*, August 3rd, 1872.

the medium of the press. The second point, that of economy, is not so easily attained. The absence of any public direction on the subject makes attainment and criticism upon non-attainment at the same time more difficult. The natural tendency of officials does not seem, in England at least, to be in the direction of economy. They do not wilfully squander nor are they wantonly careless of that which is in effect committed to them in trust and in honour to spend to the greatest advantage of the public service. But they have been educated in the belief that economy is quite a secondary consideration, that there is something mean about it, and to do them justice that there is a possibility in pursuing it that the efficiency of their storehouses and their stores would be imperilled. They have not appreciated the extent to which each in his own department, however small or subordinate, may contribute towards lessening the general burden of taxation. Until lately Parliament itself did not encourage the development of thrifty administration, and distinctly discouraged those of its members who advocated in thankless speeches year after year, the inculcation of economical principles in connection with public expenditure.

The pressure of taxation at length aroused public men to a sense of the necessity for more thrifty handling of the public business; whilst at the same time the fact that highest efficiency may go hand in hand with severest economy in administration, was revealed by the facts of the Seven Weeks' War. Some changes, such as have been indicated, were consequently made in some of the departments; but reforming efforts have been partial in their application, and in the absence of any national scheme there is no warrant whatever that the results and outcome of them may not be reversed. No effort has been made to deal with the methods of public expenditure as a whole—and there is no sign of any intention on the part of Parliament or the Government to make one. Yet what

has been done with great gain in the less, may be done with larger gain in the greater. And it is at least worth while to prevent acquired gain being turned into loss.

Before suggesting a few of the points which it seems desirable should be defined and regulated by public law, it may be worth while to glance at some of the leading features of supply systems in vogue upon the Continent,—the Belgian, as typical of simplicity and compactness; the German, as typical of efficiency and thrift; the French, as that which till lately was considered a model for other systems to mould themselves upon.¹

By the law of Belgium, everything must be put up to public competition. Advertisements are issued in the newspapers, and by means of posters in public places, calling for tenders to be sent on a stated day to the office of the Intendant-en-Chef, for a transaction to be completed in Brussels, or to the office of the local Intendant, for a contract to be completed in the provinces. On or before the day and hour named in the advertisement, tenders are delivered into a locked box at the place specified. No tenders are received after the time announced under any circumstances whatever. At the hour named the box is opened by the highest officer of the Intendance available, in a large room of the office. To this room, not only the competitors for the contract, but press reporters and the general public are admitted. The tender box is opened in the most formal and perfectly public way, the tenders are read out by the Intendant, and the contracts are noted down side by side on a sheet, for the purposes of comparison and adjudication. In this way every man's price is made known, every man tendering and being present has an opportunity of correcting any wrong reading of his tender, and the public are put in

¹ "You will aid the new power to introduce into the administration, and especially in the finance, that regularity of which France offers the best model."—*The French Emperor's Instructions to Gen. Forey in Mexico, July 1862.*

possession, through the reporters, of all the facts relating to the contract. If possible, the award to the lowest tender is made at once in the public room. If time be needed, as with long schedules and varying prices for individual items it may be needed, the public have still the means of checking the final award of the Government officials.

There are certain conditions precedent and concurrent to the validity of tenders in Belgium. With the tender must be a certificate by high authority that the person tendering is a native or naturalized Belgian; that he is solvent. In addition there must be with the tender a deposit of money or of stock representing money, proportionate to the value of the contract. The deposit is returned to persons whose tenders are rejected; but is retained in the case of the accepted offer as a guarantee, or caution money, for the faithful performance of the contract. Two sureties are required in each case to secure the same end.

The contract having been made, the contractor proceeds in due time to make deliveries, or purchase in his default is resorted to, any excess cost being deducted from his "caution money," or recovered in course of law. The receiving body are officers of the regiment, whose duty it is to see that the goods sent in correspond with the patterns furnished from the War Office. From their decision, if adverse to the contractor, an appeal lies to the War Minister at Brussels, under whose orders a Committee of revision, composed of officers of higher rank than the rejecting officers, resurveys the stores. Should these reject, arbitration is allowed before a tribunal of three, of whom one is nominated by the Minister, and two are appointed by the burgomaster and sheriffs of Brussels. Arbitration is also allowed on local rejection of such things as provisions, which cannot be reviewed at Brussels. The tribunal in this case consists of a nominee of the Intendant and of two persons named by the mayor of the town.

The French system was apparently the parent of the Belgian, which it closely resembles. There are, however, several features of the French plan which have been omitted in the Belgian, and *vice versa*. The French do not admit the press reporters to the room in which adjudication is made. Tenders are opened by a council of administration appointed by the highest authority in the presence of all competitors and of the prefect, sub-prefect, or mayor of the place. The French do not publish particulars of the tenders. They require, however, that in order to qualify to tender, a man must not only produce magisterial certificates of solvency and capability, but also be actually engaged in the particular trade to which the contract relates. It is also a rule of the French service that "the requisite steps for ascertaining the position and means of parties, desirous to enter into competition, be taken by the agents of the Government, before the former are admitted to tender." "Caution money" is always taken and sometimes sureties are added.

Unlike the Belgians, the French reserve to the adjudicating tribunal the right to pass by the lowest tender—as in case of suspected combination against the Government, or of unreasonably low offers. As regards the last-named cause the precept is that the State "*ne peut accepter, sans danger pour l'exécution des services, des rabais exagérés, offerts par suite d'une concurrence portée au-delà des limites raisonnables.*" The adjudicating committee are judges of these reasonable limits.

Having once made a contract, the Belgians and Germans do not in any way interfere with the progress of the work to be done under it. The French, however, having made an important contract, send an officer of the Intendance, supposed to be acquainted with the speciality, to reside in the district of manufacture. This man is directed to watch the means used in the manufacture, and the quality of the raw material, and to see that no delay takes place. Without his permission the con-

tractor, who is bound by his contract to reside on the spot, cannot absent himself for a day. Very considerable and, as it would appear, very dangerous power is thus given to a subordinate officer to interfere in the operations of a man who by his position is probably able to sway the officer—upon whose dictum and goodwill so much depends—by means direct or indirect. And though the law is said to punish all attempts at bribery, or other corruption of officials, it is notorious that the law is evaded, or is not far-reaching enough.

Arbitration in cases of dispute as to quality is resorted to under the French system. The receiving Committees resemble those of Belgium for the army, but are strengthened in the receipt of dockyard or naval stores, or artillery articles, by the presence of officers technically or professionally conversant with the articles delivered. The store-buying and store-keeping administration in France is centralized to an extent which is productive of delay, confusion, and danger.

The German administration, on the contrary, is localization of work and responsibility to the utmost possible extent. Certain general rules are laid down by the central authority—the War Office and the Marine Ministerium—for the guidance of local officers and of the central supply departments; but the dispensing power given to officers is so large as to have the effect of leaving supplies to be procured in such a way as the responsible officer may deem best upon each occasion.

The general rules lay down the principle of tender on advertisement as the medium of supply, and even seem to require that everything of a value exceeding 150*l.* shall be so obtained. But the officially specified exceptions to this rule are many, and the general discretion is large. Responsibility, however, is clearly marked and rigidly insisted on—whilst, as the correlative of this, interference midway, by the central authority is deprecated. Dependence for the proper carrying out of a programme appears

to be based upon the assumed or proved capacity of the local authority, and upon the fear of blame after the act, at the instance of Berlin or Potsdam. How well this system worked in the case of regiments and brigades the experience of the German wars has shown. Some things there are, of large and general consumption, both for army and navy, which are arranged for centrally, and distributed; but the distinctive feature of the German system is localization. The process of receipt is conducted under the auspices of a tribunal of officers, numerous enough to represent diversity of opinion, and skilled enough to command respect. Nevertheless, the principle of arbitration is allowed in case of differences of opinion between the officers and the contractors; but, on the other hand, contractors renounce as one of the conditions of their contract, the—in England unrenounceable—right to resort to the law-courts for redress of grievances.

French and Germans reserve and exercise the right to brand rejected goods with some mark of rejection, the object being twofold—to disgrace the goods, and to prevent them from being sent in again. The Germans, however, use this power sparingly, branding only articles of which the thorough inferiority to sample may be established, and articles which seem to be the subject of fraudulent intent on the part of the contractor. Both nations admit of articles rejected, but capable of repair or of being put in a proper state, being re-tendered. They also allow acceptance, at an agreed reduction of price, of articles suitable for the service, though they may not strictly conform to the official pattern or to the contract conditions.

Penalties are provided in the contracts of French, Germans, and Belgians, in case of non-delivery in time, and in case of some other shortcomings in French and Belgian contracts. Power is also taken to buy in default and to deduct excess cost from the caution money in the hands of the Government.

The duration of contracts is in Germany limited, with few exceptions, to

twelve months. In France and Belgium many contracts—notably those for clothing—are for terms of years, and under conditions which, in addition to the period of the contract, seem calculated to enhance prices. Power is taken under the three systems to require delivery at the option of the Government, of in some cases as much as 25 per cent. more than the stipulated quantity, at the contract price.

Neither French nor Germans publish prices for the sake of doing so, nor by virtue of any law on the subject; but where the convenience of the service requires that any officers, coming to a town or port, should know the contract prices, say of provisions, leather, or anything else, notification of the prices is made in the official gazette at the place. For the majority of articles bought there is no publication of prices.

It appears to be the practice in France and in Belgium, but apparently not in Germany, for the store-getting Minister to make an annual report to the Government, of the proceedings of his department in respect of stores and contracts, setting forth what sums have been expended compared with the sums voted; what stores have been procured, and by what methods; whether the prescribed regulations have been complied with, and if not under what circumstances they were set aside.

Such are a few of the prominent features of some of the continental systems. How far these systems, or any of them, are generally applicable to this country is a question far to seek. It may be—indeed it is likely—that surrounding conditions may render a system which works admirably in one country wholly unsuitable in another. It is nearly certain that the genius of trade in England would revolt from some of the conditions which have been described as working well in Belgium and Germany. Publication of prices, or the public announcement of the particulars of tenders sent in—however those practices may work in foreign trades—would be so intolerable to manufacturers here,

that few would tender at all, whilst the business would be avoided by all first-class firms. The consumption of goods on Government account is in England a mere fraction of the demand on account of general trade purposes, and the Government must in many cases seek the manufacturer rather than the manufacturer seek the Government. If the Government, being in this position, chooses to insist upon conditions not usual in the trade, manufacturers decline to serve them. In countries where the Government business is large enough to make it a desirable acquisition on grounds of gain, or where the possession of it gives unusual trade advantages in the way of advertisement or otherwise, manufacturers will bend even to rigid conditions for the sake of doing the business.

It is questionable, however, whether in this country even great trade advantages would make manufacturers endure so seemingly harmless a practice as publication of prices. They have an *à priori* objection to their rivals in business knowing their prices—founded, possibly, upon nothing more substantial than the national habit of reticence upon all business affairs, no matter how trifling. But some will give sound trade, if not good philosophic, reasons against publication. And the fact will remain, reason or no reason.

The adoption of the arbitration principle, common to the three systems referred to, is calculated on the other hand to give confidence to all dealers with the Government, and to win tenders from those who otherwise would stand aloof. Indeed, this has been the experience of the Admiralty department since the principle was introduced into its business in 1869. Arbitration is a recognized business method of settling differences, and the more recognized business methods are introduced into the Government operations with the business world the more confidence are they calculated to win. But even this principle of arbitration is not universally adopted in the departments, and where it does obtain the same departmental power which called it forth may at any time extin-

guish it. There is no imperial sanction for any of the various processes through which eleven millions of the public money are yearly converted into stores.

Existing processes are founded upon "the practice of office," and upon the results in a few cases of the labour of individual statesmen, working in isolated departments, and without collective aim or authority. They depend for their efficiency upon the permanent heads, who are inclined to approve what is, are unaccustomed to co-operate, and by habit are disinclined to break new ground. Neither uniformity of procedure nor reformation of plan can come through the permanent chiefs. They lack the power, if they have the will.

What is wanted—and that vehemently—is the examination by a Royal Commission or Government Committee of existing plans of expenditure in the spending departments, and a careful comparison of them with each other, and with the systems in force in foreign countries. The results of such examination and comparison would be to include in a general scheme of expenditure all that is good in the diverse schemes now used; to lay down authoritatively the principles of business which should obtain in the Government departments; and to provide the public and the Ministers responsible to them with a ready means of ascertaining whether the permanent officials are rightly carrying on their duty.

Such a general scheme as is here suggested should include directions as to the media through which the several kinds of public stores ought to be procured, discretionary power being reserved to the Minister over each department to depart from the rule on his own responsibility. It should deal thoroughly with the difficult question of receiving-tribunals, and so constitute them as to ensure fair play and strict justice to dealers with the Government, whilst guaranteeing that the State gets

value for its money, and that the goods stipulated for are supplied.

It should also consider how far it might be practicable or convenient, to require from the Minister entrusted with store money, a yearly account of his stewardship, for the information of the Government and of Parliament—an account similar in kind to that now rendered by the Postmaster-General and by the Head of the Police.

The sort of tribunal to which such a Commission could best be entrusted would be matter for grave consideration. It would seem, however, that a mixed Commission, on which experienced men of business could serve with experienced public men acquainted with the requirements of the House of Commons, would be presumably more competent than a Parliamentary Committee.

It is difficult to predict what would be the outcome of inquiry. It might be that so far as method or system is concerned, the Commissioners would be content with recommending for Government acceptance, those courses of procedure which the experience of the commercial world has established for itself. It might be that the exceptional character of some of the State supplies would necessitate the establishment of exceptional media. Or it might be found that the good conduct of departmental supply depended rather upon men than upon systems, and that attention should be bestowed more upon the selection of the former than upon the unification of the latter. But whatever the result of the inquiry might be, it is impossible long to postpone it. Even the facts and figures in the present article seem to exhibit ground for speedily and earnestly taking in hand a work which, while it would tend to diminish the public expenses, would give the House of Commons such a hold upon the spending departments, as now it desires in vain.

TIRED.

To———.

THE Holy Grail thou hast not vainly sought ;
 Splendours have touch'd thee from the life divine ;
 But death between my Father's face and mine
 Looms like a swarthy cloud with lightning fraught,
 And with no hint from hidden glory caught.
 Thine ears have heard the harps of heaven combine ;
 Thy nostrils smell'd the fields of lilies fine ;
 Faith leads thy feet, and past the bars of thought
 Shows paradise ; but I nor hear nor see.
 Too tired for rapture, scarce I reach and cling
 To one that standeth by with outstretch'd hand ;
 Too tired to hold Him if He hold not me :
 Too tired to long but for one heavenly thing—
 Rest for the weary in the promised land.

MARY BROTHERTON.

ART AND MORALITY.

SPINOSA says somewhere that our passions all imply confusion of thought; and of course he proves this with all the parade of geometrical method which is so satisfying to some and so tedious to others. But everybody can verify the aphorism for himself by observing that he becomes calm as soon as he can attend to what it is that has disturbed him. And this suggests that passion and art must be enemies, so far as passion is a temptation, and so far as art is perfect; for certainly everyone would agree that it is a perfection of art to present, and therefore to conceive, its subject as clearly and as adequately as may be. The subject of the *Epithalamium* of Mallius, or of the *Vigil* of Venus, is full in one sense of danger to morality, but the danger is that our feeling for the subject should be too strong for the poetry which inspired it, that we should abandon ourselves to a blind glow of pleasurable emotion and lose sight of the vivid train of clear, articulate images which set our hearts on fire at first. And there is another safeguard to morality; perfect art must be more than adequate, it must be satisfactory; it is condemned by its own standard till it can produce a type which can be contemplated upon all sides and throughout all time. The situation of Maggie Tulliver in the boat with her cousin's betrothed, has many elements of artistic beauty; it is romantic, intense, and elevated; but it is not satisfactory ideally because it is not satisfactory morally: like Maggie, we cannot forget the beginning, we cannot but look forward to the end. It is well that the dream should be broken; though the voyage on the flood to Tom and to death has less charm, it has more peace; the imagination can dwell upon it. The new pagan treatment of the *Tannhäuser* legend seems capable of a

more musical intensity than the traditional Christian treatment, yet it can hardly be doubted that Heine was right on purely artistic grounds in giving up this intensity, and following his own temper, and turning all to irony. Mr. Swinburne has to undertake the impossible task of reconciling us to the thought of a Hell, too intensely realized to be poetical; the knight has to promise that he will remember and rejoice in Venus there—we could not have believed it of a saint. Perfect art does not deal in paradoxes. This carries us a step further. In order that art may be adequate and satisfactory it must be sane and rational, it must be the expression not of revolt but of harmony, it must assume and reflect an ideal order in the world. The impulse of revolt is strong both in Byron and Shelley, and they are among the greatest of poets, but the law holds good in them. The grandest canto of *Childe Harold* is the last, where despair and disdain are passing into a calm that at least is half-resigned. Shelley's anguish for himself and for mankind goes off incessantly into mere shrieking whenever it takes the form of a revolt against the tyranny of kings and priests, it becomes musical again when it blends with the mute sorrow of "the World's Wanderers," and becomes a voice in the universal chorus of the whole creation that groaneth and travaileth in pain together. It is not required of art to be cheerful, neither is it required of morality as such. Marcus Aurelius and George Eliot present "altruism" under a form that makes the Epicurean burden—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—glad tidings of great joy to flesh and blood. But though George Eliot's fascination is painful, it is complete, there is nothing to disgust and emancipate us: for her art rests upon the acknowledgment of

an order to which all must be subject whether they will or no, though the order exists for other ends than the happiness, or even the perfection, of the creatures under it. We need not inquire whether such a morality is enough for life, but, in its obedience, art finds perfect freedom. Or rather, absolute art is not subject to absolute morality, but both are expressions of one ideal order which must always be conceived as holy, just, and good, though it is not always conceived as giving life and peace.

The art which is always claiming to be emancipated from morality is not the absolute art; perhaps the morality which it rebels against is hardly the absolute morality. The practical question has to be discussed on a lower level, but it is not to be dismissed as though the art which comes into conflict with morality were spurious because it is not the highest. True, the perfections of art are its safeguards, but art may be so much without being perfect. Its perfection exists rather for itself than for us, though we rejoice in it afar off; what we need is that it should be stimulating, and this too is what the artist needs, for he too is of the same clay as we. Like us, he desires fresher emotions than the ordinary round of life supplies, though this too has a satisfaction of its own for those who cherish its affections. And the craving which is occasional with us is habitual with him. He refuses the false gratification that might be found for it if he would make virtue always culminate in some kind of Lord Mayor's Show; life loses such flavour as it has in the attempt to make it just a little better, and a little easier, and a little prettier. If the artist will not idealize ordinary life by falsifying it, and cannot idealize it in the light of the higher law, or sustain himself upon the level of ideal action, it remains for him to go beyond the world since he cannot rise above it. He tries to escape from the hackneyed routine of domestic duties and felicities into an unsatisfactory fairy-land of extreme passions, of untried desires, of unfettered impulses, working themselves out within the exciting complexities of

abnormal situations. Since he cannot have the true ideal, and will not put up with the false, he demands the whole range of the real, and chooses to be always gleaning on the outskirts of possibility. The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life are not really ideal, but they have their ideal moments (or they could not tempt us), and there comes a time when art finds it hard to part with one of these. The only justification that has yet been put forward for the persistent attempt to pluck the "flowers of evil" is that the artist shares the general dislike to their fruit, and that, whether he plucks or no, the world is sure to wear them. There are very few like John Foster, to whom almost all art, especially all classical art, was essentially immoral because it nourished the pride of life: art that appeals merely to curiosity or to the extreme sense of beauty is always thought safe and respectable; when we speak of immoral art we mean art that deals with sensual impulses, or rouses rebellion against the order of society; perhaps too there are many who object to the first because it results in the second. And even on this point public opinion is rather emphatic than clear. It would be hard to find a popular definition of literary immorality which would not condemn the episode of Paolo and Francesca; it is almost as if Dante had come to curse them, and lo! he blessed them altogether: they are always together, and they always love; there are more who could learn to look to such a hell with yearning than choose to enter the purgatory of Gerontius. The Laureate may seem as unimpeachable on this score as Dante, yet it is hard not to think Aylmer's Field an immoral poem. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, and the only outcome of Aylmer's Field is the wrath of man. We have an evil action represented in an evil spirit; if we are not to condemn this, how are we to condemn such a poem as "The Leper," *à priori*, merely because Mr. Swinburne follows Luther's maxim, *pecca fortiter*?

In truth, the question within what limits it is safe to pursue "art for art," is hardly one that could be asked in an ideal state of things. Then art would be continually enriched by life, and life illuminated by art. It never occurred to Shakespeare, or Titian, or Leonardo, that the choice of Hercules lay between life and art: art in its supreme epochs has always been nourished and exalted by the chastened or unchastened pride of life. When we speak of choosing art for art, we acknowledge that the pride of life does not need any longer to be mortified, because it is dead. When life and art are parted,

"Stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos."

But the gleanings of the vintage still is sweet; only when a man has renounced the rewards of life for art, he has not escaped its obligations; if any were mad enough to lose his soul for art, he would find he had lost art too. We cannot expect an ideal answer to a question which it is a misfortune to have to ask. Artists who have not attained the vision of eternal and ideal beauty have no right to an ideal liberty, and we have no right to try their work by an ideal standard till we have tried ourselves. Every one must apply as he can the principle that all art is lawful for a man which can be produced or enjoyed within the limits of a safe and wholesome life. When we know that Etty lived quietly and soberly with his sister, and was grateful to her for finding him respectable models, we know that he had succeeded for himself in finding a true relation between morality and art. Yet we should think hardly of a man who collected exclusively what Etty produced exclusively. An idle man might get all the pleasure from Etty's pictures that they can give, and that is not a safe pleasure for an idle man, but the pictures themselves were the work of honest labour—and *qui laborat orat*. The safeguard that the artist has in the very necessity of working we may bring from our own work, and then we shall be most likely to find it anew in strenuous sympathy with his.

To the pure all things are pure: it is recorded of one of the best public men of America that even the *ballet* always filled him with religious rapture.

It is fortunate to possess such a temper, it would be silly and dangerous to aim at it: individuals must be guided by their own desire for virtue, and by the consent of virtuous and cultivated men. It is suggestive to observe that the limits of their toleration vary according to the medium in which the artist works. In music there are hardly any limits at all; we can hardly imagine such a thing as a melody immoral in itself, though there are melodies which do not seem profaned when fitted to immoral words. Plastic art has less liberty, yet even here almost everything is permitted short of the direct instigation of the senses to rebellion; it is impossible to draw the line earlier when we have once sanctioned the representation of the nude. After all, Eye Gate does not lead far into the town of Mansoul. It is only when we come to the literature that the conflict becomes serious, and that honest artists wish to handle matters which honest men of the world wish to suppress. This points to a distinction which is not without practical value. Literature is the most complex form of art, the form which touches reality at most points, and therefore the mind passes most easily from literature back to life. And therefore what is dangerous in life is dangerous in literature, though it may be innocent in other forms of art which in themselves are more intense. The first impression of a great picture or a great symphony is more vivid than the first impression of a great poem; it is at the same time more definite and more completely determined by the intention of the artist. A great picture, a great symphony are in one way infinitely complex, but both take their key-note from a single movement of the subject. Few subjects are too unsatisfactory to present at least one noble aspect, to strike at least one noble chord. In literature it is difficult to isolate the æsthetic side of a subject so completely, because literature tells by the result of

a great many incomplete suggestions which the reader has to work out for himself, so that there is no security that he will be able to keep entirely within the intention of the writer. And the writer, too, finds it harder to subordinate the intellectual and the emotional sides of his subject to the æsthetic; and morality is certainly justified in proscribing anything that can make familiarity with those sides of an immoral subject less unwelcome and disgusting. Still it is possible to maintain a certain ideal abstractness of treatment even in literature which has its use. Every one feels the difference between the diseased insolent pruriency with which Byron keeps flaunting the sin in our faces in all the loves of Don Juan, and the sad gracious *naïveté* of Mallory, as he sets forth the passion of Lancelot and Guinevere. Some indeed might think that it was better to let us rest upon the nobleness of Lancelot than to try to save morality by demonstrating the superiority of Arthur. Demonstration involves discussion, and discussion might leave us sceptical as to whether Guinevere's second thoughts were really best. There certainly are instances which show beyond question that abstractness and simplicity of treatment are a better safeguard than the best didactic intention. Madame Bovary, not seductive in intention, is undeniably more deterrent in result than the episode of Paolo and Francesca; but no one would dream of calling it more moral.

Of course it is possible to maintain that all these distinctions are superfluous, that Plato and Savonarola were right; that, no matter who treats them, no matter how they may be purified by severe accuracy and æsthetic isolation of treatment, still, dangerous subjects will be always dangerous, that art if permitted to exist at all should be rigidly and consistently subordinate to edification, and that if a few supreme works should be allowed to subsist unmutilated, all production that fell short of supreme perfection should be carefully limited to drawing-room charades and nursery novellettes, and Sunday picture-books,

just to keep children of all ages out of mischief. At any rate, this view has the merit of being thorough and intelligible; it is infinitely more respectable than the common view, if it is to be called a view, which emancipates art from rational and ideal restrictions to subject it to restrictions which are shifting and arbitrary, which allows it to call evil good and good evil, so long as it does not violate the conventionalities of the day, and thinks it is quite sufficiently stimulating if it can be got to show the world, or at any rate the little piece of it the public likes to look at, all *couleur de rose*.

Only it is to be remembered that if we sacrifice art to morality we must sacrifice other things too. Comfort and liberty and intelligence, to say nothing of such trifles as wealth and luxury, have their temptations as well as art, and Plato and Savonarola would gladly have sacrificed them all. The sacrifice might be rewarded if it could be made: Rousseau thought it would be well to return to barbarism to escape from the inevitable injustices of civilization; perhaps it might be well to return to the Thebaid to escape from its temptations. But as we are too weak for the Thebaid we do well to endure the temptations of the world lest we should regret them, and among these the temptation of art is not the deadliest because it is the sweetest. Even Plato thought that virtue should be tested by pleasure as well as by pain, and therefore he directed that the citizens of his ideal city should be proved by seeing how they bore themselves when drunk with wine—surely it would have been better to make them drunk with beauty.

Of course Plato wished to make them drunk with beauty too. He thought concrete beauty was the fountain which could quench the ascetic's thirst.

"Lætificemur sobria
Ebrietate spiritus."

But all this while he was thinking of the beauty not of art but of life. He did not underrate, perhaps he overrated, the moral value of æsthetic culture; but

this high estimate of æsthetic was quite compatible with a very low estimate of art, which he regarded simply as providing instruments for a series of æsthetic exercises to be regulated in accordance with superior regulations, so that a poet had no more right to set up on his own account, and develop his products for their own sake, than if he were a maker of flesh-gloves or dumb-bells. Consequently he had no occasion to discuss the artistic value of morality, though if he had done so he would hardly have been tempted to indulge in an estimate of its æsthetic value so one-sided as to be extravagant. One reason of this one-sidedness was that Greek morality, before the rise of Stoicism, treated the mass of human actions as indifferent; to be left to nature or at best regulated by external conventionalities: consequently the notion of virtue was not lowered by the dulness of duty, it was always identified with the rapturous ecstasy which accompanies great deeds, which are always exceptions even in the life that is fullest of them, or with the calm diffused satisfaction which radiates over the whole of a fortunate and praiseworthy life. Aristotle could still hold that virtue was *virtuous* in that its works were wrought *τοῦ καλοῦ ἕνεκα*, "for the sake of the Beautiful." Epicurus was not far from the view of Christian asceticism, that good works done from a motive savouring so much of self-satisfaction were hardly virtuous at all.

But even the most picturesque heroism involves sacrifice and suffering, and no sacrifice is without an element that is hardly attractive æsthetically. The comely corpse of the young warrior slain in the front of the battle, in Tyrtæus, is more satisfactory to the æsthetic sense than the soul of Hector flitting to Hades, wailing for the supple strength of the limbs it left in their young prime; but morally the advantage is really on the side of Homer,—it is better to look facts in the face. The saints of life wear no halo, the heroes of life wear no enchanted armour to keep them scathless to the fatal hour that translates

them to Valhalla, or Elysium, or Avalon. If it were so, life would hardly be better, but it is a paradox to deny that it would be more beautiful; and it would be a paradox to deny that most of the virtue which enables the world to go on is without any æsthetical value at all. Nor can we take refuge in the convenient observation that human virtue is never quite perfect, that for the most part it is grossly and glaringly imperfect; for virtue may be all but perfect, and yet be dull, because it is painful, obscure, and, humanly speaking, fruitless. Professor Jowett is quite right in pointing out that a servant girl who spends her wages on a peevish, slatternly mother, and a lazy, dissipated brother, is the heir of many beatitudes, but it does not follow that she is a "Beautiful Soul:" fine feelings go the way of fine phrases with those who have to do and suffer overmuch.

And the aspects of morality which have the highest æsthetic value are very far from having the highest artistic value, for literary art at any rate. The best that can be obtained from them is a lyrical or semi-lyrical allusion, that may light up a lower theme. To try to idealize a great deed is only painting the lily; to try to idealize a great purpose is to drift into a labyrinth of mere intellectualism. From this point of view it is instructive to compare the "Idyls of the King" with the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and to notice what proportion of the emotional and artistic interest bears in each to the moral and intellectual interest. But if it can be answered without a theory, an ideal problem is better for literature than an ideal character: Wallenstein is lower æsthetically than Tell; artistically King Alfred is less valuable than Richard III. The closing scene of the life of the Emperor Maurice when his children were butchered before his face, and he gave up the last rather than allow the nurse to sacrifice her own, combines almost every element of ethical and æsthetical nobility. At first it seems dramatic, but what could dramatic art add to it? Stage effect perhaps, so far

as it is due to the actor; all that a poet could hope to do on his own account would be to prepare a character to culminate in such a sacrifice. The value of this last is very doubtful. The æsthetical value of Joan of Arc's life lies in the historic moments which it would be impossible to adorn and a profanation to falsify. It is hardly worth while for literature to do what remains, and supplement pictures of concrete heroism with the most delicate analysis of her feelings when the French army was beginning to find her a troublesome visionary, or when she was being brow-beaten into recantation in an English dungeon. It might be done fifty ways; but Etty's picture of her at the stake would always be worth them all. In the same way Delaroche's "Christian Martyr" is a greater addition to the "Golden Legend" than Massinger's "Tragedy on Dorothea," and we need never expect to meet with a poem on Elijah which shall light up the history in the way Mendelssohn's music does. Or to come down to a level where the æsthetic value of morality is not on the heroic scale, who would not give all the graceful books that can be written on Eugénie de Guérin for a portrait of one whose life within its narrow limits was so beautiful? Or to come lower yet, such æsthetical value as the pathos of common life possesses is better represented by Frère than by Dickens, because Frère avowedly represents its momentary aspects, whereas Dickens would have been compelled, if he had not been inclined, to represent the picturesque and pathetic side of poverty as something normal and habitual. The fact is, literature comes too near to life to rise above life at its highest, or to keep above life at its lowest; it is confined to a middle region where it can embellish without falsifying.

And if literature has to turn away from what is best in life, other forms of art by their greater detachment carry us away from life into fairyland, so that here too it is impossible to formulate an ideal relation between average art and average morality, so that practical en-

thusiasts can always maintain that what is given to art is taken from morality. Yet there is an ideal reason for their co-existence. Life has been compared to a tapestry which is worked on the wrong side; and after all it is this side which we see in morality; in art we see not the right side, for this is covered up as fast as it is finished, but perhaps some reflection of the pattern too much distorted to be valuable when the tapestry is finished and fixed; till then it has its use: those must work very earnestly who work the faster for looking upon the wrong side alone. Of course it is unsatisfactory to have to think of art and life co-existing in this state of jealous co-operation that can hardly be distinguished from subdued antagonism; but after all this is one of the minor discomforts of an unsettled period in which nothing is satisfactory, though to healthy tempers much is hopeful. To such a temper it would be one hopeful sign that we are beginning to recognize that, as it is ruin and madness to sacrifice morality to artistic eccentricities, so it is folly and loss to sacrifice the normal development of art to moral conventionalities. Though art must always contain something which is a snare to morality, and morality must always cultivate much which is simply an encumbrance to art, we may rest upon the thought that absolute art and absolute morality, though perfectly distinct, are always harmonious. All are bound to practise morality, though the majority can never carry it to its ideal stage; it is the same with the majority of those who are called to cultivate art; but by keeping their eyes on the unattainable, morality will catch some grace, art will be preserved from revolt and excess. By patience and work we may hope to lift a happier generation to a level when the question between morality and art disappears: at all events we shall be lifted ourselves to a world where that question and many others are easily answered and need not be asked.

G. A. SIMCOX.

JAPAN.

THE most important Embassy that has ever left the shores of Great Japan is now in England, and the moment therefore appears fitting to inquire into the course of events which has led to its despatch, and into the present position of the country whence it comes. To do this, at the risk of repeating much that has been already published, we must go back somewhat in time.

The conclusion of treaties with foreign powers by the Government of the Shôgun naturally created great opposition, and the Court party at Kiôto were especially incensed at the pollution of the sacred soil of Japan by the "barbarians." At the same time the great Daimios of the west and south were jealous of the commercial and political advantages obtained by the Shôgun. A strong party was thus formed against the latter, and their policy embraced two objects: first the overthrow of the Shôgunate and the restoration of the governing power into the hands of the Mikado or Emperor; and secondly, after this was accomplished, the expulsion of the foreigners. It would require much greater space than is accorded to us to trace the history of the period from 1859 to 1868; suffice it to say that in the beginning of the latter year the first object was accomplished, the last of the Shôguns was shorn of his title and retired in disgrace, and a new Government was inaugurated, at the head of which was the youthful Mikado. This restoration was mainly effected by a few resolute men, retainers of the great clans of Satsuma, Chôshiu, and Tosa, with the assistance of certain court nobles, the principal of whom were Sanjô, the present Prime Minister,¹ and Iwakura, head of the

present Embassy. Among the men who materially assisted in the revolution there is no more distinguished name than that of the Vice-Ambassador Kido, formerly a retainer of Chôshiu. Another Vice-Ambassador, Okubô, formerly of Satsuma, also played a prominent part.

The Shôgunate having been thus overthrown, many Samurai, the armed retainers of Daimios who had helped to effect this result, were eager, as they had always been, to be led against the foreign barbarians and to expel them, and they naturally claimed from their chiefs the execution of the second half of the programme. But those chiefs had learnt much in the preceding years: they had discovered that the expulsion of the barbarians would be by no means the easy task their former ignorance had pictured to them; the leading men of Satsuma had changed their tone from the day of the bombardment of their capital Kagoshima in 1862, and the valiant generals of Chôshiu had acknowledged the superiority of foreign armaments after the destruction of the batteries of Shimonoseki in 1864. The authors of the revolution, therefore, although relying upon the Samurai to carry out the first of the two objects already named, had made up their minds to desist from the second; and accordingly, when the Emperor's government was formed, Sir Harry Parkes and the other representatives found its members, while frankly admitting their former hatred, fully alive to the importance of entering into friendly relations with foreign powers, and perfectly willing to do so. And from this altered policy these men have never swerved up to the present day. In the teeth of much opposition, notwithstanding formidable

Minister of the Right, comes after the two former, and was conferred on Iwakura when he was selected to be Ambassador.

¹ *Daijô daijin*, great Minister of the great government, the highest rank given to a subject. *Sa daijin*, great Minister of the Left, is the next, and is vacant. *Udaijin*, great

conspiracies, and the murder of more than one of their number, they have steadily adhered to the position they took up from the first, and in this year of 1872 they may boast that they have broken up the anti-foreign party. It is true that when from time to time there are risings of the peasantry of a particular district, the old anti-foreign cry is raised by some discontented Samurai, who have lost by the altered state of things, and are consequently hostile to the powers that be; but these are only isolated cases, and the "Jô-i" (expulsion of barbarians) party has ceased to exist in Japan.

The Mikado having now taken up his residence in the old Palace of the Shôguns at Yedo, and the Government having been finally established there, the work of consolidation was commenced. It was easy to see that for the new *régime* to be durable, it must be based upon a strong centralization. The men in power were but a handful; there was much discontent in the land, and the Government in fact existed by the sacred name of the Mikado alone, that hitherto almost invisible potentate, one of whose appellations was "Son of Heaven," and whose divine origin it was high treason to doubt.

The principal obstacle to centralization was naturally to be found in the system of Daimiates. Japan was split up into a number of territories, each with its own administration, at the head of which was, nominally at least, a Daimio or Prince. Now these Princes had always been more or less independent, and well-nigh supreme in their own territories; and though, during the preceding 250 years of the Tokugawa dynasty, their power had been somewhat curbed by the strong hand of the Shôgunate, in its last years they had been able to resume more of their former independence. It was essential, therefore, for the stability of the new Government that these Daimiates should be abolished, and to this end the advisers of his Majesty applied themselves in earnest. On the 5th of March, 1869, there appeared in the *Official Gazette* a

memorial bearing the signatures of the great Princes of Satsuma, Chôshiu, Tosa, and Hizen, but in reality instigated by the Government, and written, as was said, by one of its most influential members.

By this document the Princes above-named, as heads of the leading clans who had effected the revolution, offered up the lists of their possessions and men to the Emperor. The ownership of the soil had in truth always resided in his Majesty; and though the military chiefs, or Shôguns, had usurped his powers, and had, as the document runs, divided territories and men as seemed good to them, and had borrowed the name and authority of the Emperor to conceal these spoliations, now that his Majesty had resumed the direction of affairs the time had come for the Princes, by a public act, to yield up their quasi-sovereign rights to him who was their paramount lord.

The example of the four great clans was followed by most of the others, and it was ultimately decreed that all the Daimios should for the present act as Governors in their old territories, that new assessments of the lands should be drawn up, and that uniform laws should be established through the realm. In July, even the very name of Daimio was abolished.

This was the first step; but in the following year it was succeeded by another which involved a still more sweeping reform. On the 18th of August, 1871, an edict was issued in the name of the Emperor whereby the ex-Daimios were relieved from their functions as governors of their former principalities, and were thus reduced to the position of simple nobles. They and their families were summoned to the Eastern Capital (Yedo), where they were ordered to take up their residence, at least for the present. They were not positively excluded from filling posts in the administrations, but it was declared thenceforward to be the intention of the Government that its members should be chosen solely for their ability, irrespective of rank or noble birth.

The Han, or Principalities, were thus

turned into Ken, or Daimios, and all the former officials of Daimios became officials of the Government. This comprehensive scheme has not yet been carried out in all its details; it is doubtless true that in a powerful clan like that of Satsuma no great change is yet apparent, and old Shimadzu Saburô, too ill to journey to Yedo, still reigns supreme as when his son was the actual Daimio. But, with few exceptions, the members of the old princely families have removed to the Eastern Capital. Many have since been permitted to travel abroad; and all this extraordinary change has been effected with only some disturbances of a trifling nature. The principal reason for this is to be found in the effete nature of these Princes. Brought up in luxury and seclusion, and in reality ruled by some of their retainers, they had neither the spirit nor the power of resistance, and they now live contentedly in Yedo, rejoicing in their newly-acquired liberty. A number of dismissals of officials took place about the time of the abolition of the Han, and the Cabinet was reconstructed. Iwakura was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs, an office incompatible with a seat in the Cabinet, but not the less did his voice prevail largely in the councils of the Empire. Sanjô remained Prime Minister, and four Councillors of State, representing the four great clans, were appointed. The latter, or at least three of them, may be said to represent the Radical tendencies of the Government, whilst Sanjô and Iwakura form the Conservative element.

It was probably about this time that the notion of an embassy to the Treaty Powers began to ripen in the minds of the Japanese statesmen. Hitherto there had only been ambassadors sent from the Shôgun—men of subordinate rank, and of little influence at home; but now that the governing power was once more in the Emperor's hands, it was meet that he should be represented abroad by one of his own court nobles, as Ambassador Extraordinary. And for this no more fit selection could have been made than Iwakura Tomomi.

The objects of the mission are stated in the letter of credence presented by the Ambassador to the President of the United States. It was sent to declare the cordial friendship of the Emperor, and to place the peaceful relations between the Treaty Powers and Japan on a firmer and broader basis.

"The period," the letter continues, "for revising the treaties now existing between ourselves and the United States is less than one year distant. We expect and intend to reform and improve the same so as to stand upon a similar footing with the most enlightened nations, and to attain the full development of public right and interest. The civilization and institutions of Japan are so different from those of other countries, that we cannot expect to reach the desired end at once.

"It is our purpose to select from the various institutions prevailing among enlightened nations such as are best suited to our present condition, and adopt them, in gradual reforms and improvements of our policy and customs, so as to be upon an equality with them.

"With this object we desire to fully disclose to the United States Government the condition of affairs in our Empire, and to consult upon the means of giving greater efficiency to our institutions, at present and in the future; and as soon as the said embassy returns home we will consider about the revision of the treaties, and accomplish what we have expected and intended."

The progress in civilization which had been seemingly made by Japan was astounding. With the assistance of English skill and English hands, many public works had been accomplished; a railroad had been constructed from Yokohama to Yedo, and it is now open; telegraph wires had been laid between the same points and between Hiogo and Osaka, whilst the line from the Eastern Capital to Nagasaki, which will put Yedo in direct telegraphic communication with Europe, was being rapidly pushed forward; a new Mint was turning out millions of Japanese dollars, gold and silver, as well as subsidiary coins; light-

houses had been built at well-chosen spots along the coast, fitted with the best English machinery, and they were then in full operation. Again, under the management of French engineers, a dry dock and other works had been made at the Yokoska arsenal; the nucleus of a national army, drilled after the French fashion, had been formed, and a navy was rising up under the tuition of an English officer of Marines.

Social changes had come on with extraordinary rapidity. The haughty nobleman was discarding his two swords as useless encumbrances, and was replacing them with modern umbrellas; he was giving up his elegant flowing dress for badly-made European clothes; and such a rage for the various species of hats and caps set in that every shop in Yokohama was cleared out of those articles many times over, so that foreign merchants might almost envy the fortunate storekeepers their gains. One edict followed another; many privileges of the upper class were abolished, and the lower classes were raised in position. Merchants were permitted to wear dresses hitherto only donned by Samurai, nobles were allowed to marry out of their own order, grooms to ride on horseback, women to travel abroad, and the law which tabooed the lowest degrees of the people, the *Eta* and *Hinin*, tanners and vagrants who were unclean and accounted unworthy to live with the rest of the nation, was repealed. The Mikado, too, came out of his seclusion into broad daylight; his Majesty traversed Yedo in an open carriage many times, visited various Government offices, as well as his fleet and his arsenal, and a notification was published on the street boards informing the people that they need not prostrate themselves and hide their faces whilst he passed by. It would require too much space to record all the changes, which took place, as it were, by magic. It seemed as if a sudden passion had seized upon the people to pull down and abolish everything that was old, and to adopt unhesitatingly and without inquiry whatever came

into their heads or their hands smack-ing of Western usages.

What, however, is to be the end of all this? and is there no danger to Japan? Is not the pace too great to last, and is there no fear that the speedy horse may break down when pressed so hard? That there is danger to the country seems to us clear. It should always be recollected that the revolution came from below; it was the work principally of Daimios' retainers. These men are now in power. That they are gifted with great intelligence no one can doubt, but they have come into their present position on the ruins of the aristocracy—their former masters. They are revolutionary, and lack that Conservative element which is so necessary in such a crisis, and which does not seem to be sufficiently supplied by the minority of court nobles belonging to the Government. Add to this the notorious corruption of the officials—a corruption almost as universally prevalent as in Russia—together with a recklessness in matters of finance which seems to grow with every month, and thinking men are entitled to pause ere they give unqualified praise to the path along which Japan is hurrying so rapidly.

There is a danger, too, as it seems to us, in the great influence obtained by young men who, after passing two or three years abroad, return to their native country with a smattering of some science gained from books, and, on the strength of this, are immediately entrusted with high office in the Home Government. Indeed, the whole question of these students is a very serious one, and is bound up with the future of Japan. The present system is not satisfactory. By almost every steamer that leaves Yokohama for Europe and America the exodus of youths continues. They are dispersed in different countries, and, without any previous instruction at home, they sit down—many only for a couple of years—to pursue their studies very much as they please, under no adequate control. The result of such a system will be that at no distant period Japan will be flooded with young men

possessed of a superficial knowledge, which will be magnified by their own conceit into profound learning, and will impose upon the former generation who have never left their native shores. And each youth will naturally be prejudiced in favour of the particular country where he has studied; those from America will be republicans, those from England monarchists, and so on—a pretty medley. If in the future the nation is to be governed by these raw students, Heaven help it! Young Japan can make no greater mistake than to rush off to foreign countries without a preliminary education at home. As the editor of the *Japan Mail* in a recent number wisely remarks, “If these lads were first put to primal schools where English was thoroughly well taught, and were then stimulated to the pursuit of more mature studies by the promise that, if successful in their examinations, they should be sent abroad, excellent fruits would be reaped by the nation after a few years.” That is what is required, but as yet there are no such schools in Yedo. The College, presided over by an American, unfortunately does not offer any guarantee for a solid education; for out of all his assistants there are none, or hardly any, who have had any experience or training in teaching, and many are thoroughly unfit for their posts. They are, in fact, composed of a mixture of men of different nations, caught up for the most part on the spot, without undergoing any test or producing any testimonials as to their abilities or antecedents.

The Embassy has now been some time in England. Its members have a golden opportunity which they should not lose. They have already inspected our Fleet, our Dockyards, and been present at a portion of the autumn manœuvres. They will doubtless have every facility afforded to them for visiting the great centres of our trade. They can examine our factories, our machinery, and all the various industries for which we are famous, and they can thus learn the source of England's greatness. Let them profit by the results of perseverance

and hard toil, the fruits of which will be before their eyes, and, pondering upon them, return home convinced that such violent and sudden changes as have befallen Japan are not without danger; that it is unsafe for a country but yesterday steeped in feudalism to adopt without mature reflection a constitution based upon the newest system in Europe, or upon the republican principles of the United States; that such changes to be durable must be the work of time, and that it is unwise to remove the old landmarks without due consideration of what it is best to substitute for them.

An able writer in the September number of *Blackwood* has given an interesting, and in many respects accurate account of recent events in Japan, and of the laudable desire of the nation to adopt Western civilization; but we may be pardoned if we point out one or two matters in which we think he has coloured the picture too highly, and has perhaps written in a style calculated to raise too great pretensions on the part of the present rulers.

In the first place we may remark, that he has given to the world in a condensed form what he terms, “a document unknown either in Europe or in Japan,” a budget, in fact, for 1872. It is rough enough as it stands, and would hardly bear the test of critical examination. The Government of Japan, whilst willing enough to impart to the world the late extraordinary political and social changes, have hitherto been singularly reticent as to both revenue and expenditure, and it seems hardly to have occurred to the writer of the article that this “unknown document” may have been given to him for a purpose which he is to be the innocent means of carrying out.

The writer is very hard upon those foreigners who, he believes, have profited by Japanese ignorance, and who having begun, as he says, “to sell European goods at twice their cost, have industriously gone on doing this ever since, to the advantage of the foreign traders, who have made large fortunes, and to the corresponding disadvantage of the

Japanese, who knew no better, and supposed they were getting their money's worth." Here the statement carries with it its own refutation. A merchant can scarcely be blamed for selling his goods at the highest price they will fetch, whether in the diggings of Australia or on the shores of a newly opened country. We all know how greatly prices are enhanced by risk or by delay in obtaining returns, and also that, in these days of rapid communication, any demand may be speedily met by a corresponding supply. To suppose therefore that Japan, which has been open to the competition of the world for the last twelve years, should have continued during that time to buy foreign goods at double their cost, is to say very little for the perception either of foreigners or of Japanese, and is to imagine a contingency which is wholly opposed to the natural course of trade. So far from facts being in support of such a proposition, cries of a glutted market and of losses on imports have been frequently heard in Japan since the trade was opened, while the Japanese, on the other hand, being able to profit both by the competition of the foreigners and by combination among themselves, have considerably raised the prices of their own tea and silk. Nor do we blame them for so doing, if the trade will admit of such high rates being maintained; we only wish to point out that the actual state of affairs is not such as has been so fancifully depicted by the writer in *Blackwood*. It is a fact worthy of record that, instead of foreign trade having told to the disadvantage of Japan, it has created a commercial class which did not exist before 1858, and many of the petty shopkeepers, with whom foreigners originally had to deal, have developed into merchants of wealth and influence.

The writer in *Blackwood* insists that it is time "to recognize that Japan merits the same treatment, the same consideration, as are extended to what we call organized and civilized Governments;" and again, that "she surely is justified in requiring that when she shall have completed her new code, based on the Code Napoleon—on which a commission assisted by an able barrister from Paris is now at work at Yedo—we shall recognize her right to claim the sole administration of justice within her realm."

No nation, we are sure, is more ready than our own to see equal rights accorded to Japan, when she can plainly show by actual experience that she can and will dispense full justice and afford full protection to foreigners. But we must first be well assured of this, and it would be the height of folly to grant to a nation which at the present moment possesses no civil code at all, and whose system of criminal procedure is still barbarous and tainted with cruelty, the sole administration of justice over British subjects, simply on the production of a code drawn up by a French barrister, with the assistance probably of an English and an American lawyer, who have been also engaged by the Government. That code must have been in operation for some time, and must have been proved to work satisfactorily, before we entrust full jurisdiction over our countrymen to the tender mercies of Japanese judges.

It is not, we would say in conclusion, by fostering unwise pretensions that permanent good will be done to Japan; such a course will only add to that tendency to over-conceit which its best friends deplore; and every real well-wisher of that interesting and important country will steadily set his face against such shallow advice.

ON THE AIMS AND INSTRUMENTS OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.¹

BY PROFESSOR W. K. CLIFFORD.

It may have occurred (and very naturally too), to such as have had the curiosity to read the title of this lecture, that it must necessarily be a very dry and difficult subject; interesting to very few, intelligible to still fewer, and, above all, utterly incapable of adequate treatment within the limits of a discourse like this. It is quite true that a complete setting-forth of my subject would require a comprehensive treatise on logic, with incidental discussion of the main questions of metaphysics; that it would deal with ideas demanding close study for their apprehension, and investigations requiring a peculiar taste to relish them. It is not my intention now to present you with such a treatise.

The British Association, like the world in general, contains three classes of persons. In the first place, it contains scientific thinkers; that is to say, persons whose thoughts have very frequently the characters which I shall presently describe. Secondly, it contains persons who are engaged in work upon what are called scientific subjects, but who in general do not, and are not expected to, think about these subjects in a scientific manner. Lastly, it contains persons who suppose that their work and their thoughts are unscientific, but who would like to know something about the business of the other two classes aforesaid. Now, to anyone who belonging to one of these classes considers either of the other two, it will be apparent that there is a certain gulf between him and them; that he does not quite understand them, nor they him; and that an opportunity for sympathy and comradeship is lost through

this want of understanding. It is this gulf that I desire to bridge over, to the best of my power. That the scientific thinker may consider his business in relation to the great life of mankind; that the noble army of practical workers may recognize their fellowship with the outer world, and the spirit which must guide both; that this so-called outer world may see in the work of science only the putting in evidence of all that is excellent in its own work,—may feel that the kingdom of science is within it: these are the objects of the present discourse. And they compel me to choose such portions of my vast subject as shall be intelligible to all, while they ought at least to command an interest universal, personal, and profound.

In the first place, then, what is meant by scientific thought? You may have heard some of it expressed in the various Sections this morning. You have probably also heard expressed in the same places a great deal of unscientific thought; notwithstanding that it was about mechanical energy, or about hydrocarbons, or about eocene deposits, or about malacopterygii. For scientific thought does not mean thought about scientific subjects with long names. There are no scientific subjects. The subject of science is the human universe; that is to say, everything that is, or has been, or may be related to man. Let us, then, taking several topics in succession, endeavour to make out in what cases thought about them is scientific, and in what cases not.

Ancient astronomers observed that the relative motions of the sun and moon recurred all over again in the same order about every nineteen years. They were thus enabled to predict the

¹ A Lecture delivered before the members of the British Association, at Brighton, on August 19, 1872.

time at which eclipses would take place. A calculator at one of our observatories can do a great deal more than this. Like them, he makes use of past experience to predict the future; but he knows of a great number of other cycles besides that one of the nineteen years, and takes account of all of them; and he can tell about the solar eclipse of six years hence exactly where it will be visible, and how much of the sun's surface will be covered at each place, and, to a second, at what time of day it will begin and finish there. This prediction involves technical skill of the highest order; but it does not involve scientific thought, as any astronomer will tell you.

By such calculations the places of the planet Uranus at different times of the year had been predicted and set down. The predictions were not fulfilled. Then arose Adams, and from these errors in the prediction he calculated the place of an entirely new planet, that had never yet been suspected; and you all know how the new planet was actually found in that place. Now this prediction does involve scientific thought, as anyone who has studied it will tell you.

Here then are two cases of thought about the same subject, both predicting events by the application of previous experience, yet we say one is *technical* and the other *scientific*.

Now let us take an example from the building of bridges and roofs. When an opening is to be spanned over by a material construction, which must bear a certain weight without bending enough to injure itself, there are two forms in which this construction can be made, the arch and the chain. Every part of an arch is compressed or pushed by the other parts; every part of a chain is in a state of tension, or is pulled by the other parts. In many cases these forms are united. A girder consists of two main pieces or booms, of which the upper one acts as an arch and is compressed, while the lower one acts as a chain and is pulled; and this is true even when both the pieces are quite straight. They are enabled to act in

this way by being tied together, or braced, as it is called, by cross pieces, which you must often have seen. Now suppose that any good practical engineer makes a bridge or roof upon some approved pattern which has been made before. He designs the size and shape of it to suit the opening which has to be spanned; selects his material according to the locality; assigns the strength which must be given to the several parts of the structure according to the load which it will have to bear. There is a great deal of thought in the making of this design, whose success is predicted by the application of previous experience; it requires technical skill of a very high order; but it is not scientific thought. On the other hand, Mr. Fleeming Jenkin¹ designs a roof consisting of two arches braced together, instead of an arch and a chain braced together; and although this form is quite different from any known structure, yet before it is built he assigns with accuracy the amount of material that must be put into every part of the structure in order to make it bear the required load, and this prediction may be trusted with perfect security. What is the natural comment on this? Why, that Mr. Fleeming Jenkin is a scientific engineer.

Now it seems to me that the difference between scientific and merely technical thought, not only in these but in all other instances which I have considered, is just this: Both of them make use of experience to direct human action; but while technical thought or skill enables a man to deal with the same circumstances that he has met with before, scientific thought enables him to deal with different circumstances that he has never met with before. But how can experience of one thing enable us to deal with another quite different thing? To answer this question we shall have to consider more closely the nature of scientific thought.

Let us take another example. You know that if you make a dot on a piece of paper, and then hold a piece of Ice-

¹ "On Braced Arches and Suspension Bridges." Edinburgh: Neill 1870.

land spar over it, you will see not one dot but two. A mineralogist, by measuring the angles of a crystal, can tell you whether or no it possesses this property without looking through it. He requires no scientific thought to do that. But Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the late Astronomer Royal of Ireland, knowing these facts and also the explanation of them which Fresnel had given, thought about the subject, and he predicted that by looking through certain crystals in a particular direction we should see not two dots but a continuous circle. Mr. Lloyd made the experiment, and saw the circle, a result which had never been even suspected. This has always been considered one of the most signal instances of scientific thought in the domain of physics. It is most distinctly an application of experience gained under certain circumstances to entirely different circumstances.

Now suppose that the night before coming down to Brighton you had dreamed of a railway accident caused by the engine getting frightened at a flock of sheep and jumping suddenly back over all the carriages; the result of which was that your head was unfortunately cut off, so that you had to put it in your hat-box and take it back home to be mended. There are, I fear, many persons even at this day who would tell you that after such a dream it was unwise to travel by railway to Brighton. This is a proposal that you should take experience gained while you are asleep, when you have no common sense,—experience about a phantom railway, and apply it to guide you when you are awake and have common sense, in your dealings with a real railway. And yet this proposal is not dictated by scientific thought.

Now let us take the great example of Biology. I pass over the process of classification, which itself requires a great deal of scientific thought; in particular when a naturalist who has studied and monographed a fauna or a flora rather than a family, is able at once to pick out the distinguishing characters required for the subdivision of an order quite new to him. Suppose that we

possess all this minute and comprehensive knowledge of plants and animals and intermediate organisms, their affinities and differences, their structures and functions;—a vast body of experience, collected by incalculable labour and devotion. Then comes Mr. Herbert Spencer: he takes that experience of life which is not human, which is apparently stationary, going on in exactly the same way from year to year, and he applies that to tell us how to deal with the changing characters of human nature and human society. How is it that experience of this sort, vast as it is, can guide us in a matter so different from itself? How does scientific thought, applied to the development of a kangaroo foetus or the movement of the sap in exogens, make prediction possible for the first time in that most important of all sciences, the relations of man with man?

In the dark or unscientific ages men had another way of applying experience to altered circumstances. They believed, for example, that the plant called Jew's-ear, which does bear a certain resemblance to the human ear, was a useful cure for diseases of that organ. This doctrine of "signatures," as it was called, exercised an enormous influence on the medicine of the time. I need hardly tell you that it is hopelessly unscientific; yet it agrees with those other examples that we have been considering in this particular: that it applies experience about the shape of a plant—which is one circumstance connected with it—to dealings with its medicinal properties, which are other and different circumstances. Again, suppose that you had been frightened by a thunderstorm on land, or your heart had failed you in a storm at sea; if anyone then told you that in consequence of this you should always cultivate an unpleasant sensation in the pit of your stomach, till you took delight in it, that you should regulate your sane and sober life by the sensations of a moment of unreasoning terror: this advice would not be an example of scientific thought. Yet it would be an application of past experience to new and different circumstances.

But you will already have observed

what is the additional clause that we must add to our definition in order to describe scientific thought and that only. The step between experience about animals and dealings with changing humanity is the law of evolution. The step from errors in the calculated places of Uranus to the existence of Neptune is the law of gravitation. The step from the observed behaviour of crystals to conical refraction is made up of laws of light and geometry. The step from old bridges to new ones is the laws of elasticity and the strength of materials.

The step, then, from past experience to new circumstances, must be made in accordance with an observed uniformity in the order of events. This uniformity has held good in the past in certain places; if it should also hold good in the future and in other places, then, being combined with our experience of the past, it enables us to predict the future, and to know what is going on elsewhere; so that we are able to regulate our conduct in accordance with this knowledge.

The aim of scientific thought, then, is to apply past experience to new circumstances: the instrument is an observed uniformity in the course of events. By the use of this instrument it gives us information transcending our experience, it enables us to infer things that we have not seen from things that we have seen; and the evidence for the truth of that information depends on our supposing that the uniformity holds good beyond our experience. I now want to consider this uniformity a little more closely; to show how the character of scientific thought and the force of its inferences depend upon the character of the uniformity of Nature. I cannot of course tell you all that is known of this character without writing an encyclopædia; but I shall confine myself to two points of it about which it seems to me that just now there is something to be said. I want to find out what we mean when we say that the uniformity of Nature is *exact*; and what we mean when we say that it is *reasonable*.

When a student is first introduced to those sciences which have come under

the dominion of mathematics, a new and wonderful aspect of Nature bursts upon his view. He has been accustomed to regard things as essentially more or less vague. All the facts that he has hitherto known have been expressed qualitatively, with a little allowance for error on either side. Things which are let go fall to the ground. A very observant man may know also that they fall faster as they go along. But our student is shown that, after falling for one second in a vacuum, a body is going at the rate of thirty-two feet per second, that after falling for two seconds it is going twice as fast, after going two and a half seconds two and a half times as fast. If he makes the experiment, and finds a single inch per second too much or too little in the rate, one of two things must have happened: either the law of falling bodies has been wrongly stated, or the experiment is not accurate—there is some mistake. He finds reason to think that the latter is always the case: the more carefully he goes to work, the more of the error turns out to belong to the experiment. Again, he may know that water consists of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, combined; but he now learns that two pints of steam at a temperature of 150° Centigrade will always make two pints of hydrogen and one pint of oxygen at the same temperature, all of them being pressed as much as the atmosphere is pressed. If he makes the experiment and gets rather more or less than a pint of oxygen, is the law disproved? No; the steam was impure, or there was some mistake. Myriads of analyses attest the law of combining volumes; the more carefully they are made, the more nearly they coincide with it. The aspects of the faces of a crystal are connected together by a geometrical law, by which, four of them being given, the rest can be found. The place of a planet at a given time is calculated by the law of gravitation; if it is half a second wrong, the fault is in the instrument, the observer, the clock, or the law; now, the more observations are made, the more of this fault is brought home to the instrument, the observer, and the clock. It is no won-

der, then, that our student, contemplating these and many like instances, should be led to say, "I have been short-sighted; but I have now put on the spectacles of science which Nature had prepared for my eyes; I see that things have definite outlines, that the world is ruled by exact and rigid mathematical laws; καὶ οὐ, θεός, γεωμετρῆς." It is our business to consider whether he is right in so concluding. Is the uniformity of Nature absolutely exact, or only more exact than our experiments?

At this point we have to make a very important distinction. There are two ways in which a law may be inaccurate. The first way is exemplified by that law of Galileo which I mentioned just now: that a body falling *in vacuo* acquires equal increase in velocity in equal times. No matter how many feet per second it is going, after an interval of a second it will be going thirty-two *more* feet per second. We now know that this rate of increase is not exactly the same at different heights, that it depends upon the distance of the body from the centre of the earth; so that the law is only approximate; instead of the increase of velocity being exactly *equal* in equal times, it itself increases very slowly as the body falls. We know also that this variation of the law from the truth is *too small to be perceived* by direct observation on the change of velocity. But suppose we have invented means for observing this, and have verified that the increase of velocity is inversely as the squared distance from the earth's centre. Still the law is not accurate; for the earth does not attract accurately towards her centre, and the direction of attraction is continually varying with the motion of the sea; the body will not even fall in a straight line. The sun and the planets, too, especially the moon, will produce deviations; yet the sum of all these errors will escape our new process of observation, by being a great deal smaller than the necessary errors of that observation. But when these again have been allowed for, there is still the influence of the stars. In this case, however, we only give up one exact law for another. It may still be held that if the

effect of every particle of matter in the universe on the falling body were calculated according to the law of gravitation, the body would move exactly as this calculation required. And if it were objected that the body must be slightly magnetic or diamagnetic, while there are magnets not an infinite way off; that a very minute repulsion, even at sensible distances, accompanies the attraction; it might be replied that these phenomena are themselves subject to exact laws, and that when *all* the laws have been taken into account, the actual motion will exactly correspond with the calculated motion.

I suppose there is hardly a physical student (unless he has specially considered the matter) who would not at once assent to the statement I have just made; that if we knew all about it, Nature would be found universally subject to exact numerical laws. But let us just consider for another moment what this means.

The word "exact" has a practical and a theoretical meaning. When a grocer weighs you out a certain quantity of sugar very carefully, and says it is exactly a pound, he means that the difference between the mass of the sugar and that of the pound weight he employs is too small to be detected by his scales. If a chemist had made a special investigation, wishing to be as accurate as he could, and told you this was exactly a pound of sugar, he would mean that the mass of the sugar differed from that of a certain standard piece of platinum by a quantity too small to be detected by *his* means of weighing, which are a thousandfold more accurate than the grocers. But what would a mathematician mean, if he made the same statement? He would mean this. Suppose the mass of the standard pound to be represented by a length, say a foot, measured on a certain line; so that half a pound would be represented by six inches, and so on. And let the difference between the mass of the sugar and that of the standard pound be drawn upon the same line to the same scale. Then, if that difference were magnified an infinite number of times, it would

still be invisible. This is the theoretical meaning of exactness; the practical meaning is only very close approximation; *how* close, depends upon the circumstances. The knowledge then of an exact law in the theoretical sense would be equivalent to an infinite observation. I do not say that such knowledge is impossible to man; but I do say that it would be absolutely different in kind from any knowledge that we possess at present.

I shall be told, no doubt, that we do possess a great deal of knowledge of this kind, in the form of geometry and mechanics; and that it is just the example of these sciences that has led men to look for exactness in other quarters. If this had been said to me in the last century, I should not have known what to reply. But it happens that about the beginning of the present century the foundations of geometry were criticised independently by two mathematicians, Lobatschewsky¹ and the immortal Gauss;² whose results have been extended and generalized more recently by Riemann³ and Helmholtz.⁴ And the conclusion to which these investigations lead is that, although the assumptions which were very properly made by the ancient geometers are practically exact—that is to say, more exact than experiment can be—for such finite things as we have to deal with, and such portions of space as we can reach; yet the truth of them for very much larger things, or very much smaller things, or parts of space which are at present beyond our reach, is a matter to be decided by experiment, when its powers are considerably increased. I want to make as clear as possible the real state of this question at present, because it is often supposed to be a question of words or

metaphysics, whereas it is a very distinct and simple question of fact. I am supposed to know then that the three angles of a rectilinear triangle are exactly equal to two right angles. Now suppose that three points are taken in space, distant from one another as far as the Sun is from α Centauri, and that the shortest distances between these points are drawn so as to form a triangle. And suppose the angles of this triangle to be very accurately measured and added together; this can at present be done so accurately that the error shall certainly be less than one minute, less therefore than the five-thousandth part of a right angle. Then I do not know that this sum would differ at all from two right angles; but also I do not know that the difference would be less than ten degrees, or the ninth part of a right angle.¹ And I have reasons for not knowing.

This example is exceedingly important as showing the connection between exactness and universality. It is found that the deviation if it exists must be nearly proportional to the area of the triangle. So that the error in the case of a triangle whose sides are a mile long would be obtained by dividing that in the case I have just been considering by four hundred quadrillions; the result must be a quantity inconceivably small, which no experiment could detect. But between this inconceivably small error and no error at all, there is fixed an enormous gulf; the gulf between practical and theoretical exactness, and, what is even more important, the gulf between what is practically universal and what is theoretically universal. I say that a law is practically universal which is more exact than experiment for all cases that might be got at by such experiment as we have. We assume this kind of universality, and we find that it pays us to assume it. But a law would be theoretically universal if it were true of all cases whatever; and this is what we do not know of any law at all.

¹ *Geometrische Untersuchungen zur Theorie der Parallellinien*. Berlin, 1840. Translated by Hœtel. Gauthier-Villars, 1866.

² Letter to Schumacher, Nov. 28, 1846 (refers to 1792).

³ *Ueber die Hypothesen welche der Geometrie zu Grunde liegen*, Göttingen Abhandl., 1866-7. Translated by Hœtel in *Annali di Matematica*, Milan, vol. iii.

⁴ *The Axioms of Geometry*, Academy, vol. i. p. 128 (a popular exposition).

¹ Assuming that parallax observations prove the deviation less than half a second for a triangle whose vertex is at the star and base a diameter of the earth's orbit.

I said there were two ways in which a law might be inexact. There is a law of gases which asserts that when you compress a perfect gas the pressure of the gas increases exactly in the proportion in which the volume diminishes. Exactly; that is to say, the law is more accurate than the experiment, and experiments are corrected by means of the law. But it so happens that this law has been explained; we know precisely what it is that happens when a gas is compressed. We know that a gas consists of a vast number of separate molecules, rushing about in all directions with all manner of velocities, but so that the mean velocity of the molecules of air in this room, for example, is about twenty miles a minute. The pressure of the gas on any surface with which it is in contact is nothing more than the impact of these small particles upon it. On any surface large enough to be seen there are millions of these impacts in a second. If the space in which the gas is confined be diminished, the average rate at which the impacts take place will be increased in the same proportion; and because of the enormous number of them, the actual rate is always exceedingly close to the average. But the law is one of statistics; its accuracy depends on the enormous numbers involved; and so, from the nature of the case, its exactness cannot be theoretical or absolute.

Nearly all the laws of gases have received these statistical explanations; electric and magnetic attraction and repulsion have been treated in a similar manner; and a hypothesis of this sort has been suggested even for the law of gravity. On the other hand, the manner in which the molecules of a gas interfere with each other proves that they repel one another inversely as the fifth power of the distance; so that we here find at the basis of a statistical explanation a law which has the form of theoretical exactness. Which of these forms is to win? It seems to me again that we do not know, and that the recognition of our ignorance is the surest way to get rid of it.

The world in general has made just
No. 156.—VOL. XXVI.

the remark that I have attributed to a fresh student of the applied sciences. As the discoveries of Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Dalton, Cavendish, Gauss, displayed ever new phenomena following mathematical laws, the theoretical exactness of the physical universe was taken for granted. Now, when people are hopelessly ignorant of a thing, they quarrel about the source of their knowledge. Accordingly many maintained that we know these exact laws by intuition. These said always one true thing, that we did not know them from experience. Others said that they were really given in the facts, and adopted ingenious ways of hiding the gulf between the two. Others again deduced from transcendental considerations sometimes the laws themselves, and sometimes what through imperfect information they supposed to be the laws. But more serious consequences arose when these conceptions derived from Physics were carried over into the field of Biology. Sharp lines of division were made between kingdoms and classes and orders; an animal was described as a miracle to the vegetable world; specific differences which are practically permanent within the range of history, were regarded as permanent through all time; a sharp line was drawn between organic and inorganic matter. Further investigation, however, has shown that accuracy had been prematurely attributed to the science, and has filled up all the gulfs and gaps that hasty observers had invented. The animal and vegetable kingdoms have a debateable ground between them, occupied by beings that have the characters of both and yet belong distinctly to neither. Classes and orders shade into one another all along their common boundary. Specific differences turn out to be the work of time. The line dividing organic matter from inorganic, if drawn to-day, must be moved to-morrow to another place; and the chemist will tell you that the distinction has now no place in his science except in a technical sense for the convenience of studying carbon compounds by themselves. In Geology the same tendency gave birth

to the doctrine of distinct periods, marked out by the character of the strata deposited in them all over the sea; a doctrine than which, perhaps, no ancient cosmogony has been further from the truth, or done more harm to the progress of science. Refuted many years ago by Mr. Herbert Spencer,¹ it has now fairly yielded to an attack from all sides at once, and may be left in peace.

When then we say that the uniformity which we observe in the course of events is exact and universal, we mean no more than this; that we are able to state general rules which are far more exact than direct experiment, and which apply to all cases that we are at present likely to come across. It is important to notice, however, the effect of such exactness as we observe upon the nature of inference. When a telegram arrived stating that Dr. Livingstone had been found by Mr. Stanley, what was the process by which you inferred the finding of Dr. Livingstone from the appearance of the telegram? You assumed over and over again the existence of uniformity in nature. That the newspapers had behaved as they generally do in regard to telegraphic messages; that the clerks had followed the known laws of the action of clerks; that electricity had behaved in the cable exactly as it behaves in the laboratory; that the actions of Mr. Stanley were related to his motives by the same uniformities that affect the actions of other men; that Dr. Livingstone's handwriting conformed to the curious rule by which an ordinary man's handwriting may be recognized as having persistent characteristics even at different periods of his life. But you had a right to be much more sure about some of these inferences than about others. The law of electricity was known with practical exactness, and the conclusions derived from it were the surest things of all—the law about the handwriting, belonging to a portion of physiology which is unconnected with consciousness, was known with less, but still with considerable accuracy. But the laws of human

action in which consciousness is concerned are still so far from being completely analysed and reduced to an exact form, that the inferences which you made by their help were felt to have only a provisional force. It is possible that by and by, when psychology has made enormous advances and become an exact science, we may be able to give to testimony the sort of weight which we give to the inferences of physical science. It will then be possible to conceive a case which will show how completely the whole process of inference depends on our assumption of uniformity. Suppose that testimony, having reached the ideal force I have imagined, were to assert that a certain river runs up hill. You could infer nothing at all. The arm of inference would be paralysed, and the sword of truth broken in its grasp; and reason could only sit down and wait until recovery restored her limb, and further experience gave her new weapons.

I want in the next place to consider what we mean when we say that the uniformity which we have observed in the course of events is *reasonable* as well as exact.

No doubt the first form of this idea was suggested by the marvellous adaptation of certain natural structures to special functions. The first impression of those who studied comparative anatomy was that every part of the animal frame was fitted with extraordinary completeness for the work that it had to do. I say extraordinary, because at the time the most familiar examples of this adaptation were manufactures produced by human ingenuity; and the completeness and minuteness of natural adaptations were seen to be far in advance of these. The mechanism of limbs and joints was seen to be adapted, far better than any existing ironwork, to those motions and combinations of motion which were most useful to the particular organism. The beautiful and complicated apparatus of sensation caught up indications from the surrounding medium, sorted them, analysed them, and transmitted the results to the brain in a manner with which, at the time I am

¹ "Illogical Geology," in *Essays*, vol. i. Originally published in 1859.

speaking of, no artificial contrivance could compete. Hence the belief grew amongst physiologists that every structure which they found must have its function and subserve some useful purpose; a belief which was not without its foundation in fact, and which certainly (as Dr. Whewell remarks) has done admirable service in promoting the growth of physiology. Like all beliefs, found successful in one subject, it was carried over into another, of which a notable example is given in the speculations of Count Rumford about the physical properties of water, to which the President has already called your attention. Pure water attains its greatest density at a temperature of about $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit; it expands and becomes lighter whether it is cooled or heated, so as to alter that temperature. Hence it was concluded that water in this state must be at the bottom of the sea, and that by such means the sea was kept from freezing all through; as it was supposed must happen if the greatest density had been that of ice. Here then was a substance whose properties were eminently adapted to secure an end essential to the maintenance of life upon the earth. In short, men came to the conclusion that the order of nature was reasonable in the sense that everything was adapted to some good end.

Further consideration, however, has led men out of that conclusion in two different ways. First, it was seen that the facts of the case had been wrongly stated. Cases were found of wonderfully complicated structures that served no purpose at all; like the teeth of that whale of which you heard in Section D the other day, or of the Dugong, which has a horny palate covering them all up and used instead of them; like the eyes of the unborn mole, that are never used, though perfect as those of a mouse until the skull-opening closes up, cutting them off from the brain, when they dry up and become incapable of use; like the outsides of your own ears, which are absolutely of no use to you. And when human contrivances were more advanced it became clear that the natural adaptations were subject to criticism. The

eye, regarded as an optical instrument of human manufacture, was thus described by Helmholtz—the physiologist who learned physics for the sake of his physiology, and mathematics for the sake of his physics, and is now in the first rank of all three. He said, “If an optician sent me that as an instrument, I should send it back to him with grave reproaches for the carelessness of his work, and demand the return of my money.”

The extensions of the doctrine into Physics were found to be still more at fault. That remarkable property of pure water, which was to have kept the sea from freezing, does not belong to salt water, of which the sea itself is composed. It was found, in fact, that the idea of a reasonable adaptation of means to ends, useful as it had been in its proper sphere, could yet not be called universal, or applied to the order of nature as a whole.

Secondly, this idea has given way because it has been superseded by a higher and more general idea of what is reasonable, which has the advantage of being applicable to a large portion of physical phenomena besides. Both the adaptation and the non-adaptation which occur in organic structures have been *explained*. The scientific thought of Dr. Darwin, of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and of Mr. Wallace, has described that hitherto unknown process of adaptation as consisting of perfectly well-known and familiar processes. There are two kinds of these: the direct processes, in which the physical changes required to produce a structure are worked out by the very actions for which that structure becomes adapted—as the backbone or notochord has been modified from generation to generation by the bendings which it has undergone; and the indirect processes, included under the head of Natural Selection—the reproduction of children slightly different from their parents, and the survival of those which are best fitted to hold their own in the struggle for existence. Naturalists might give you some idea of the rate at which we are getting explanations of the evolution of all parts of animals and plants—the growth of the skeleton, the ner-

vous system and its mind, of leaf and flower. But what then do we mean by *explanation*?

We were considering just now an explanation of a law of gases—the law according to which pressure increases in the same proportion in which volume diminishes. The explanation consisted in supposing that a gas is made up of a vast number of minute particles always flying about and striking against one another, and then showing that the rate of impact of such a crowd of particles on the sides of the vessel containing them would vary exactly as the pressure is found to vary. Suppose the vessel to have parallel sides, and that there is only one particle rushing backwards and forwards between them; then it is clear that if we bring the sides together to half the distance, the particle will hit each of them twice as often, or the pressure will be doubled. Now it turns out that this would be just as true for millions of particles as for one, and when they are flying in all directions instead of only in one direction and its opposite; provided only that they interfere with each other's motion. Observe now; it is a perfectly well-known and familiar thing that a body should strike against an opposing surface and bound off again; and it is a mere everyday occurrence that what has only half so far to go should be back in half the time; but that pressure should be strictly proportional to density is a comparatively strange, unfamiliar phenomenon. The explanation describes the unknown and unfamiliar as being made up of the known and the familiar; and this, it seems to me, is the true meaning of explanation.¹

Here is another instance. If small pieces of camphor are dropped into water, they will begin to spin round and swim about in a most marvellous way. Mr. Tomlinson gave, I believe, the explanation of this. We must

¹ This view differs from those of Mr. J. S. Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer in requiring every explanation to contain an addition to our knowledge about the thing explained. Both those writers regard subsumption under a general law as a species of explanation. See also Ferrier's *Remains*, vol. ii. p. 436.

observe to begin with that every liquid has a skin which holds it; you can see that to be true in the case of a drop, which looks as if it were held in a bag. But the tension of this skin is greater in some liquids than in others; and it is greater in camphor and water than in pure water. When the camphor is dropped into water it begins to dissolve and get surrounded with camphor and water instead of water. If the fragment of camphor were exactly symmetrical, nothing more would happen; the tension would be greater in its immediate neighbourhood, but no motion would follow. The camphor, however, is irregular in shape; it dissolves more on one side than the other; and consequently gets pulled about, because the tension of the skin is greater where the camphor is most dissolved. Now it is probable that this is not nearly so satisfactory an explanation to you as it was to me when I was first told of it; and for this reason. By that time I was already perfectly familiar with the notion of a skin upon the surface of liquids, and I had been taught by means of it to work out problems in capillarity. The explanation was therefore a description of the unknown phenomenon which I did not know how to deal with as made up of known phenomena which I did know how to deal with. But to many of you possibly the liquid skin may seem quite as strange and unaccountable as the motion of camphor on water.

And this brings me to consider the source of the pleasure we derive from an explanation. By known and familiar I mean that which we know how to deal with, either by action in the ordinary sense, or by active thought. When therefore that which we do not know how to deal with is described as made up of things that we do know how to deal with, we have that sense of increased power which is the basis of all higher pleasures. Of course we may afterwards by association come to take pleasure in explanation for its own sake. Are we then to say that the observed order of events is reasonable, in the sense that all of it admits of

explanation? That a process may be capable of explanation, it must break up into simpler constituents which are already familiar to us. Now, first, the process may itself be simple, and not break up; secondly, it may break up into elements which are as unfamiliar and impracticable as the original process.

It is an explanation of the moon's motion to say that she is a falling body, only she is going so fast and is so far off that she falls quite round to the other side of the earth, instead of hitting it; and so goes on for ever. But it is no explanation to say that a body falls because of gravitation. That means that the motion of the body may be resolved into a motion of every one of its particles towards every one of the particles of the earth, with an acceleration inversely as the square of the distance between them. But this attraction of two particles must always, I think, be less familiar than the original falling body, however early the children of the future begin to read their Newton. Can the attraction itself be explained? Le Sage said that there is an everlasting hail of innumerable small ether-particles from all sides, and that the two material particles shield each other from this and so get pushed together. This is an explanation; it may or may not be a true one. The attraction may be an ultimate simple fact; or it may be made up of simpler facts utterly unlike anything that we know at present; and in either of these cases there is no explanation. We have no right to conclude, then, that the order of events is always capable of being explained.

There is yet another way in which it is said that Nature is reasonable; namely, inasmuch as every effect has a cause. What do we mean by this?

In asking this question, we have entered upon an appalling task. The word represented by "cause" has sixty-four meanings in Plato and forty-eight in Aristotle. These were men who liked to know as near as might be what they meant; but how many meanings it has had in the writings of the myriads of people who have not tried to know

what they meant by it will, I hope, never be counted. It would not only be the height of presumption in me to attempt to fix the meaning of a word which has been used by so grave authority in so many and various senses; but it would seem a thankless task to do that once more which has been done so often at sundry times and in divers manners before. And yet without this we cannot determine what we mean by saying that the order of nature is reasonable. I shall evade the difficulty by telling you Mr. Grote's opinion.¹ You come to a scarecrow and ask, what is the cause of this? You find that a man made it to frighten the birds. You go away and say to yourself, "Everything resembles this scarecrow. Everything has a purpose." And from that day the word "cause" means for you what Aristotle meant by "final cause." Or you go into a hairdresser's shop, and wonder what turns the wheel to which the rotatory brush is attached. On investigating other parts of the premises, you find a man working away at a handle. Then you go away and say, "Everything is like that wheel. If I investigated enough, I should always find a man at a handle." And the man at the handle, or whatever corresponds to him, is from henceforth known to you as "cause."

And so generally. When you have made out any sequence of events to your entire satisfaction, so that you know all about it, the laws involved being so familiar that you seem to see how the beginning must have been followed by the end, then you apply that as a simile to all other events whatever, and your idea of cause is determined by it. Only when a case arises, as it always must, to which the simile will not apply; you do not confess to yourself that it was only a simile and need not apply to everything, but you say, "The cause of that event is a mystery which must remain for ever unknown to me." On equally just grounds, the nervous system of my umbrella is a mystery which must remain for ever unknown to me. My

¹ Plato, vol. ii. (Phædon).

umbrella has no nervous system ; and the event to which your simile did not apply has no cause in your sense of the word. When we say then that every effect has a cause, we mean that every event is connected with something in a way that might make somebody call that the cause of it. But I, at least, have never yet seen any single meaning of the word that could be fairly applied to the *whole* order of nature.

From this remark I cannot even except an attempt recently made by Mr. Bain to give the word a universal meaning, though I desire to speak of that attempt with the greatest respect. Mr. Bain¹ wishes to make the word "cause" hang on in some way to what we call the law of energy ; but though I speak with great diffidence, I do think a careful consideration will show that the introduction of this word "cause" can only bring confusion into a matter which is distinct and clear enough to those who have taken the trouble to understand what energy means. It would be impossible to explain that this evening ; but I may mention that "energy" is a technical term out of mathematical physics, which requires of most men a good deal of careful study to understand it accurately.

Let us pass on to consider, with all the reverence which it demands, another opinion, held by great numbers of the philosophers who have lived in the Brightening Ages of Europe ; the opinion that at the basis of the natural order there is something which we can know to be *unreasonable*, to evade the processes of human thought. The opinion is set forth first by Kant, so far as I know, in the form of his famous doctrine of the antinomies or contradictions, a later form² of which I will endeavour to explain to you. It is said, then, that space must either be infinite or have a boundary. Now you cannot conceive infinite space ; and you cannot conceive that there should be any end to it.

Here, then, are two things, one of which must be true, while each of them is inconceivable ; so that our thoughts about space are hedged in, as it were, by a contradiction. Again, it is said that matter must either be infinitely divisible, or must consist of small particles incapable of further division. Now you cannot conceive a piece of matter divided into an infinite number of parts, while, on the other hand, you cannot conceive a piece of matter, however small, which absolutely cannot be divided into two pieces ; for, however great the forces are which join the parts of it together, you can imagine stronger forces able to tear it in pieces. Here, again, there are two statements, one of which must be true, while each of them is separately inconceivable ; so that our thoughts about matter also are hedged in by a contradiction. There are several other cases of the same thing, but I have selected these two as instructive examples. And the conclusion to which philosophers were led by the contemplation of them was that on every side, when we approach the limits of existence, a contradiction must stare us in the face. The doctrine has been developed and extended by the great successors of Kant ; and this unreasonable, or unknowable, which is also called the absolute and the unconditioned, has been set forth in various ways as that which we know to be the true basis of all things. As I said before, I approach this doctrine with all the reverence which should be felt for that which has guided the thoughts of so many of the wisest of mankind. Nevertheless I shall endeavour to show that in these cases of supposed contradiction there is always something which we do not know now, but of which we cannot be sure that we shall be ignorant next year. The doctrine is an attempt to found a positive statement upon this ignorance, which can hardly be regarded as justifiable. Spinoza said, "A free man thinks of nothing so little as of death ;" it seems to me we may parallel this maxim in the case of thought, and say, "A wise man only remembers his ignorance in order to destroy it." A boundary is that

¹ *Inductive Logic*, chap. iv.

² That of Mr. Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*. I believe Kant himself would have admitted that the antinomies do not exist for the empiricist.

which divides two adjacent portions of space. The question, then, "Has space (in general) a boundary?" involves a contradiction in terms, and is, therefore, unmeaning. But the question, "Does space contain a finite number of cubic miles, or an infinite number?" is a perfectly intelligible and reasonable question which remains to be answered by experiment.¹ The surface of the sea would still contain a finite number of square miles, if there were no land to bound it. Whether or no the space in which we live is of this nature remains to be seen. If its extent is finite, we may quite possibly be able to assign that extent next year; if, on the other hand, it has no end, it is true that the knowledge of that fact would be quite different from any knowledge we at present possess, but we have no right to say that such knowledge is impossible. Either the question will be settled once for all, or the extent of space will be shown to be greater than a quantity which will increase from year to year with the improvement of our sources of knowledge. Either alternative is perfectly conceivable, and there is, no contradiction. Observe especially that the supposed contradiction arises from the assumption of theoretical exactness in the laws of geometry. Now the other case that I mentioned has a very similar origin. The idea of a piece of matter the parts of which are held together by forces, and are capable of being torn asunder by greater forces, is entirely derived from the large pieces of matter which we have to deal with. We do not know whether this idea applies in any sense to the *molecules* of gases even; still less can we apply it to the *atoms* of which they are composed. The word force is used of two phenomena: the pressure, which when two bodies are in contact connects the motion of each with the position of the other; and attraction or repulsion,—that is to say, a change of velocity in one body depending on the position of some other body which is not in contact with it. We do not know that there is

anything corresponding to either of these phenomena in the case of a molecule. A meaning can, however, be given to the question of the divisibility of matter in this way. We may ask if there is any piece of matter so small that its properties as matter depend upon its remaining all in one piece. This question is reasonable; but we cannot answer it at present, though we are not at all sure that we shall be equally ignorant next year. If there is no such piece of matter, no such limit to the division which shall leave it matter, the knowledge of that fact would be different from any of our present knowledge; but we have no right to say that it is impossible. If, on the other hand, there is a limit, it is quite possible that we may have measured it by the time the Association meets at Bradford. Again, when we are told that the infinite extent of space, for example, is something that we cannot conceive at present, we may reply that this is only natural, since our experience has never yet supplied us with the means of conceiving such things. But then we cannot be sure that the facts will not make us learn to conceive them; in which case they will cease to be inconceivable. In fact, the putting of limits to human conception must always involve the assumption that our previous experience is universally valid in a theoretical sense; an assumption which we have already seen reason to reject. Now you will see that our consideration of this opinion has led us to the true sense of the assertion that the Order of Nature is reasonable. If you will allow me to define a reasonable question as one which is asked in terms of ideas justified by previous experience, without itself contradicting that experience, then we may say, as the result of our investigation, that to every reasonable question there is an intelligible answer, which either we or posterity may know.

We have, then, come somehow to the following conclusions. By scientific thought we mean the application of past experience to new circumstances, by means of an observed order of events. By saying that this order of events is

¹ The very important distinction between *unboundedness* and *infinite extent* is made by Riemann, loc. cit.

exact, we mean that it is exact enough to correct experiments by, but we do not mean that it is theoretically or absolutely exact, because we do not know. The process of inference we found to be in itself an assumption of uniformity, and that, as the known exactness of the uniformity became greater, the stringency of the inference increased. By saying that the order of events is reasonable, we do not mean that everything has a purpose, or that everything can be explained, or that everything has a cause; for neither of these is true. But we mean that to every reasonable question there is an intelligible answer, which either we or posterity may know *by the exercise of scientific thought*.

For I specially wish you not to go away with the idea that the exercise of scientific thought is properly confined to the subjects from which my illustrations have been chiefly drawn to-night. When the Roman jurists applied their experience of Roman citizens to dealings between citizens and aliens, showing by the difference of their actions that they regarded the circumstances as essentially different, they laid the foundations of that great structure which has guided the social progress of Europe. That procedure was an instance of strictly scientific thought. When a poet finds

that he has to move a strange new world which his predecessors have not moved; when, nevertheless, he catches fire from their flashes, arms from their armoury, sustentation from their footprints, the procedure by which he applies old experience to new circumstances is nothing greater or less than scientific thought. When the moralist, studying the conditions of society and the ideas of right and wrong which have come down to us from a time when war was the normal condition of man and success in war the only chance of survival, evolves from them the conditions and ideas which must accompany a time of peace, when the comradeship of equals is the condition of national success; the process by which he does this is scientific thought and nothing else. Remember, then, that it is the guide of action; that the truth which it arrives at is not that which we can ideally contemplate without error, but that which we may act upon without fear; and you cannot fail to see that scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but human progress itself. And for this reason the question what its characters are, of which I have so inadequately endeavoured to give you some glimpse, is the question of all questions for the human race.

NOTE ON THE ARTICLE ENTITLED "OUR COAL SUPPLY" IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

WE regret that, through an oversight, we should have stated in the above paper that "only the first volume of the Coal Commission Reports is at present published." This remark, though true at the time the sentence was penned, was not true when the article appeared. The second volume, containing the general minutes and proceedings of the Committees A, B, C, and D, and the third volume, consisting of the valuable Report of Mr. Hunt, the Keeper of Mining Records, on Statistics of Production and Consumption of Coal, were both published some few weeks after the appearance of the General Report.



8822





NOV 24 1993



